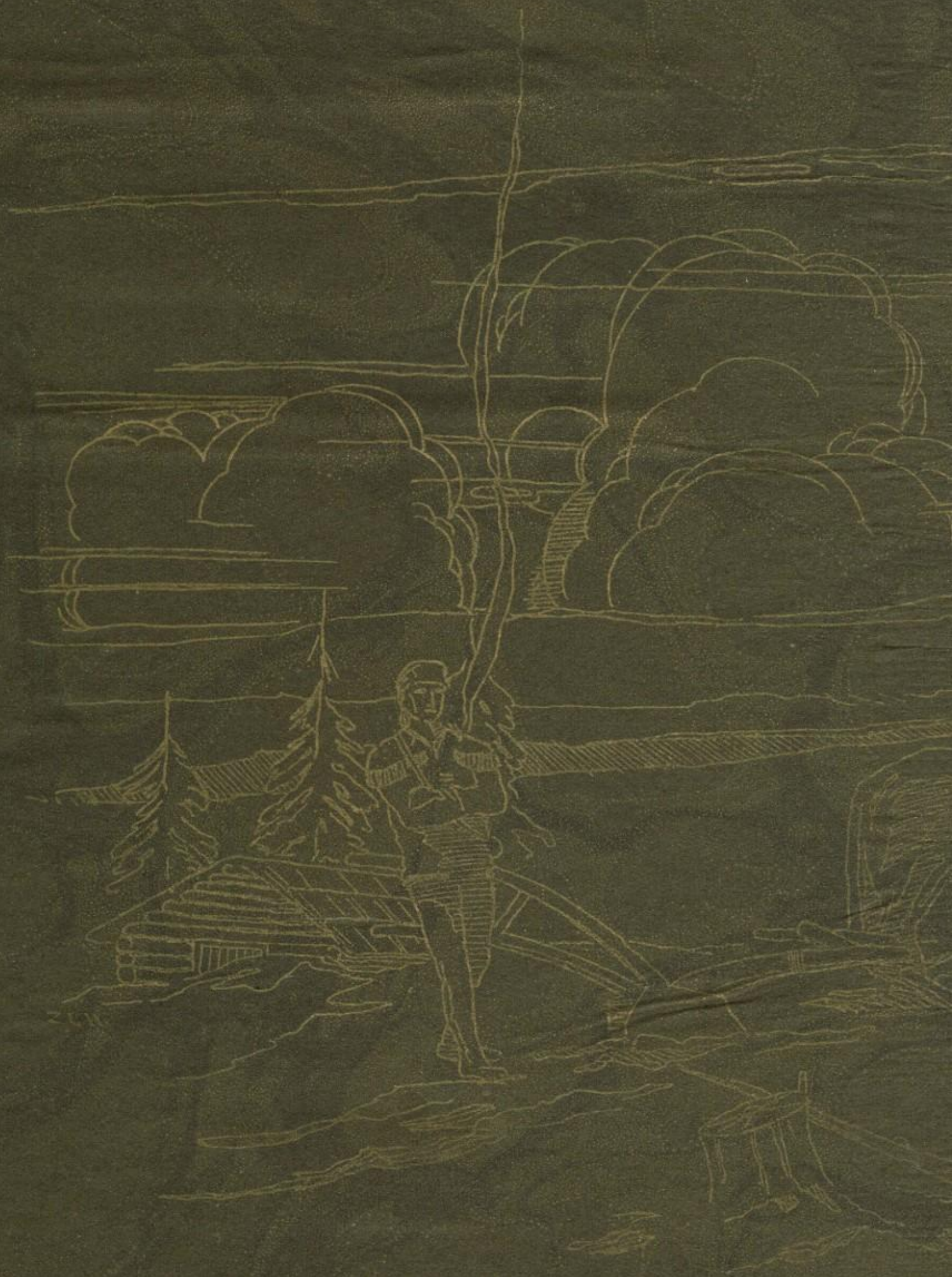
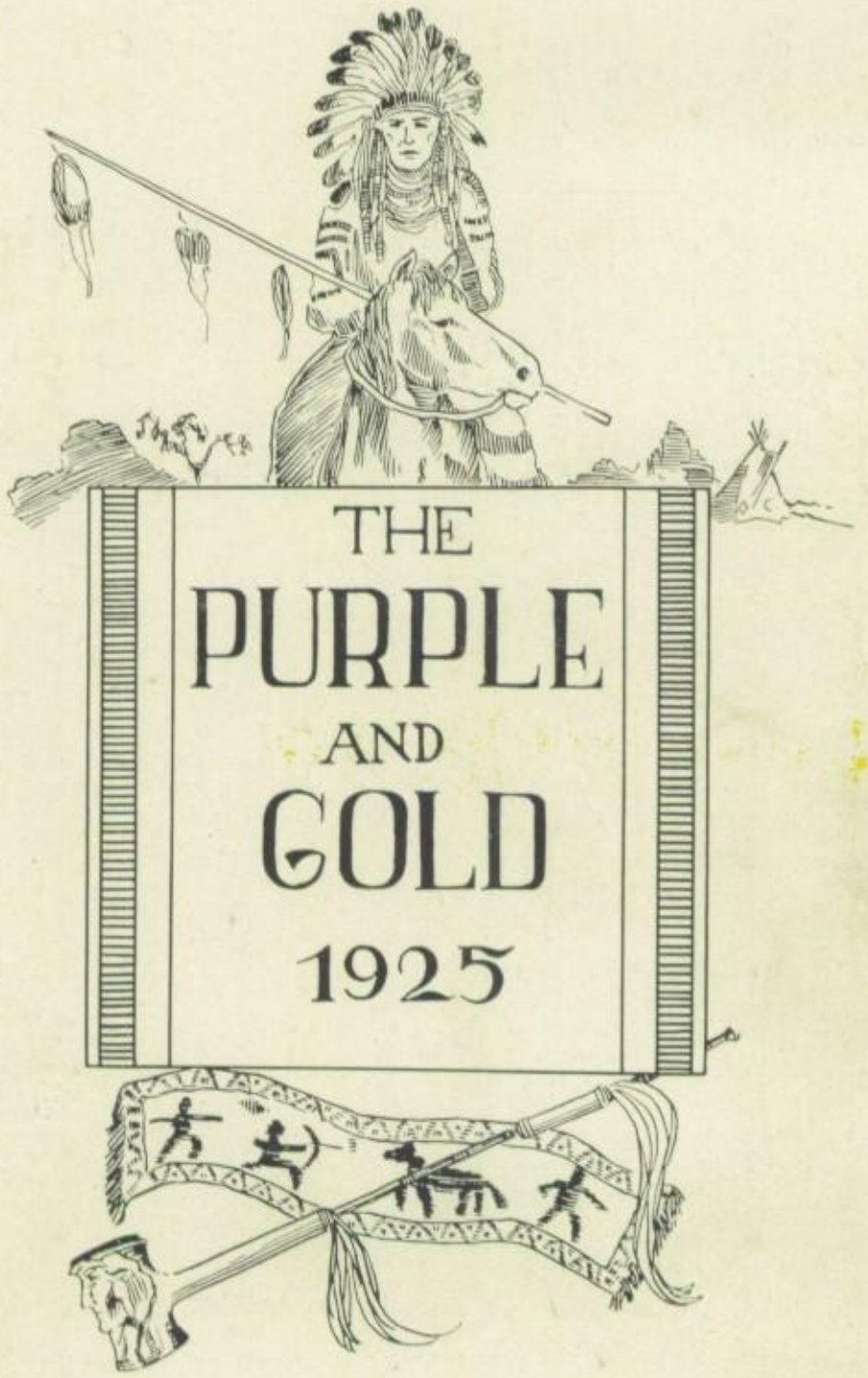
PURPLE AND GOLD

1925



Luella Hurren
Waite High S.
May 19th 1925


THE
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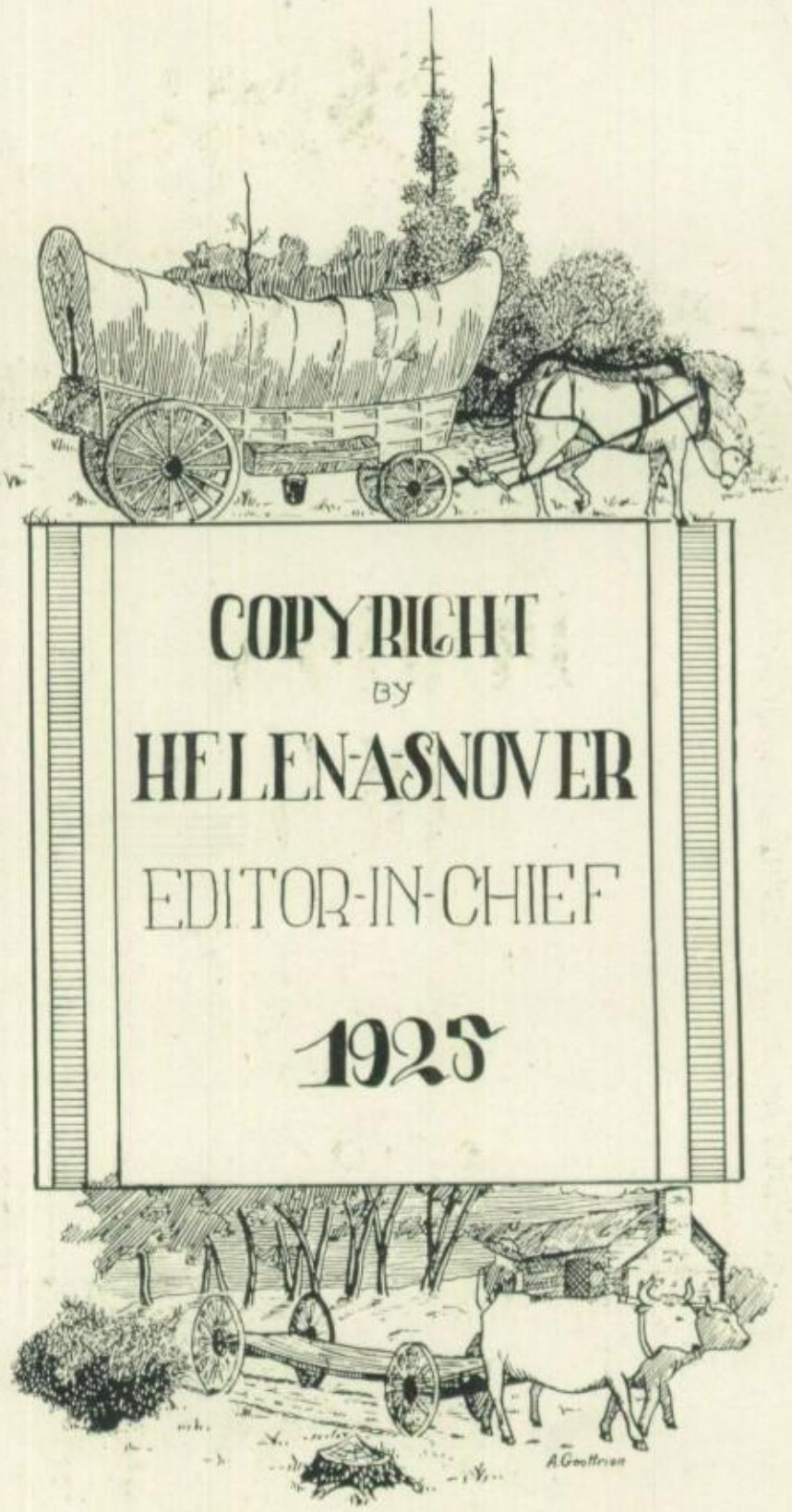
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HELEN A. SNOVER
EDITOR-IN-CHIEF
1925
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THE PURPLE AND GOLD

PUBLISHED BY THE
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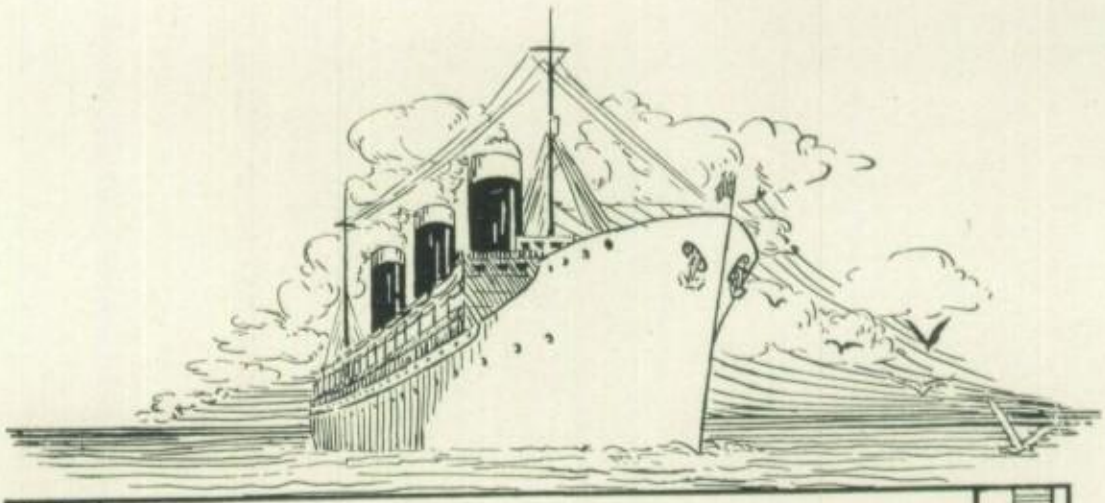
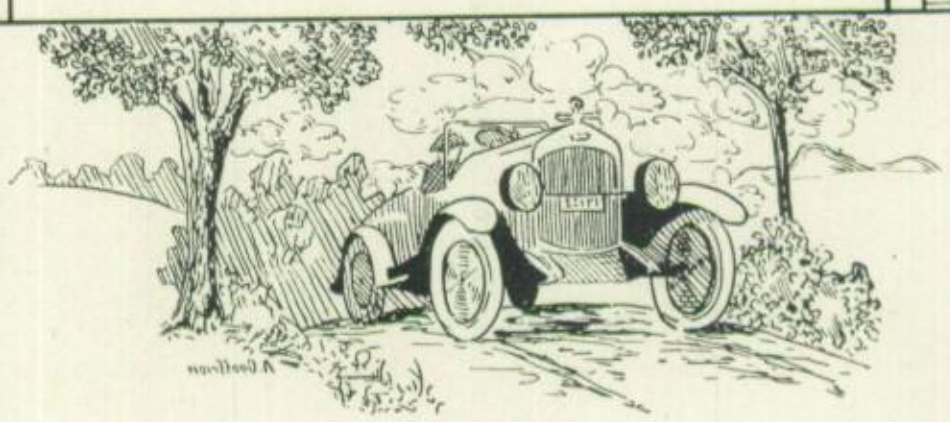
TOLEDO, OHIO.

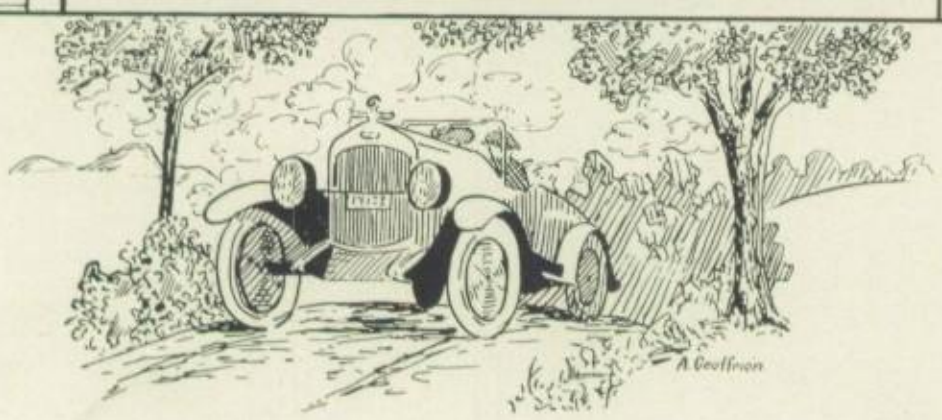
1925



Dedication

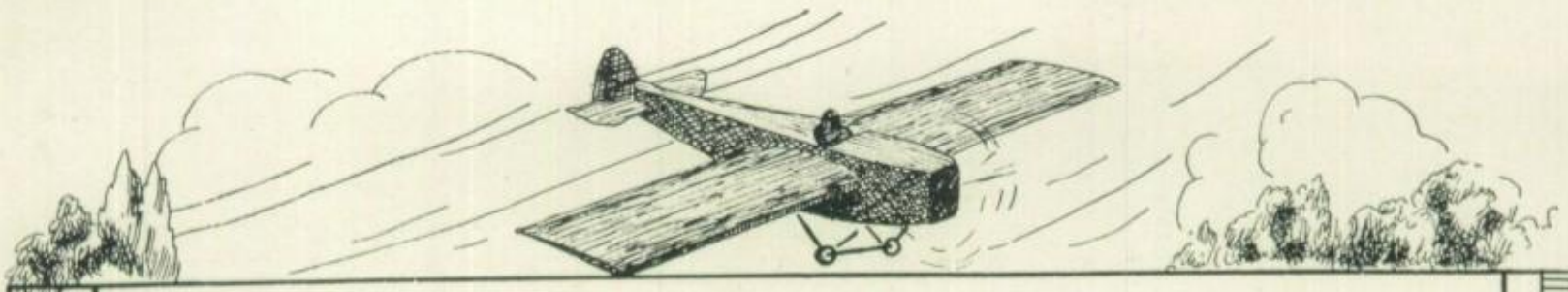
The annual board gratefully dedicates this eleventh edition of the PURPLE AND GOLD to Mr. Severance, in recognition of his years of faithful service in the instruction of students. To have started thousands of Waite pupils, as freshmen, on the right path in their high school life, is an achievement upon which a man may look with pride. Mr. Severance is keenly interested in the affairs of the school. His readiness to assist in any cause for the upbuilding of Waite is too well understood to call for comment. What better way to make public acknowledgement of his worth than to dedicate this volume of the PURPLE AND GOLD to Mr. Severance?





Mr. M. B. Severance

M. B. Severance,



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1925

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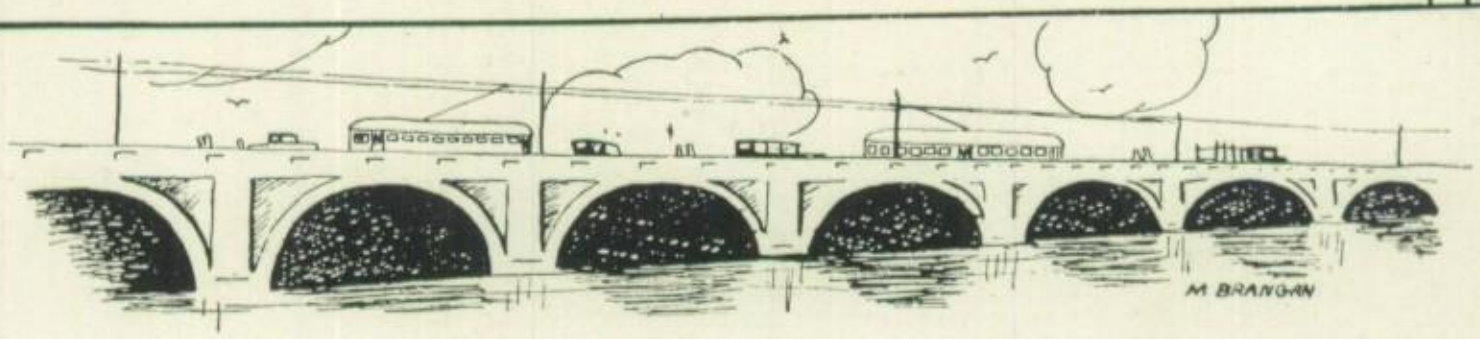
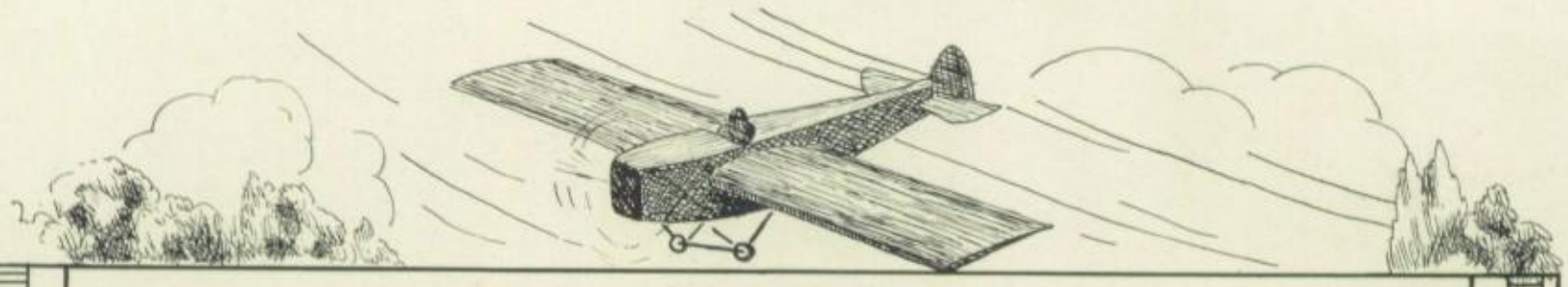
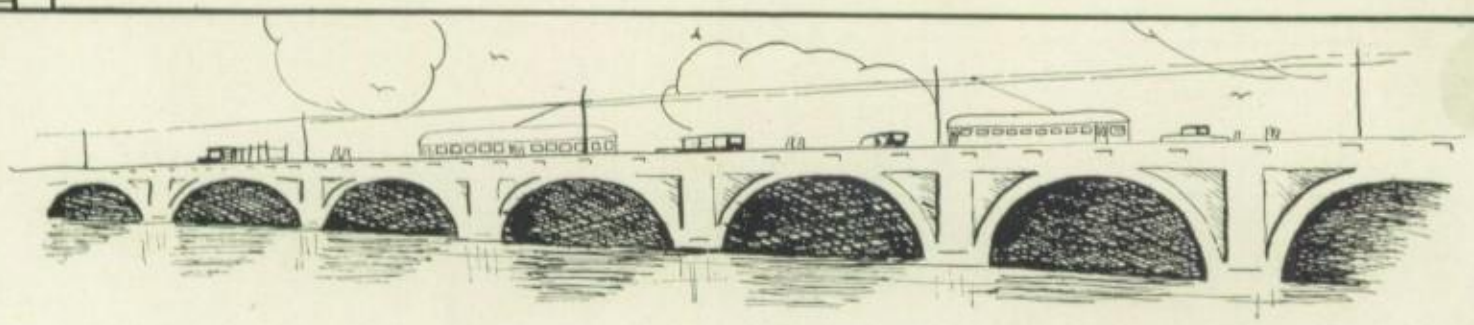
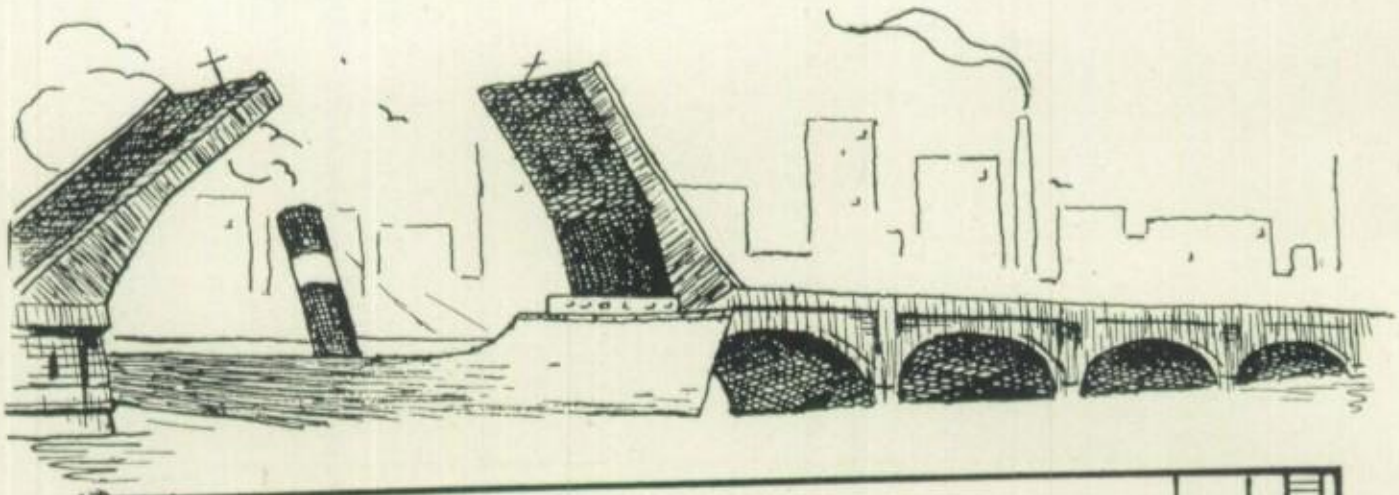




Foreword

With the purpose of inspiring Waite students to a recognition of their heritage as inhabitants of this region, the Annual Board has essayed to portray picturesquely the history of the Maumee Valley. In addition, it has endeavored in this eleventh volume of the "Purple and Gold," to record the events of the school year, and to furnish a pleasant reminder of the days spent in Waite High School.





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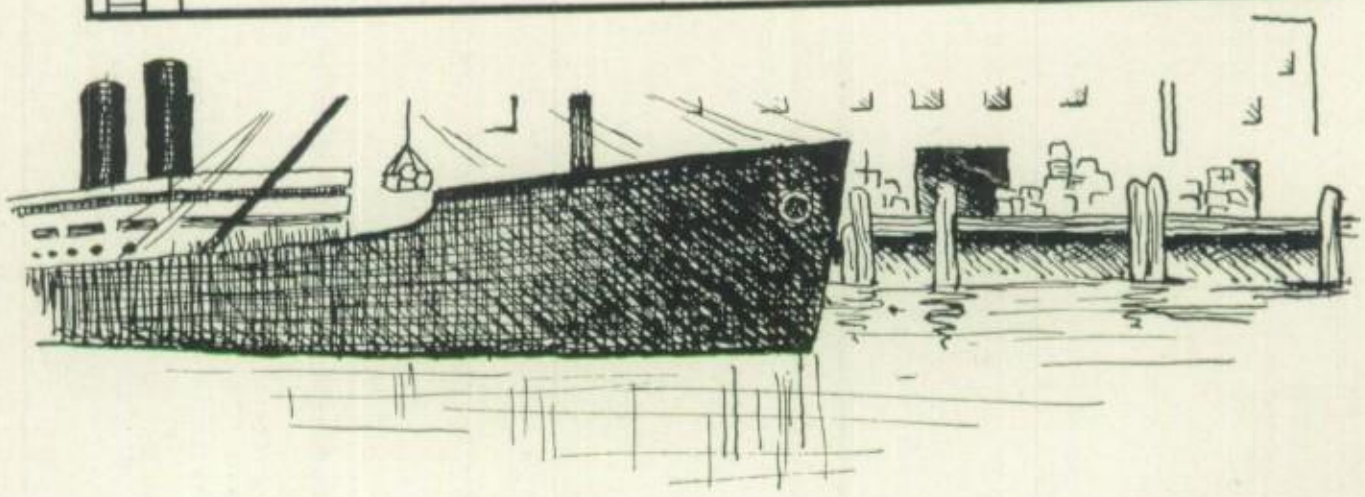
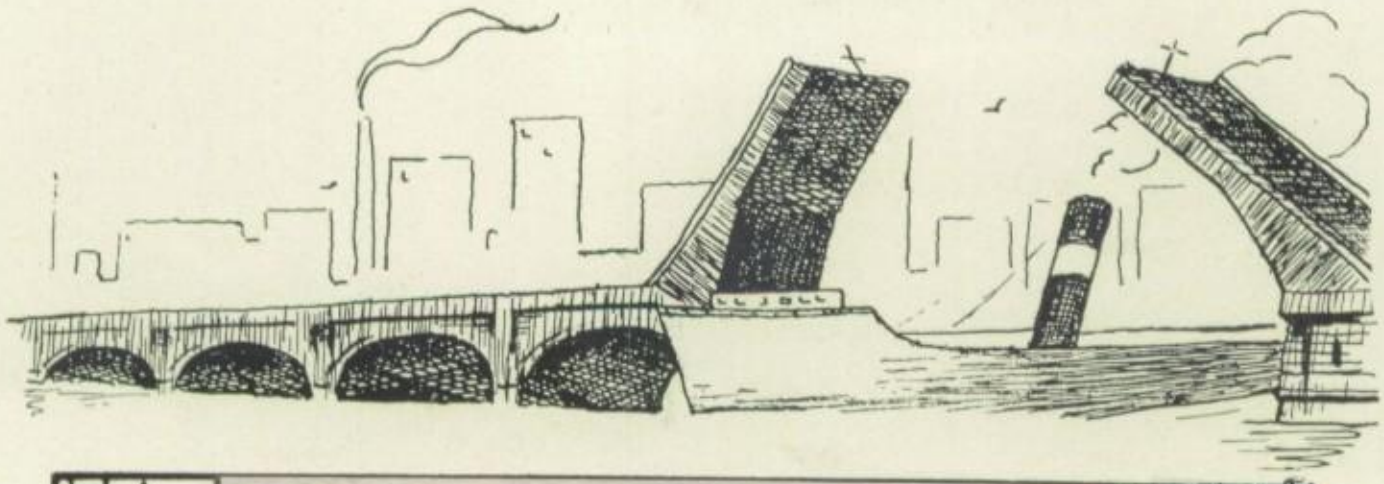
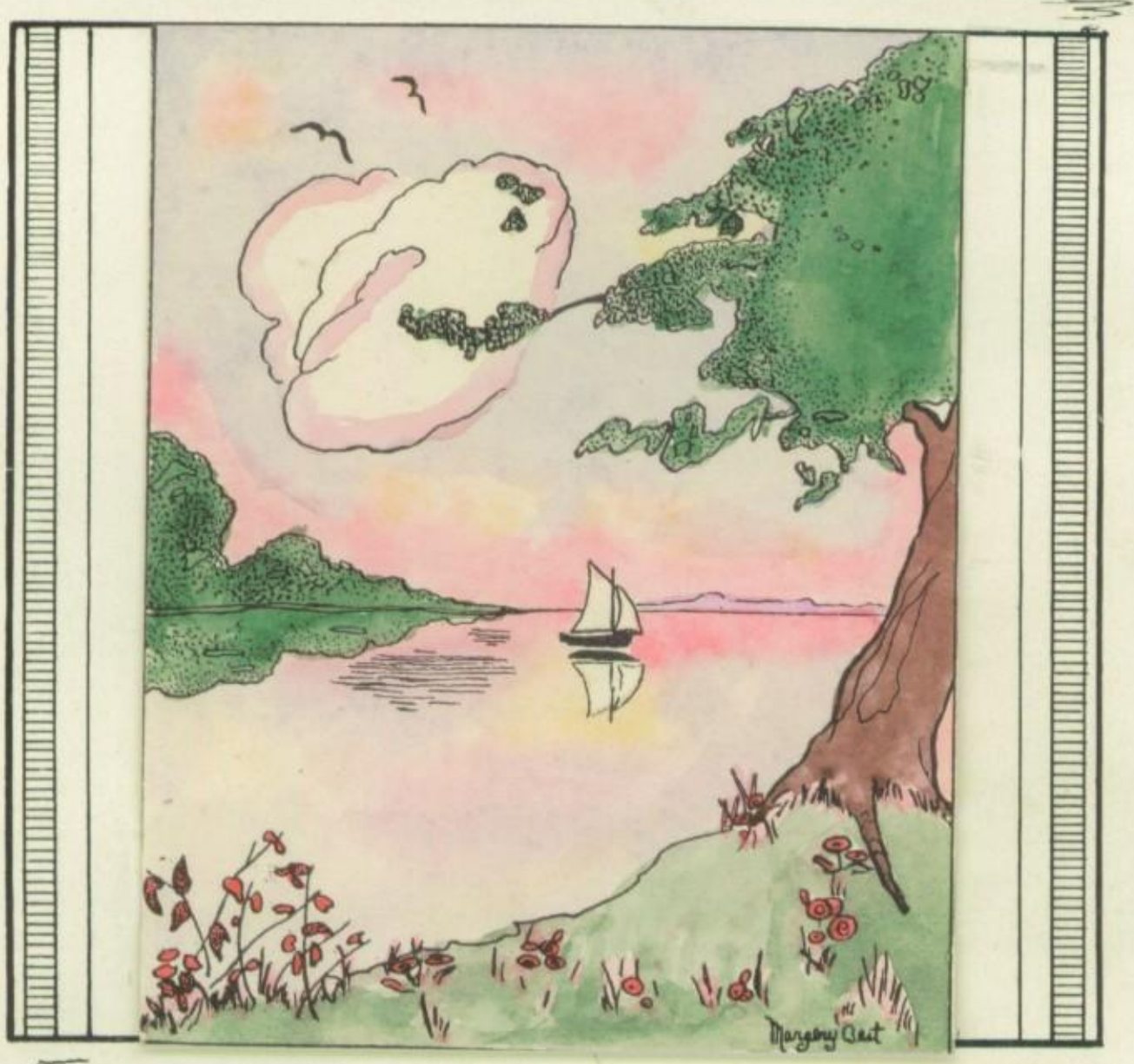
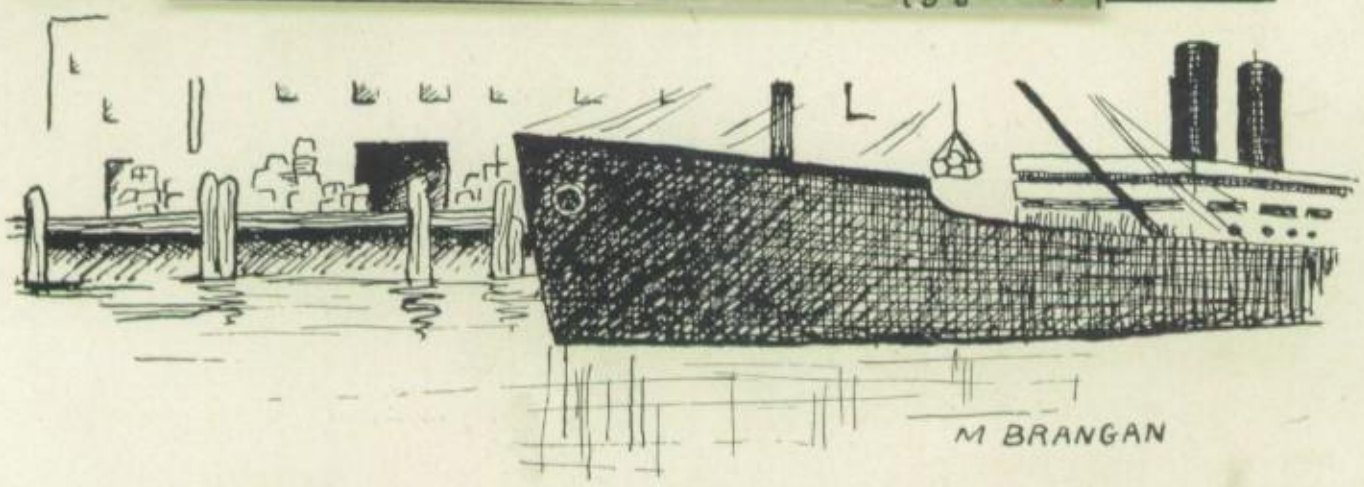








Maumee Valley

Prologue

It is a matter of history that even before the landing of the Pilgrims, the region of the Great Lakes had been visited by French explorers and traders. These early voyagers were followed by Lasalle, who built a stockade at the Maumee rapids, and passed the winter there. From this time on, both French and English pioneers established trading posts, and claimed the region east of the Mississippi in the name of their king. Then followed nearly one hundred years of warfare and massacre between the two rival nations, aided by the Indians. This stage of the turmoil was closed by a treaty of peace, in which all the land east of the Mississippi passed into the hands of the English.

After the Revolutionary War, the invasion of the Maumee valley by the white man was so rapid that the Indians, seeing their land disappear by unfair means, formed a secret alliance to exterminate their foe. Affairs became so bad that President Washington sent General Anthony Wayne "to protect the frontier and put down these Indian attacks."

The little army of Americans bravely began the subjugation of the valley. At Roche-de-Boeuf, now the site of Waterville, they adopted a plan of procedure, after a last attempt at a peace council had failed. Slowly General Wayne advanced down the Maumee until the Indians, under Chief Turkeyfoot, made a last stand at a spot where a recent storm had felled many of the forest trees. Today the scene of the encounter is marked by the historic boulder, Turkeyfoot

OLD SETTLERS CABIN

Miami, which he judged to be too strong for attack, and he built Fort Industry. The site of the blockhouse is now at Summit and Monroe Streets.

By this time, immigration began to pour into northwestern Ohio; covered wagons were a common sight. Among these settlers were Peter Navarre, famous trapper, and scout; Louis Burdo, and others. Navarre found the Ottawa Indians occupying the east side of the river, one of their villages being built where Waite High School now stands. The Bowl, well-known in football history, was a dreary swamp.

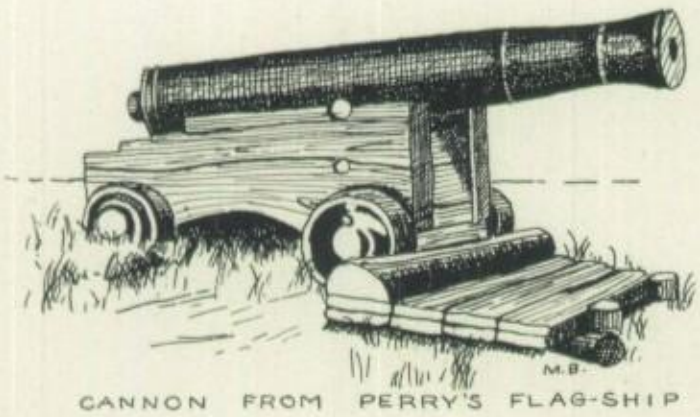
WAITE BOWL

With the War of 1812 came another Indian uprising in the region around the Great Lakes. At the Maumee rapids, General Harrison took personal command of the army of the Northwest. The massacre at the Raisin River, the two sieges of Fort Meigs, and other historic conflicts show that this territory was saved to civilization through a pathway of blood. Fort Meigs was the rallying point for troops, the storehouse for supplies, the Gibraltar of the Maumee. It rolled back British invasion while Perry was building his fleet on the shores of Lake Erie. It was

Rock. The battle of Fallen Timbers, as the engagement is called, was so destructive to the red men that they were compelled to accept the enemy's terms, which included the surrender of tracts of land for trading posts, and the right of way between them. One of these tracts is in the heart of Toledo's downtown district.

After routing the Indians, General Wayne drifted down the river past the British Fort

PETER NAVARRE



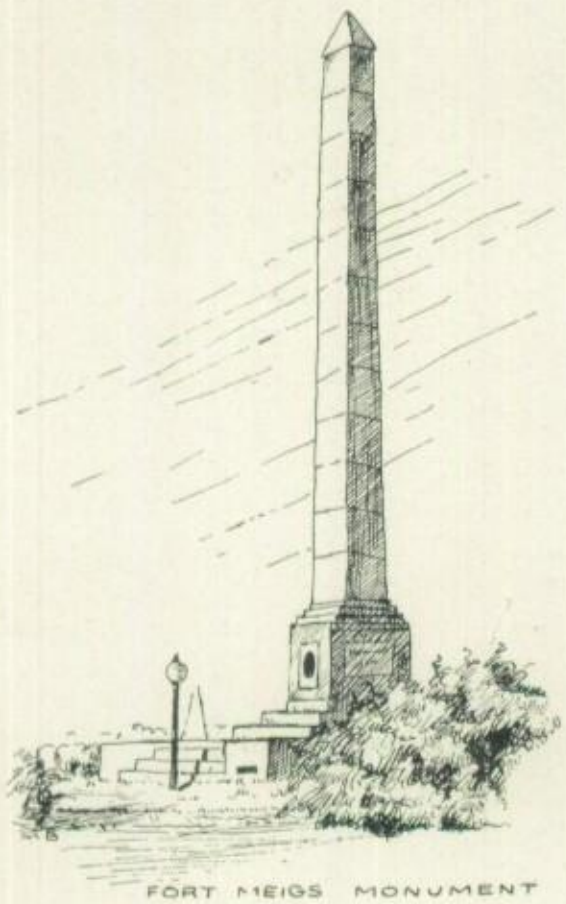
CANNON FROM PERRY'S FLAG-SHIP

to General Harrison at Fort Meigs that Commodore Perry sent his world-famed dispatch when the British lowered their colors at Put-in-Bay: "We have met the enemy and they are ours!" All honor to old Fort Meigs!

After the declaration of peace, soldiers returning to their homes gave glowing accounts of the beauty and fertility of the Maumee Valley, its forests, and its game, so that immigration to the region increased steadily.

The history of transportation in the Valley centers about the development of trade on natural and artificial waterways. To make one's way through northwestern Ohio in the early part of the nineteenth century was extremely hazardous. Besides the danger of encountering hostile Indians, swamps and almost unbroken forests obstructed travel. River and lake shipping was made easily possible by the abundance of timber both for building purposes and for fuel. It was only to be expected that the pioneers should take advantage of natural resources, to establish and maintain communication with the rest of the country.

The first craft to ply the Maumee for commercial purposes was the schooner Black Snake, Jacob Wilkinson, master. She sailed up the river, landing a number of immigrant families at Fort Meigs. The first steamboat on the Great Lakes was built to run between Buffalo and the foot of the Maumee rapids. Launched in 1818, the Walk-in-the-Water attempted to navigate the Maumee river, but was unable to get farther than the mouth of Swan Creek because of the shallowness of the water. This proved a great disappointment to her owners who had purchased a tract of land below Perrysburg, and had laid out a town which was to have become a great commercial metropolis.


FORT MEIGS MONUMENT

The history of shipbuilding in the valley begins when the sloop Miami was launched at Perrysburg. The town, for years afterward, was important as a shipbuilding center. The launching of the Miami was the beginning of a great industry which reached its climax during the World War, when the Toledo Shipbuilding Company took the lead in building "Lake Type" vessels for the emergency fleet. The Miami would appear like a toy beside one of the leviathans of our inland seas.

Until the completion of the Miami and Erie Canal, Toledo was little more than a malaria-breeding, impoverished town. The waterway rapidly developed into a great thoroughfare of travel, as many as 4,000 boats clearing Toledo in one year. Millions of dol-

FIRST RAILROAD IN NORTHWEST TERRITORY

lars' worth of produce was transported and the passenger trade flourished. The journey could be made from Toledo to Cincinnati in four days. Transportation by the canal continued to be prosperous until the coming of the railroad. Since then several unsuccessful attempts have been made to renew the old waterway. In the last two years the only remaining locks opening into Swan Creek near Erie Street have been filled up. The story of the canal is past history.

The pioneer railroad west of the Alleghenies was built and operated by Toledo business men. The road, constructed of oak rails with steel straps along the top, ran from Toledo to Adrian. This enterprise was quickly followed by others, connecting Toledo, as by a huge network, with the principal cities of the country. The "Key to the Maumee Valley" is now the third largest railroad center in America.

Commerce and manufacturing go hand in hand. With the growth of commerce went the development of industries of all sorts. Only a person of unusual imagination could have lived even as late as the Civil War, and have visualized the Toledo of today. The great oil refineries, steel mills, grain elevators, ore docks, and manufacturing plants make the Maumee valley a center of industrial activity. On the south shore of the bay is located the Ohio Standard Oil Company, which refines oil from wells a thousand miles away. Seventeen of its chimneys, each towering 200 feet into the air, are visible along the skyline. Innumerable cans of oil, bearing the image of a sacred animal, are shipped for use as incense-burners in the temples of India and Tibet. The demand in this

EARLY RIVER STEAMBOAT

MORRISON R WAITE'S HOME
AND THE OLD ELM AT MAUMEE

country for oil in all stages of refinement, is beyond the liveliest imagination to conceive.

Two of Toledo's suburbs, Birmingham and Ironville, remind one of the great steel towns of England. Huge piles of iron ore along the docks give promise of steel bridges which will span chasms in lands beyond the sea. Freighters, leaving their cargoes at the ore docks, carry away with them coal from the mines of southern Ohio. Each car of coal is lifted and overturned, emptying instantly its entire contents into the hold of the vessel.

Up and down the river, grain elevators are a common sight. Equipped with machinery which scoops up the grain from the vessel's hold, these elevators can unload 100,000 bushels a day. The needs of the wheat-producing and the wheat-consuming countries of the world are met.

In the production of vehicles of all sorts, Toledo long ago took the lead. The first company organized for this purpose was the Milburn Wagon Works. From this modest beginning has grown the automobile industry which gives the

OLD COURT HOUSE
MAUMEE, OHIO

city third place in the output of motor cars. One of these factories alone covers 120 acres.

On thousands of tables throughout the country, Libbey glass is to be found, and Ford plate glass is in the windows of numberless stores and houses. The bottle we obtain at the drug store was in all probability fashioned by the Owens bottle machine, which has revolutionized the bottle-making industry. And what Toledoan has not used sugar from beets grown in the vicinity, the price of the product depending on the beet plains of Europe or the cane fields of the tropics? Do Belgian folk like a cup of coffee? Perhaps the fragrant bean has been roasted and prepared for distribution by the Woolson Spice Company.

But industries are not the whole of life, Toledo, with its up-river and other residential colonies, is a place of pleasant homes. Nor is the city adequately described without mention of the three, million-dollar high schools, and last word in educational structures; and the art museum, unsurpassed for the beauty of its architecture.

The Maumee, which here flows darkly to the lake, is bordered along its upper course by productive farms. It is a far cry from the unbroken wilderness to cultivated fields, and much that we enjoy is due to the staunch pioneers, who came to this region to found themselves homes. Ask the smiling valley, and it will tell the story of the brave who slumber there; ask the shining river, whose waters were stopped with the bodies of the slain, and it will speak of the heritage given us by the past—a heritage of which every loyal citizen should be proud, and which he should earnestly strive to perpetuate.

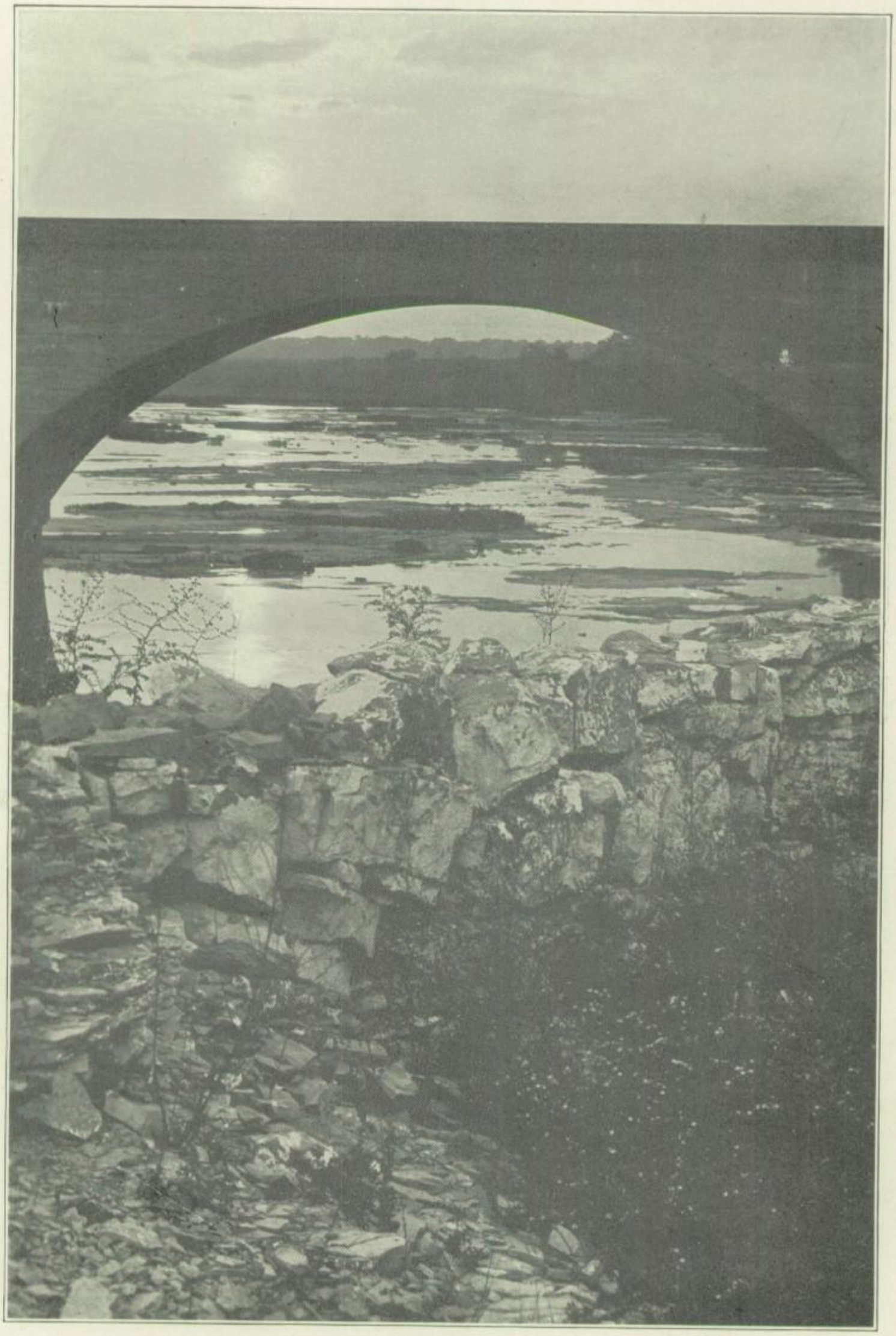
TURKEY-FOOT ROCK

June's Harmony

In June the emerald copse is filled
With melody the thrushes trill;
Tall, nodding daisies lightly sway,
While butterflies among them stray,
And glistening dew the air distills.

In evening's sky the stars are spread,
The sunset, rosy-hued, has fled,
Pale moonlight fills the trees' arcade,
Steals softly through the dreaming glade.
Night's holy benison is said.

—*Mary Kratky.*



Original Embankments, Fort Meigs

In Summer

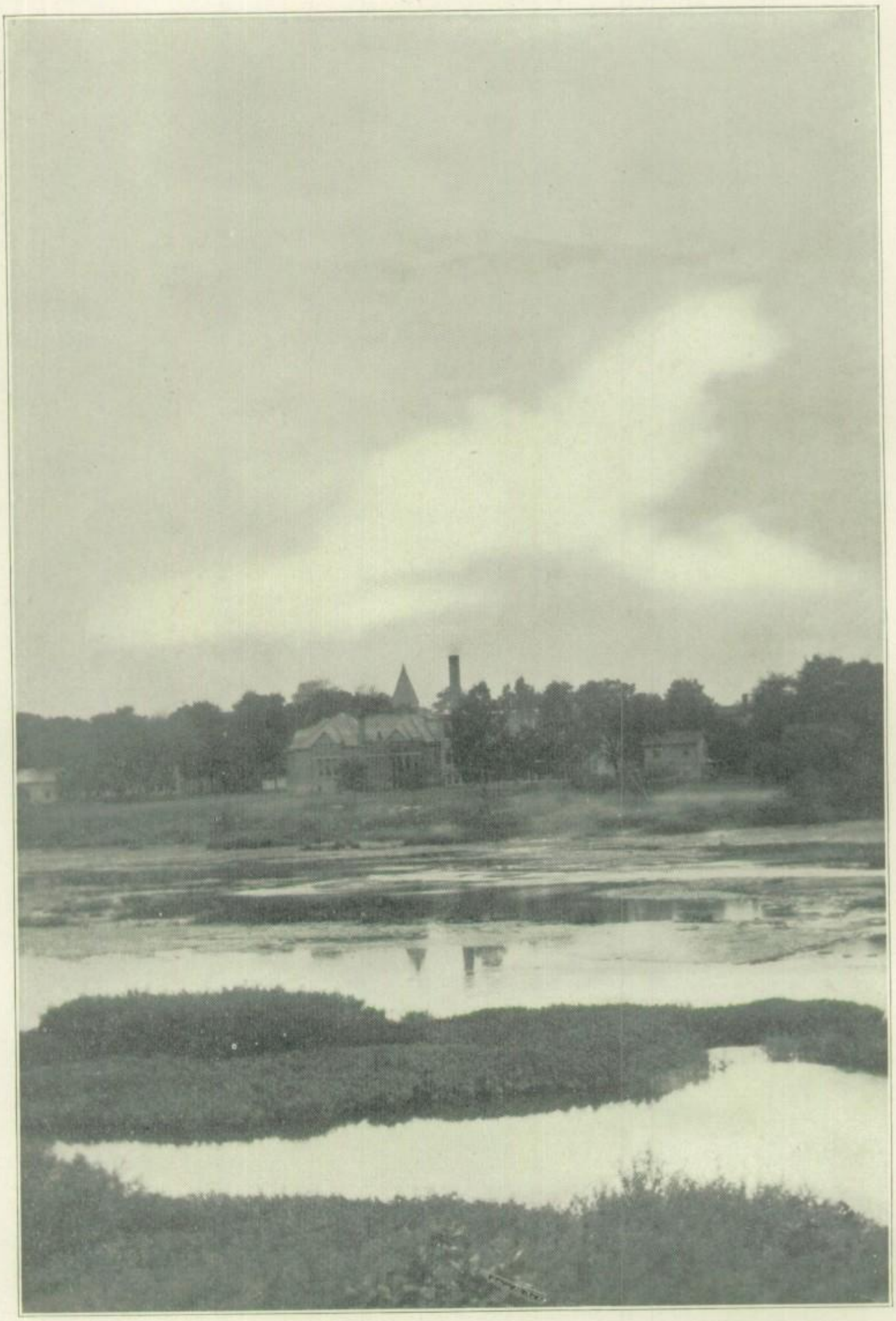
In summer when the sky's alight
With first fires of the dawn, rose-bright,
Yon tree stands out against the sky,
Graceful, picturesque, grandly high,
A pillar green: a beauteous sight.

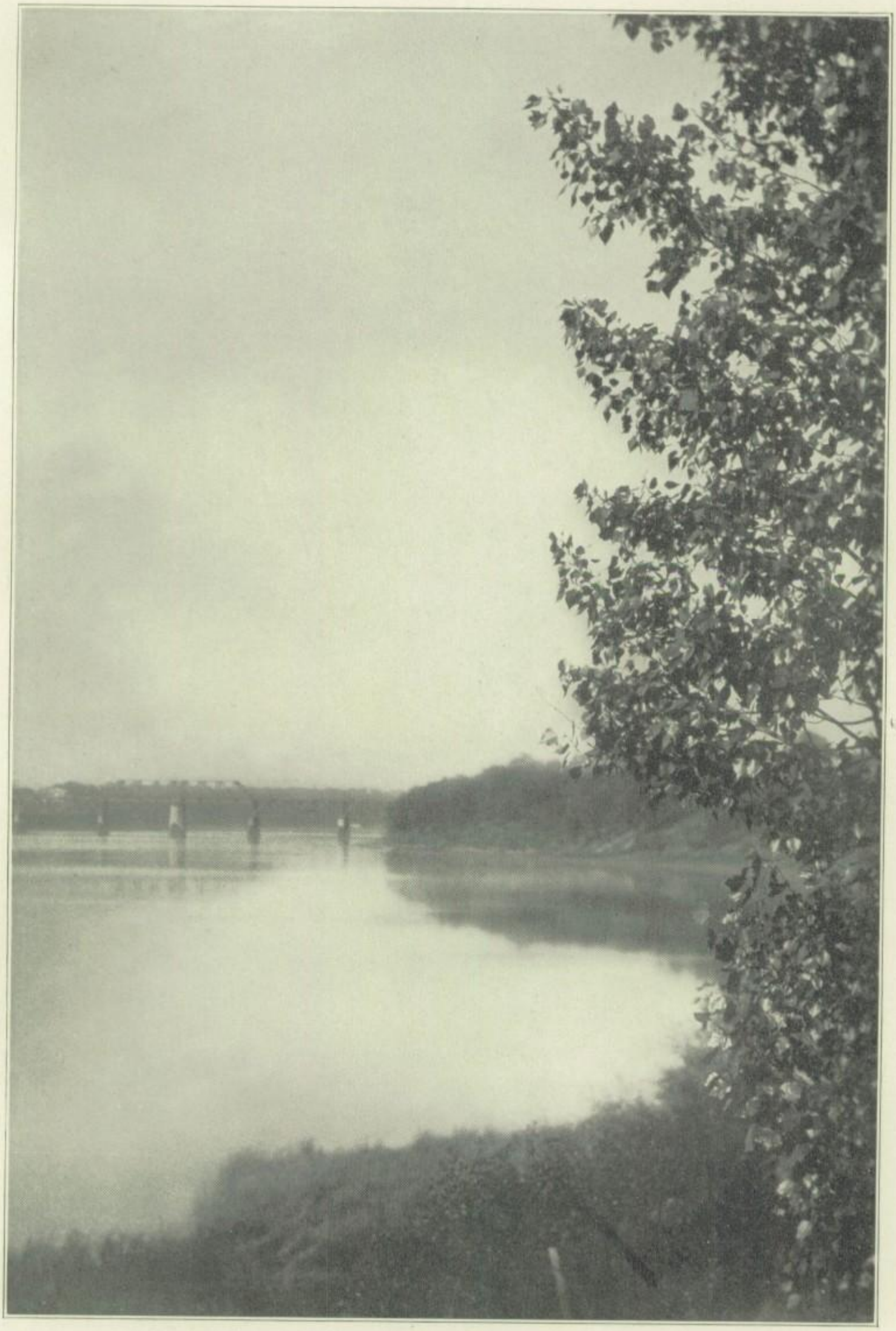
Years distant past, behind these banks
'Gainst Indian raids, our fathers fought;
Here bravely stemmed the British tide,
Turned back the Indian; some here died.
A priceless heritage was bought.

The River

Lazily the river winds its flow
Beyond low-lying islands, sunset-crowned;
Along its margin nodding grasses grow,
Sedges, and tall, spiked cat-tails, richly brown.

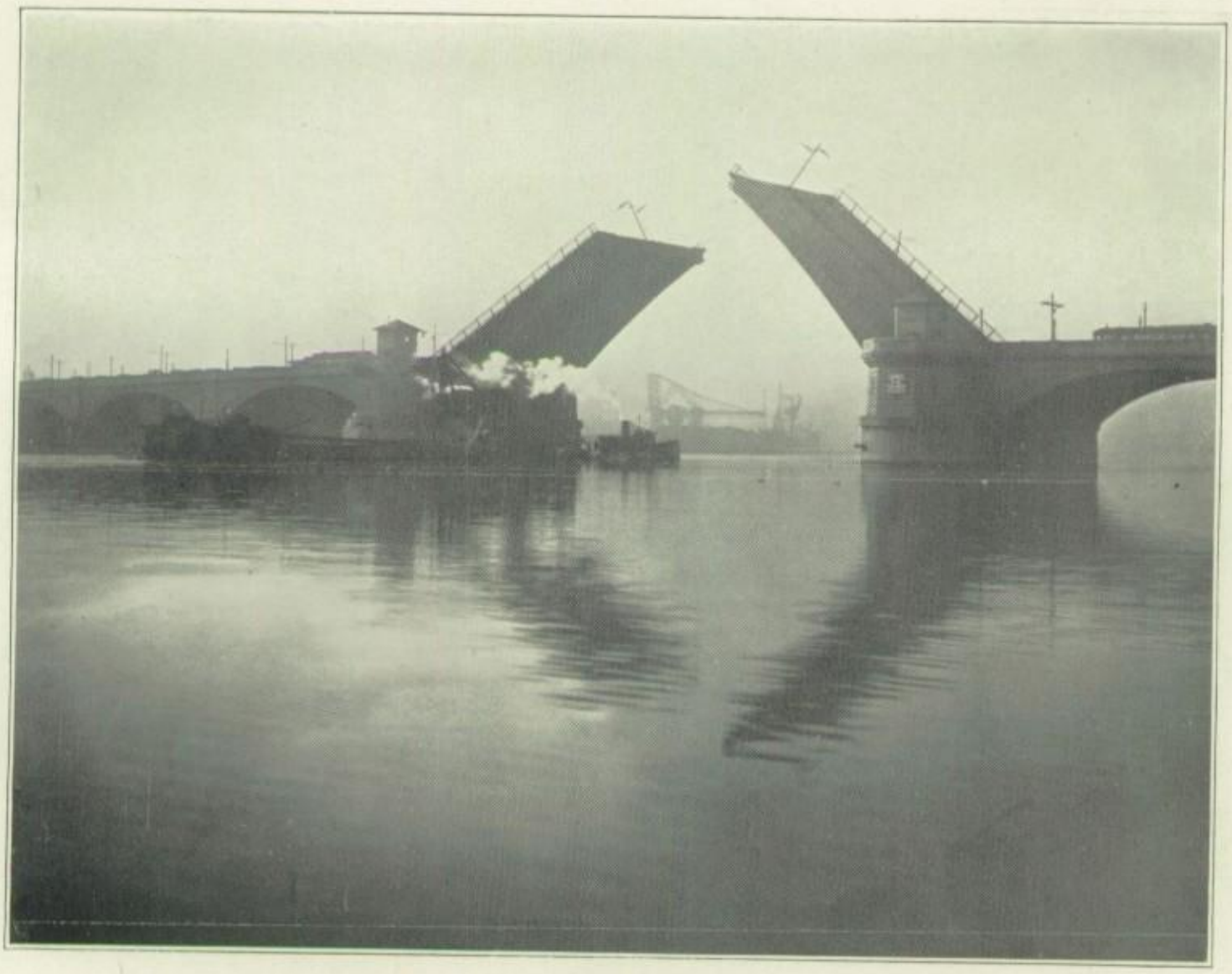
What though the shimmering waves delight to dance,
Though shady banks invite, though mills arrest?
To lose themselves in Erie's broad expanse
Is still their destiny, their doom, their quest.





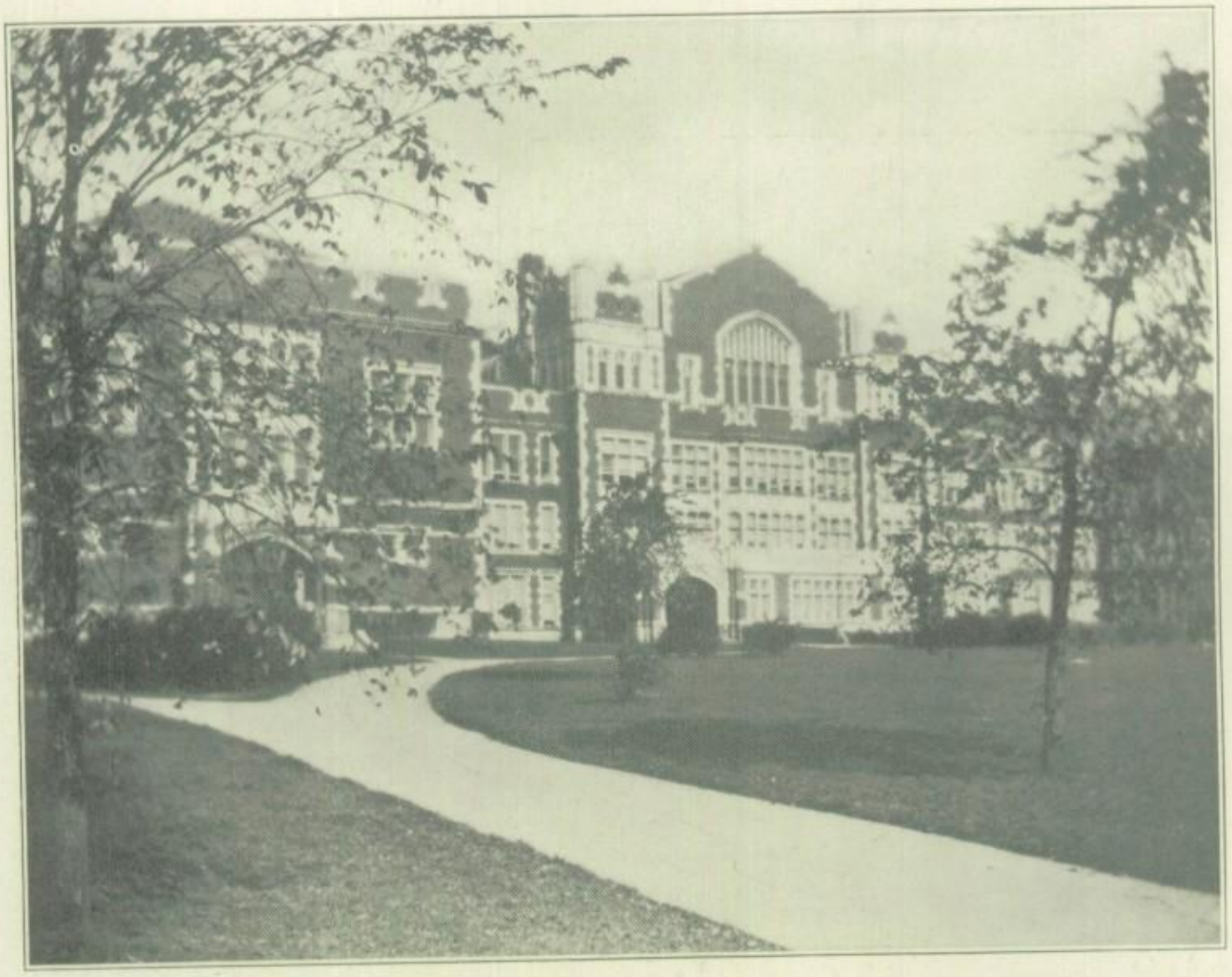
The City

The city's droning hum ascends,
Smoke-spitting foundries roar;
Tall structures loom against the sky
That speak of battles sore
And real.
This roaring train, these rows of steel
Close by
The river's surging moil,
Where freighters ride and great cranes bend,
Bespeak the sweat of toil.



The Bridge

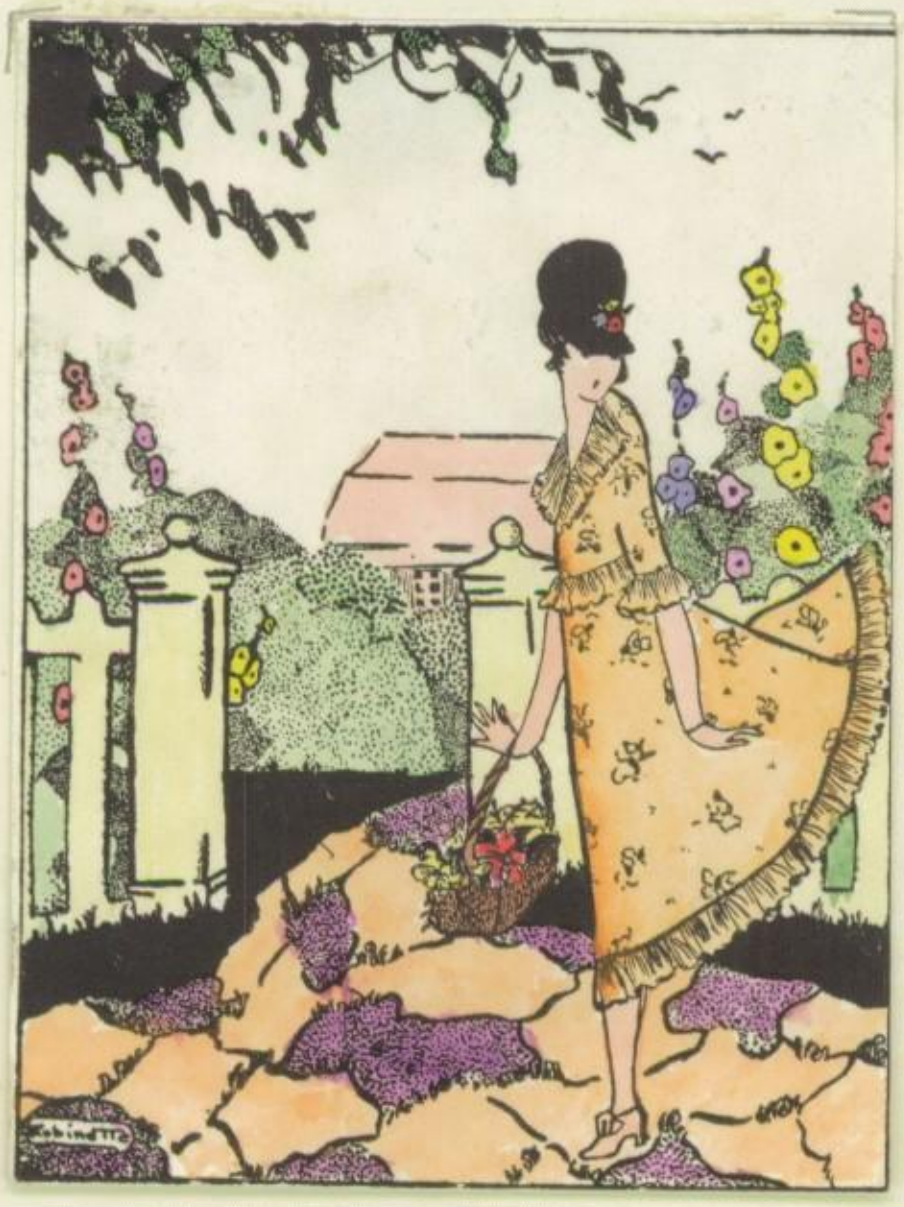
With grand, majestic, upward sweep on high
The massive bridge its parted portals heaves,
And like a bird with wings outspread, it cleaves
The sky's deep blue, where scudding clouds go by,
Where fleeting birds the summer winds decry;
And, scurrying down the bridge, a vagrant leaf
Drops through the gash where water interweaves
Its flow, and there engulfed by waves, it lies.
A moment's pause, the o'ertowering monster stands,
Then silently begins the downward trend,
Without command or visible guiding hand,
Descends, the portals meeting, end to end.
They join. With heavy thud the great draw lands,
While hurrying crowds and noise of traffic blend.

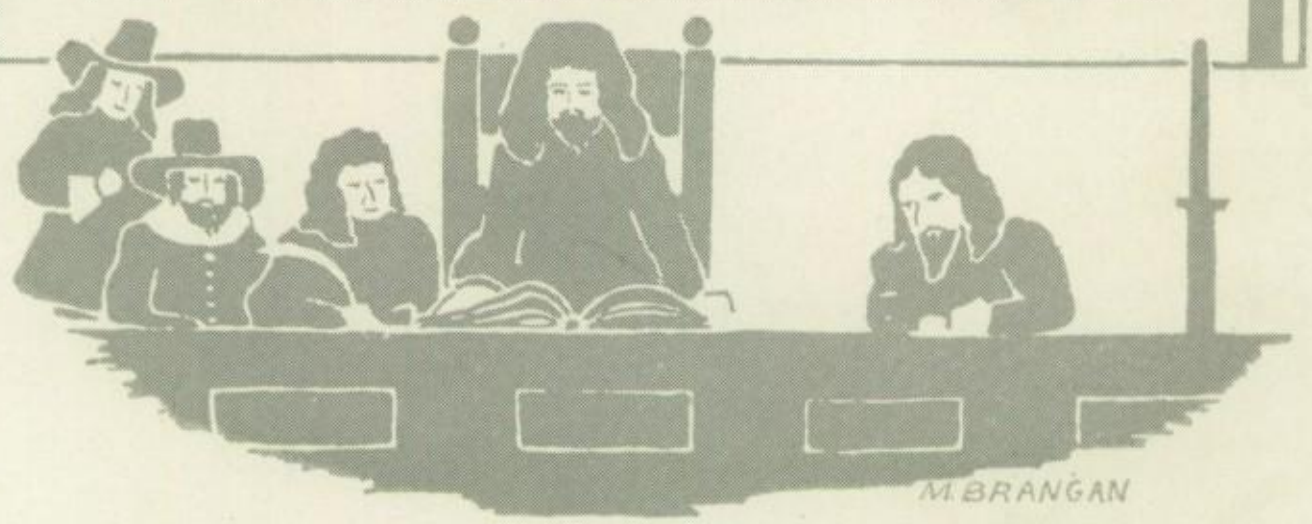


Morrison R. Waite High School

The morning's brooding silence clothes thy walls,
Where rosy beams in crescent harmony
Enhance the grandeur of thy symmetry,
And "Loyal" the persistent echo calls.

Thy medieval towers, massive, tall,
Quaint doorways deep where light and shadow dwell,
Invite the eager youth who love thee well;
And "Loyal" still the laughing echo calls.





Administration

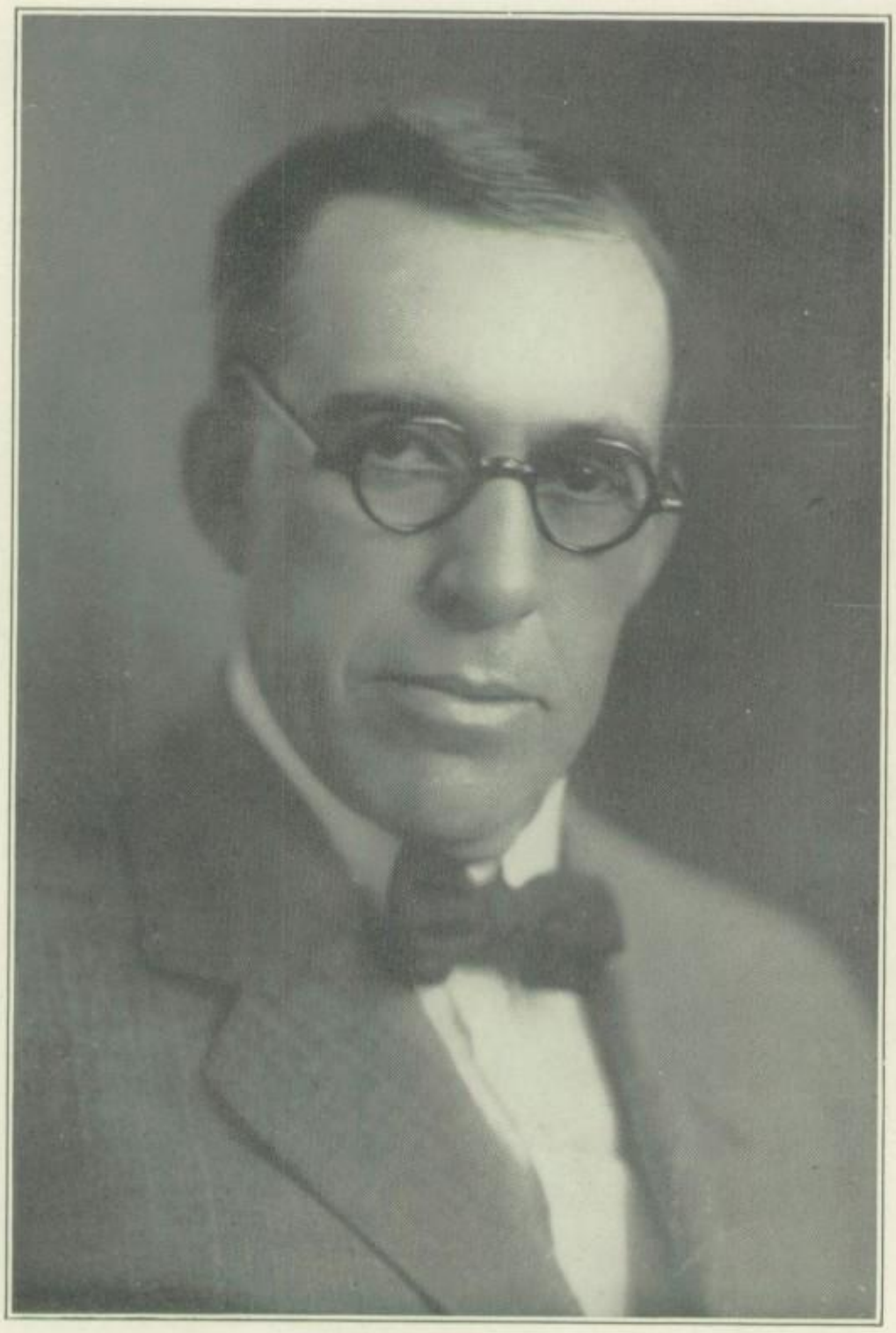
Purple and Gold

The editors of the "Purple and Gold" have my hearty congratulations on the recognition their book has received because of its distinctive merit. To be one of seven of the best All-American yearbooks in a contest in which two hundred and seventy-five books were presented in competition, is a rare achievement. I present to the management of the "Purple and Gold" the challenge to have the 1925 edition even superior to those which have preceded it.

Sincerely,

CHAS. S. MEEK,

Superintendent.



MR. CHARLES S. MEEK

Superintendent of Schools

Mr. James A. Pollock

A distinguished man has said that the service which labors for the interest of others, which confers an advantage, which benefits, which avails, is the foundation of all progress.

Mr. Pollock believes in this kind of service. He lives his belief every day in directing the affairs of the school.

Most of us do not realize the magnitude of his task, but we cannot be unaware of the spirit he brings to it, nor of his desire to assist every student committed to his care, in becoming a helpful, self-reliant person. His discerning judgment, his wholesome sense of humor, and his unfailing optimism are essential factors in the development of Waite High School.

MR. JAMES A. POLLOCK,

Principal.

Miss Wickenden

Miss Wemp

Miss Daring

The Office Force

The first inhabitants of the Maumee Valley left us vague, indistinct records of their experience. Archeological discoveries or rude pictures scratched on stone are the source of our knowledge about them.

But the story of events at Waite High School will go down in history a clear, distinct, indisputable record. The reason for this is not hard to find—the office force! Because of the energy and diligence of Miss Wickenden, Miss Wemp and Miss Daring, whatever is, is recorded. They can quote statistics, offer valuable information, locate lost articles, solve the insolvable—indeed, what is it that these scribes of the office cannot do?

Faculty

Mrs. Allen

Mr. Baird

Miss Beecher

Miss Boerger

Mrs. Alice Allen—A humorous lady who consigns our manuscripts to the waste basket.

Mr. Walter B. Baird—A carpenter of no mean talent.

Miss Helen L. Beecher—She delights to help, and overlooks the praises with a smile.

Miss Fon Boerger—She chases little pills around the grass, and calls it golf.

Mr. Ward E. Bricker—I juggle figures with ease.

Miss Pauline Brown—Zealous guardian of Waite's literary kingdom.

Mr. Russell Brown—In old Madrid—that's where I learned the art.

Mr. Lee L. Canfield—His courtesy is free and fine; his dealings fair.

Mr. Bricker

Miss Brown

Mr. R. Brown

Mr. Canfield

Miss Carpenter

Mr. C. E. Collins

Mr. J. C. Collins

Mr. Coombs

Miss Flora L. Carpenter—"Nature I love, and next to nature, art."

Mr. C. E. Collins—Of mountain camps I speak, and of Denver!

Mr. J. C. Collins—Yo! ho! ho! and the "Purple Hurricane!"

Mr. E. W. Coombs—Conscientious and friendly, he proceeds with his plan.

Mr. C. C. Coontz—A city man with the talk of Findlay.

Miss Mildred A. Cowell—And a' the lads and lassies admired the likes o' her.

Miss Emma E. Fenneberg—Versed in the womanly arts, and proficient in business ways.

Miss Ellen Foote—Small in stature, but big in friendliness.

Mr. Coontz

Miss Cowell

Miss Fenneberg

Miss Foote

Miss Garver

Miss Goodall

Mr. Grastorf

Miss Griffith

Miss Anne M. Garver—What do I like best to do? Everything!

Miss Josephine M. Goodall—The world is so full of a number of things—and I must find out all about them!

Mr. John E. Grastorf—Autos I know, yea, even a Ford!

Miss Marguerite F. Griffith—"And French she spak ful faire and fetishly."

Miss Marian C. Hart—Black are her eyes, and joyous her smile.

Miss Elaine Hirth—Dark eyes, olive skin—a merry person.

Miss Ruth A. Hogan—"I'm going a-funmaking," she said.

Miss Lulu F. Howard—She lives in a world of strange odors and experiments.

Miss Hirth

Miss Hart

Miss Hogan

Miss Howard

Miss Jackson

Miss Kimble

Mr. Klag

Miss Krueger

Miss Ethel N. Jackson—Proficient in Spanish, and able to wield English to advantage.

Miss Harriet L. Kimble—A lady from a picture—and yet, withal, a woman of today.

Mr. Fred W. Klag—Science, jokes, athletics, 'tis all in the day's work.

Miss Bernice Krueger—Shall I speak French or English? 'Tis immaterial to me.

Mr. R. R. Leach—"I predict presidential elections and financial crises with surety."

Miss Ethel M. Lickley—She thinks, talks, and radiates health.

Mr. F. W. Mathias—Have you a problem mathematical or personal? He solves it.

Mr. Merritt C. Nauts—A far-seeing man of today, with a pleasant and chivalrous manner.

Mr. Leach

Miss Lickley

Mr. Mathias

Mr. Nauts

Miss Nelson

Miss Newbirt

Miss Paschall

Mr. Price

Miss Louise M. Nelson—Her dark eyes may be merry or sweet or sympathetic, but never angry.

Miss Kathryn Newbirt—A scholarly lady, a true friend.

Miss Alma Paschall—Her wit is superb, her understanding marvelous.

Mr. E. H. Price—What would you have? I'll do it willingly.

Miss Mary C. Roache—Golden is her hair; roguish her eyes.

Mr. M. B. Severance—Let us consider the reason of the case; for nothing is law that is not reason.

Miss Barbara Grace Spayd—"If I have done well and as is fitting, it is that which I have desired."

Miss Sarah W. Waite—A little person who handles a big subject.

Miss Roache

Mr. Severance

Miss Spayd

Miss Waite

Miss Wales

Mrs. Werner

Miss Wright

Miss Nelle E. Wales—She teaches the girls how to be well-dressed.

Mrs. Maud F. Werner—Stitch upon stitch—and the garment is done.

Miss Olive Wright—What would she know? Your weight, forsooth!

Miss Meredith Young—Young and fair and good is she.

Mr. A. M. Youngquist—A man who knows his duty and performs it.

Miss Young

Mr. Youngquist

Faculty

Mr. Clarence R. Ball—From whom come melody and inspiration.

Mr. David Brown—"Fleet of mind and limb is he."

Miss Mildred Burns—I love my work; and next to work, my play.

Miss Victoria Carson—Kindly in manner—a womanly woman.

Miss Anna Commager—I will show you the right and wrong of it.

Mr. John Ehrle—An athlete, a gentleman. Manhood in all its fineness.

Mr. J. W. Foley—He delves into the mysteries of radio.

Mrs. R. A. French—A well of enthusiasm.

Miss Grace Gibson—Latin I know and Latin I love.

Miss Marguerite Hall—Intelligence, quotients are her daily diet.

Mrs. W. E. Hall—This bustling person is energy personified.

Mrs. E. Huffer—Thoughtful and earnest of purpose.

Mr. F. E. H. Jaeger—"This hand was made to handle naught but gold."

Miss Clara M. James—In her face there's a world of tenderness.

Mr. O. E. Lutz—What would I have about me? Boys, and more boys.

Mrs. F. L. Mathis—"If it is worth doing, I will do it with a zest."

Mr. Eugene L. Miller—He doeth Shakespeare better than Shakespeare.

Mr. G. I. Pearsall—You may know him by his carefree, sportive air.

Mr. C. Carl Sterling—He molds the infant mind to ways of football.

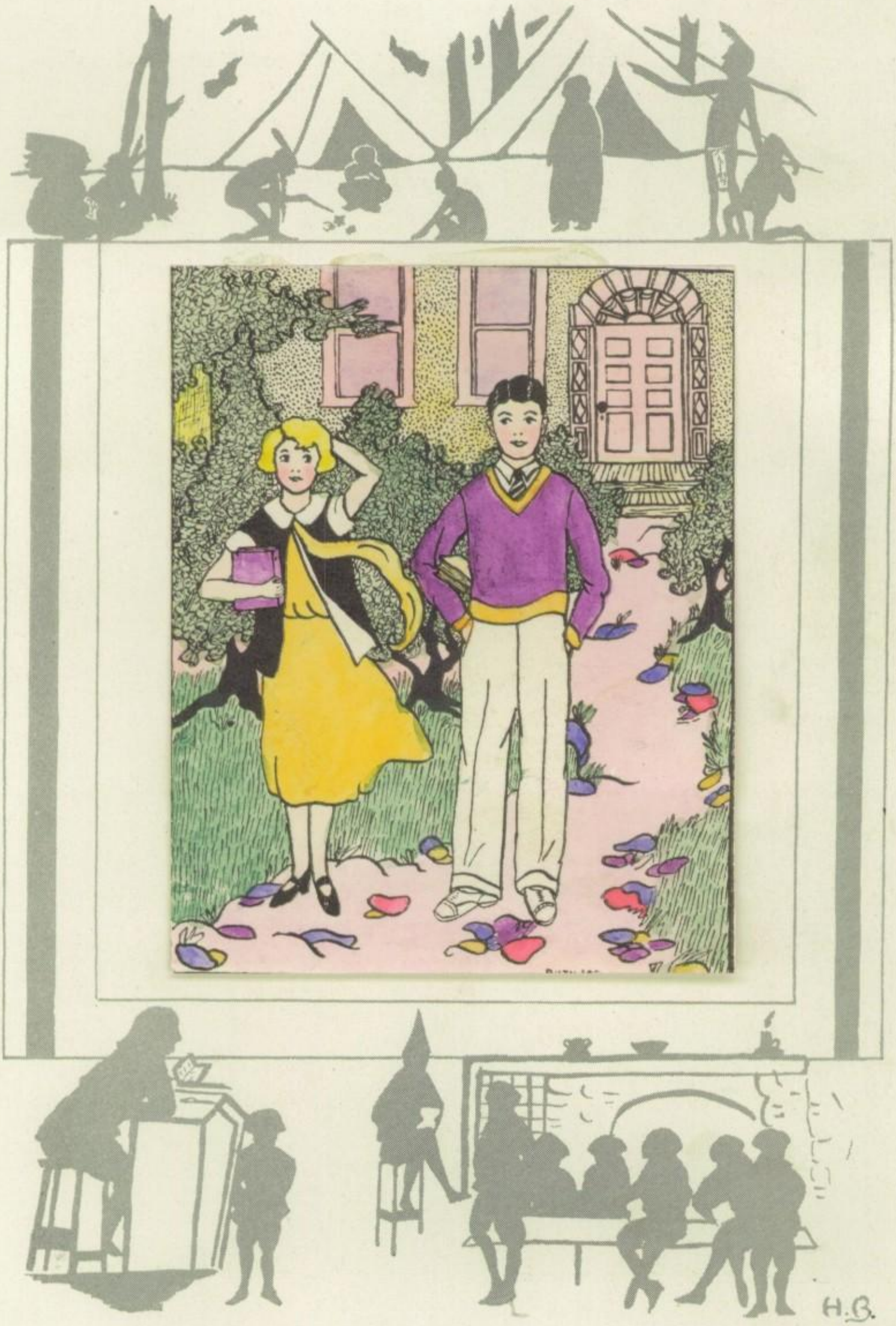
Miss Marie M. Stoll—Smiling eyes belie a business-like manner.

Mr. G. V. Sutphen—This pleasant, smiling person is the leader of our Band.

Mrs. Margaret R. Van Gorder—"A laughter mixed with serious stuff."

Miss Werum—She waves the baton over our orchestra.

68 teachers



Classes

REFECTORY

And Senior, Taking Leave Of School
Do You But Pause To Think,
Of Realms Of Knowledge Far Beyond
The Fountain's Gushing Brink
Of Life
Senior

Senior

THE SENIOR CLASS

Motto ..... Prospice
Colors ..... Flame and Gold

OFFICERS

Lynn Johnston ..... *President*
Hazel Blair ..... *Vice-President*
Margaret Davis ..... *Secretary*
Ralph Heinen ..... *Treasurer*
Eugene Field ..... *Sergeant-at-Arms*

Genevieve Adkins—Her lips were formed for laughter.

Helen Ardner—Guardian of the exchequer of the Zetaletheans.

Kenneth Arnold—Captain of the "Purple Hurricane"—a real leader.

Marion Babione—Here comes young Lochinvar a-riding! Or is it Marion on his motor cycle?

Alexander Bahls—A gentleman of quiet tastes.

William Bannister—He spends most of the winter months in his ice-boat on Lake Erie.

Mary Barnes—A golden haired athlete.

Marjorie Barnswell—I pride myself in work well done.

-MUELLER-

Dorothy Batchelor—A dainty, prim, immaculate little miss.

George Bates—A deep booming voice, and an honest heart.

Fernette Baur—One of the few who have not visited the barber.

John Baymiller—Golden is his scholastic record.

Florence Beard—I have taken unto myself a mate.

Edna Beers—Valiantly she struggles for order in the library.

Margery Best—Art editor of the Retina, and a member of the annual board—a busy girl.

Myldred Bitter—Faithfully she read the scripture to the Peri's.

Coralyn Blackford—Who's next? With the curling iron I have special skill.

Hazel Blair—Vice President of the senior class, a pleasant little lady.

Arthur Blake—With equal dexterity he rhymes and draws.

Fred Blanchard—Paint and brush, and he is happy.

Cecil Blank—I will do my work, but not without my toys.

Sarah Bolton—Who shall fathom the depths of my mind?

James Boughton—His recreation furnishes shoemakers with business.

Mary Breese—There is nothing I like better than a talk with a friend.

Norman Brenner—Math. I know, and languages I know—and faith, what don't I know?

Vivienne Brentlinger—Quick and clever is she of speech and pen.

Gertrude Brim—A demure, dark-eyed maiden.

Helen Margaret Brown—Foreign languages I desire to twist upon my tongue.

Helen Minerva Brown—I am not interested in passing fancies.

Grace Brubach—'Tis well to make acquaintances; 'tis better to keep a friend.

Magdalena Bury—Many a humorous word has fallen from her lips.

Henry Byrne—I'm never so happy as when I'm dressed up.

James Carr—Student manager of athletics, an able man.

Margaret Chisholm—A librarian I'm a-going to be.

Gladys Colbert—I'm doing my best to look like a senior.

Dorothy Cole—Fair-haired, and round, and jolly, she radiates sunshine.

Glen Cole—Pilot of the Senior Hi-Y. "Look on my works, ye mighty, and despair."

Orville Cook—I hew my way through hardship.

Maude Cordery—Books I enjoy, and music is my diversion.

Horace Coy—Chief "ad-getter" for the "Purple and Gold", his persuasiveness produces results.

Errol Crause—Mercury's winged feet are his inheritance.

Gertrude Dahlmeyer—Diligently doth she search out facts of history.

Anne Dancer—A merry, gay companion.

Coral Dannenberger—Her interest lies in basketball.

Harold Davis—Spick and span—a manly man.

Margaret Davis—Typist extraordinary for the publications board.

Earl DeVine—I am full of good nature.

Laura Dean—And oft did she stand on her head in the gym.

Irene Dickinson—Whate'er I do, I do it with a zest.

Frances Dimke—Oh that I could always dance!

Beatrice Doyle—A thoroughly dependable, likeable girl.

Irene Doyle—With her gentleness is a persuasive charm.

Creta Drury—My interests? I'll not reveal them.

Helen Drogy—Tall and dark, a pleasant girl.

Jay Duhamel—I am not a doer, I would have you know.

Marguerite Dunkle—Those who would know my talents must take time to find them out.

Clifford Dunn—And the things that he thought of, he did.

Elsie Dwiggins—She pounds out jazz with dash and speed.

Richard Dyer—Plucking word from the ozone is his hobby.

Virginia Dyer—Shades of Barney Oldfield! How that woman drives!

Erwin Ehrsam—He lived at peace with all mankind.

William Elmer—He guards the shining shekels of the Quill and Dagger Society.

Lillian Elsperman—Ha! My hair has grown an inch!

Donovan Emch—A knight of the open road, when there's a chance for a hike.

Virginia Everett—She is refined, and sweet, and studious.

Helen Ewing—Collecting football sweaters is my fancy.

Harold Farling—Me thinks I hear his mooing saxophone.

Fadwa Farran—She hides behind a busy brain.

Eugene Farrell—An athlete of no mean repute.

Myldred Faulkner—This little lady could make a success of anything.

Eugene Field—Sergeant-at-arms for the seniors, where found he that school-girl complexion?

Arthur Force—He waves us on to cheers of victory.

Anna Foust—I hold my words in check.

Hilda Frey—My thoughts provide my entertainment.

Barbara Frye—Winter sports are my delight.

Arthur Geoffrion—A fleet and cheery lad is he.

Otho Gettings—He is apt at the art of photography.

Regina Glasco—Quiet and retiring—a girl worth knowing.

William Greiner—An opera without him for comedy?—Impossible!

Marcella Haas—Mirth and motion are my life.

Genevieve Hagerty—A lady becomingly garbed.

Ervin Haines—Would you have mirth and jollity? I'll supply it.

Edmund Hansen—A youth with a plentiful supply of common sense.

Fredric Hansen—From business men he extracts "ads" with ease.

Fannie Harris—Her interests lie not in studies.

Hannah Harris—French and Spanish I continually confuse.

Zenas Hartman—Art editor of the "Purple and Gold," he wields a skillful pencil.

Esther Hartshorn—Well versed in housewifely arts.

Clyde Hederman—Jolly and studious, a likeable chap.

Joseph Heferle—Tall, and dignified, and unassuming, he knows whereof he speaks.

Florence Heider—She performs her tasks conscientiously.

Ralph Heinen—He handles the funds of the senior class and directs the fortunes of the "Retina."

Raymond Helmke—He hath the very build of Lincoln.

Minerd Henningsen—I think it well that mildness should attend my tongue.

Ann Herman—I laugh and dance my way through life.

Elda Hessman—If you think I am a woman of one talent, you are mistaken.

Herbert Heuerman—Seldom heard but always doing.

Margaret Heyman—I have a smile for all I meet.

Louise Hibbs—Merry brown eyes and a heart full of mirth.

John Hilty—Oh how deep his thoughts must run!

Mildred Hook—Sweet strains I draw from my violin.

Esther Hoover—Size makes no difference with one's ability to do things.

Geraldine Hopkins—I am interested in the affairs of the world.

Glenn Horsman—Good spirits count much toward good living.

Ruth Huenefeld—This little lady has personality plus.

Margaret Hug—An exciting story? I will read it any day!

Chester Idczak—I hold no grudge against any man.

Arlene Innes—I'm flitting here and there. How much, think you, do I accomplish?

Etheridge Irwin—Leader of the Alchemists, a chemist in the making.

Marguerite Jack—Her talk ripples on like a brook.

Venita Johnson—My days flow onward tranquilly.

Lynn Johnston—Lynn of the cheerful grin—our peerless president.

Clara Jump—I hold that friends are jewels to be treasured.

Viola Kaiser—She can ask the most questions!

Ralph Keller—Oh sheik! Where is thy camel?

Kathleen King—Her beauty is delicate as a lily.

Mildred King—A neat, well-mannered maid.

Ella Jane Kirby—She is the life of the party, with plenty of mirth and fun.

Helen Knapp—A mass of golden hair and a disposition to match.

La Vonia Knisely—Youth and beauty and kindliness—that's La Vonia.

Mary Kratky—She does not merely dabble in verse. She creates it.

Arthur Krogle—By my cheerful countenance I do a service to men.

Hilmar Krueger—Over hill, over dale, I rattle merrily.

Clarence Kuhlman—If it be business, I'll answer it.

Theophilus Kuhlmann—To turn my mind in upon itself is my delight.

Fintan Langenderfer—I came among you as a stranger.

Lillian Lavender—My desire is to go to the root of things.

Ruth Lee—President of the Pericleans, senior class historian—a girl with many interests.

John Lehr—'Tis folly to give every thought expression.

Raymond Lewis—My interest lies in sports.

Leslie Leybourn—His fiddle's full of haunting melody.

Edgar Loudenslager—Shall I hum you a tune on any old theme?

Marguerite Lupton—Who penned those graceful words? 'Tis I, in truth.

Donald McClure—Dramatic Don, fullback for the "Purple Hurricane."

Noel McClure—President of the Engineers.

Joe McGoldrick—In sooth, I will hurry for no man.

-MUELLER-

James McGuire—He gazed into the future and sought our fortunes out. Senior class prophet.

Scott McLeod—"Scotty" is a good scout.

Ruth Machlup—At fashioning a costume I am deft and sure.

Thelda Mac Vay—My serious looks belie my cleverness.

Glenn Martin—Outfielder for the baseball team, when he isn't aggravating the saxophone.

Edith Marsh—How good a thing it is to live!

Harry Maza—I am small, but I am a man of purpose.

Henry Mellman—Pass on! Disturb me not!

Alberta Metzger—"Give me a book and an apple." cries she, "and I shall be content."

Dorothy Meyer—Her laugh is low and full of melody.

Phyllis Millard—A witty little miss.

Lorain Miller—He holds a post mortem on his Ford every day.

Cloyd Mills—Others have been small and have accomplished much.

Frances Milne—Serene and unruffled, she pursues her way.

Benjamin Minder—I will take mine ease—and who shall prevent me?

Helen Moench—If you will but give me leave, I will smile my way into your heart.

Bessie Molnar—Mirth mixed with serious stuff—that is my life.

Nellie Moore—The soul of wit and sprightliness.

Renton Moore—My serious mien is but for camouflage.

Elizabeth Morgan—Always talking and gay, I am surrounded by friends.

Dorothy Morse—A joke book is one of her precious possessions.

Henry Moser—A man of good sense and sound reason.

Howard Moulton—He goes his own way, unmindful of the crowd.

Elizabeth Mouttet—I love the noise of a crowd.

Fred Mueller—He is clever with his pencil.

Ruth Mueller—Scales and chords are not monotonous to me.

Hazel Murphy—Secretary of the Glee Club.

Lowell Northrup—Wickedly he toots the slide trombone.

Fern Overmyer—Learned she is in domestic affairs.

Mayme Paulsen—She endeavors to hide her cleverness behind a quiet exterior.

Florence Perry—Would you have comic poetry? She can grind it out.

Mary Perry—A lively little girl who speaks no ill of anyone.

Ernest Pfaff—I live each day fully.

Isabelle Pfeffer—Her voice is sweet and her manner pleasing.

Althea Phillips—What I do not today, I shall do tomorrow.

Viola Pierce—To juggle quadratics is all my delight.

Ruth Pilzecker—Work has no fears for me.

Kenneth Pope—I would not harm a living thing.

Russell Potter—I'm what I seem, as those who know me, know.

Helen Powell—President of the Zets. She makes the typewriter hum for the publications board—a willing worker.

Doris Price—I would be a literary woman.

David Pugh—In radio is his delight.

Julia Palmer—Girls' Athletic editor for the school publications, she is never too busy to be accommodating.

Evelyn Reed—Small and vivacious and clever—what more do you ask?

Oliver Rideout—Auburn-haired, clear-eyed—a man with the soul of a poet.

Clarence Ritter—Who does not call this wandering cavalier a friend?

Huldah Ritzman—If she will, depend upon it, she will.

Grace Roenick—President of the French Club, a lady of words and deeds.

Dorothy Romstadt—A keen mind and gentle words reside in her.

Agnes Rosie—I can be persuasive, if occasion demands.

George Roth—He tortures the bass viol, and calls it music.

Gerald Rudolph—I am not too diligent with my lessons.

Martha Schafer—Ambition goads me onward.

Leatha Schatzke—Her words are shed softly like leaves in the fall.

Clyde Scheanwald—Double-jointed, 'neverything!

Lorenz Schenck—My bent is certainly not toward chemistry.

Opal Schmitz—Beautiful things appeal to me.

Claire Schofield—Give me a horse I can ride!

Joseph Schuller—Have you a choice bit of news? I would hear it without delay.

Roger Shelles—Sport editor of the "Purple and Gold," a pleasant, chuckling person.

James Sherry—If you will question me, I will answer you.

Mercedith Schroder—A white-clad nurse 'tis my desire to be.

Mae Seidell—Her blue eyes laughed and danced with joy.

Muriel Sluhan—A skillful lady with her needle.

Ralph Snyder—He coaxes speed from ancient vehicles.

Doris Snover—Music is my delight, and friends are my joy.

Helen A. Snover—Editor-in-chief of the "Purple and Gold." What more need we say?

Marguerite Soncrant—As exchange editor of the Retina, she keeps up an amazing correspondence.

Annabel Speaks—A girl with brains and a cheery manner.

Harry Steele—As guard for the "Purple Hurricane," he was a tower of strength on the line.

Edith Strahley—I must confess that I am fond of fun.

Gerald Stienecker—With ease he o'erlooks the common crowd.

Kathryn Sutton—My future is in my keeping.

Arthur Sweet—If "Doc" says so, I'll believe it.

Joe Szemetko—Diction swift distinguishes me.

Helen R. Tanner—A wizard at figures. Secretary and treasurer of the "Retina."

Charlotte Taylor—Her bronze-gold tresses belie her dignified bearing.

Milo Taylor—He directs pulsating harmony.

Robert Tweksbury—President of the Forum and of the Student Council—here's to you!

Dorothy These—I will put my thoughts on paper.

Mildred Thielman—Frivolity and I must strangers be.

Dorothy Torgler—A radicalist on the tax question.

Ray Thompson—Daily he makes long journey in the pursuit of knowledge.

Christian Thomson—I will not flaunt my talents in your face.

William Trotter—Studious and thoughtful—a perfect gentleman.

Emil Tschirret—And many a laugh laughed he!

Walter Upham—Light of foot and of spirit.

Clysta Urban—Where are campfire girls, there am I.

Malcolm Webb—I will furnish alibis with ease.

William Wertz—Don't confuse me with Wilson!

Wilson Wertz—And don't confuse me with William!

Edward Welsby—The smallest boy in the senior class—but maybe he'll grow.

Mary Wheeler—An enthusiastic Zetalethean, a good student, a girl with many friends.

William Whitcomb—A stage-manager par excellence.

John White—President of the Q. D's, a public-spirited man.

Florence Whitmill—Thou speakest in easy fashion.

Lloyd Widman—He wears a calm brow, no matter what befalls.

Alvin Widmer—Custodian of the magazines for English VIII classes.

Paul Woodman—I know what I think—and I'll tell it, if need be.

Ruth Woyame—Her dimples make us willing servitors.

Lucile Wunderley—Small and full of curiosity.

Frank Zahrly—And oh how he loves to swim!

Seniors Without Pictures

Howard Barron—I would not stand in any man's way.

Lois Calkins—Her tresses like the tasseled corn.

John Petcoff—Past master at the art of crossword puzzling.

Margaret Sutter—Pleasure is one of her comrades.

Russell Tschappat—He produces Jovian rumblings from the drum.

Harry Wheeler—His southern drawl captivates the ladies.

ENTRANCE OF SCHOOL

-MUELLER-

SENIOR COMMITTEES

Ring Committee

Ruth Woyame, Chairman
John Baymiller

Motto Committee

Marguerite Soncrant, Chairman
Harry Maza
Gertrude Brim

Color Committee

Edith Strahley Chairman
Mary Barnes
Laura Dean

Varsity Dance

Glen Cole, Chairman
Margery Best
James McGuire
Virginia Dyer
William Wertz

Christmas Party

Phyllis Millard, Chairman
Helen Snover
Donald McClure
Elizabeth Morgan
Horace Coy

Baccalaureate Sermon

George Bates
Norman Brenner

Prom Committee

John White, Chairman
LaVonia Knisely
Donald McClure
Doris Snover
Zenas Hartman
Hilmar Krueger
Ann Herman
Arthur Geoffrion
William Elmer

Banquet Committee

Hazel Blair, Chairman
Myldred Faulkner
Etheridge Irwin
Mary Barnes
Helen Ardner
Donovan Emch
Zenas Hartman

Announcement Committee

Julia Palmer, Chairman
Viola Pierce
Glen Martin
Milo Taylor

Class Day Committee

James McGuire, Chairman
Charlotte Taylor
Horace Coy
Mary Wheeler
Ella Jane Kirby
Chester Idczak

Hamlet Committee

Eugene Field, Chairman
Myldred Bitter
Joe Schuller
Helen Powell
Arthur Force
Anna Dancer
Chester Idczak

Eurydice Committee

Arthur Force, Chairman
Elizabeth Morgan
Arlene Innes
Mary Perry
Barbara Frye
Otho Gettings
Harry Wheeler

Memorial Committee

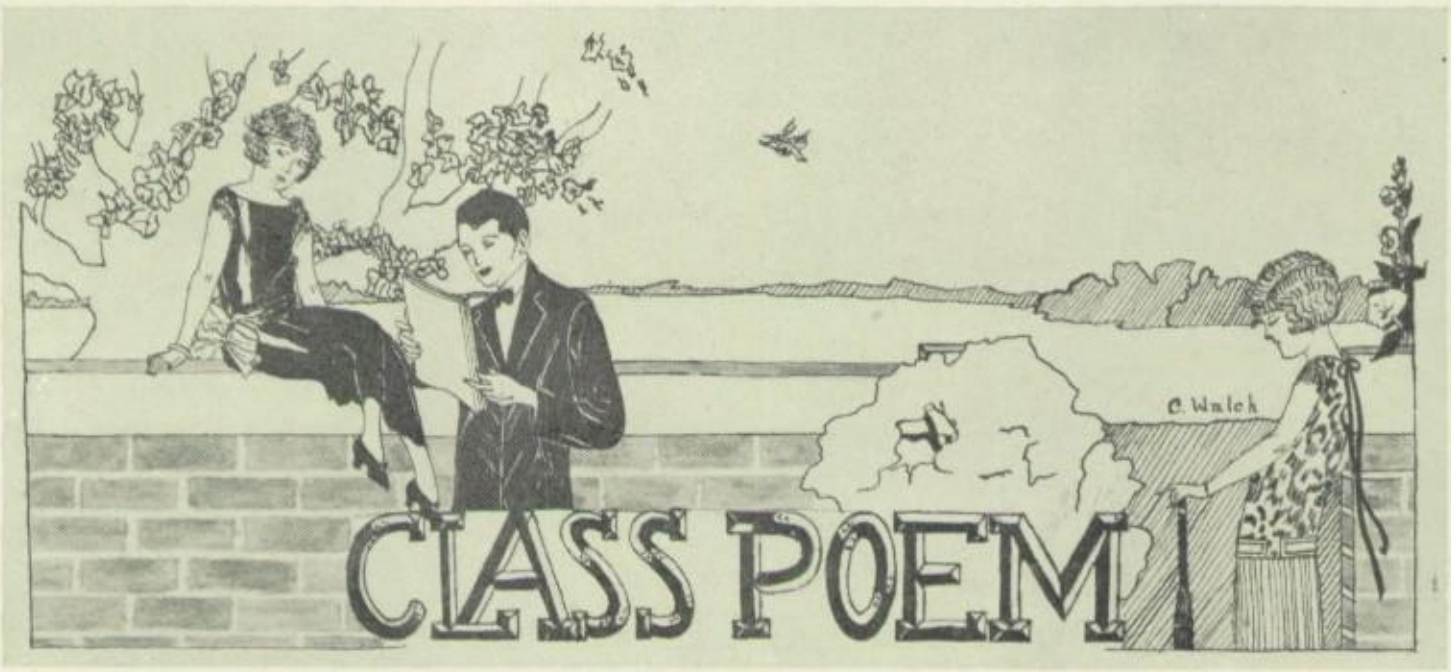
Ralph Heinen, Chairman
Ruth Lee
Helen Powell

Badge Committee

William Bannister, Chairman
Bernard Gladieux
Ruth Lee

Commencement Committee

Kenneth Arnold, Chairman
Lorenz Schenck
Eugene Farrell
Clara Jump
Vivienne Brentlinger

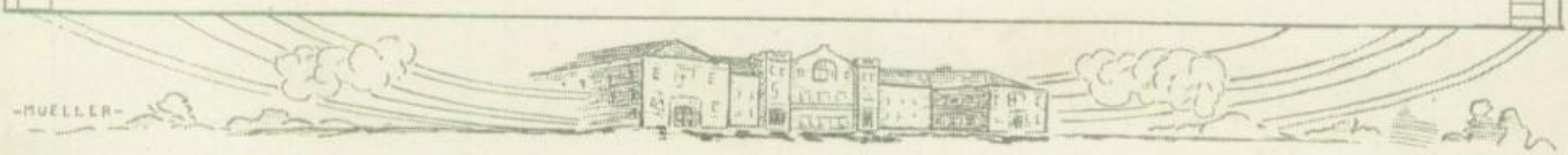


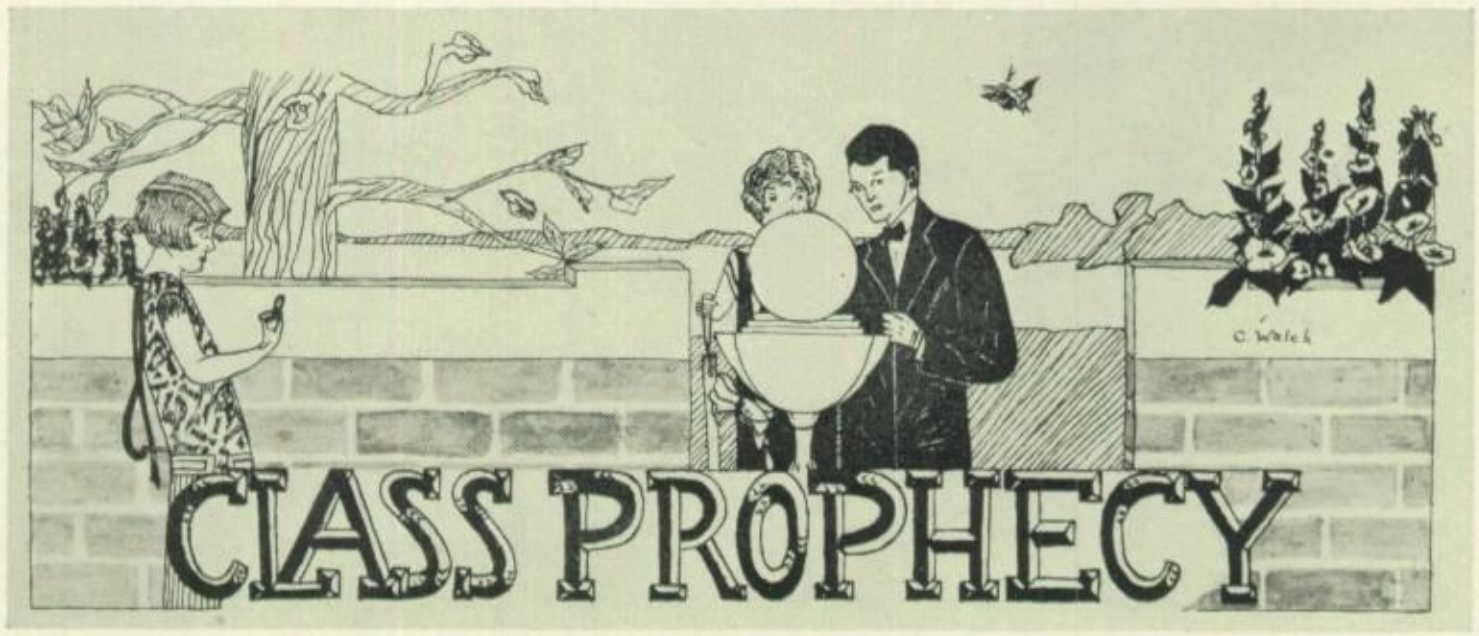
Unseemly in their haste the days slip onward,
Soon shall we say farewell to dear old Waite;
Fond, visionary thoughts are surging forward,
Impatient, we, to grapple with our fate;
Pause, then, and in the misty dream procession
Of all the shining hopes for golden morrows,
Be mindful that the past will always live—
Our one sure possession,
And every deed of future days but borrows
From sources which our school life amply gives.

After the years have fully fused and melted,
And cast our characters in different molds;
After our youth's illusions have been blunted,
And life's vain, fitful glamour no more holds;
Will she enfold us then, our Alma Mater,
Will she be proud to welcome us and say:
"Draw near, my true and faithful children all—
Every son and daughter,
From me your loyalty shall never stray,
Reverently you've rallied to my call?"

The hurry and the bustle of last moments
Will quench, mayhap, our poignant grief the while;
And pleasures and daydreams will be atonement
For times when there's a tear behind the smile;
Even as the hour draws near for our adieu,
When silently we wander through the halls,
Where every blemish has its own dear tale—
We pledge ourselves anew
To give our best no matter what befalls,
To seek, be't far or near, the Holy Grail.

—*Marguerite Soncrant.*





Twenty fleet-footed years had raced by, since that June day when the class of '25 had been turned loose on an innocent and unsuspecting world. "Doc" Heinen and I dozed on a bench in Walbridge park. The chill morning wind toyed with "Doc's" ragged beard, and whistled through the holes in my threadbare coat. We were hungry, desperate, "broke." Only a month before we had been the pampered "star boarders" at Ruth Lee's boarding-house in Findlay, but with the coming of Roger Shelles, efficiency expert in the management of boarding-houses, our care-free days were at an end. We had now reached the place where we must actually go to work.

My dreams were suddenly disturbed by a warning whisper from "Doc." Officer William Trotter, "pride of the force," was bearing down upon us. We arose and walked swiftly down Broadway. At the corner of South street stood the palatial residence of Lynn Johnston, leader of the radical faction of the Anti-Everything party. Remembering that Lynn had always been the friend of the downtrodden, we lost no time in applying to him for work.

With considerable misgiving, we ascended the steps of his home, and rang the bell. Horace Coy, splendidly attired as a butler, reluctantly admitted us. His air was a trifle lofty, we thought, as he led us into the parlor, to wait until "Boss" Johnston should be at liberty. And so Lynn had come to this! Evidently it paid to lead the Anti-Everything party. Our reflections were interrupted by the reappearance of Horace.

"Mr. Johnston will see you, er—gentlemen," he said, and we followed somewhat uncertainly. Could this pompous bewhiskered person be the smiling Lynn of high school days? What changes twenty years will work in a man! "Boss" Johnston recognized us at a glance, heard our errand, and grew violently enthusiastic.

"I have it!" he exclaimed, slapping his knee. "You fellows can gratify a whim of mine, and do me a service as well."

And then he outlined his plan. We were to gather information about the class of '25. No expense was to be spared, and no conditions were attached to our undertaking, except that we were to return within three months.

"My secretary, LaVonia Knisely, will give you the details," added Lynn.

We were highly pleased at the prospect that opened before us. We would do this job right! Our talk with LaVonia only served to make us more enthusiastic, and joyfully we bade her farewell. We accepted our hats from Barbara Frye, the trim little maid, as we departed for Donovan Emch's auto park, where we meant to sit down in an obscure corner, to plan our itinerary. We decided first to canvass Toledo, and then to travel to the ends of earth, if necessary, in order that all of the class of '25 might be accounted for.

Having been without food for three days, our first visit was to Bill Bannister's restaurant, "The Greasy Spoon," where we seated ourselves at a table. Frances Milne was just about to take our order, when the kitchen door was flung violently open, and two struggling men staggered into the room. It seems that Lorenz Schenck, the ice man, and Art Force, the chef, had been arguing over the weight of a cake of ice, and had come to blows. Marion Babione, Lorenz's assistant, and James Sherry, the head waiter, flung themselves into the fray. Presently the disturbance began to assume the proportions of a riot. The din of battle was too much for the temperamental, high-strung nature of a fellow diner, the Reverend Oliver Rideout, and he ran from his table calling for the police. His cries were answered by a dashing squad of police women. Sergeant Phyllis Millard silenced our attempted explanations with a laconic "Tell it to the Judge," and with the aid of her assistants, Marguerite Jack, Edith Marsh, Grace Roenick, and Opal Schmitz, she hustled the entire assembly into the patrol wagon.

Arrived at the station, we were hauled before the Honorable Judge John White. The Judge heard our explanation and decided that Sergeant Millard had acted a bit too hastily in our case, adding, however, "The sergeant is to be complimented on the alertness with which she discharges her duty." As we passed out, Judge White assured me that, although Phyllis had a mania for arresting people, he had to humor her, because she was invaluable at selling tickets for the social functions sponsored by the police department.

Our hunger still unsatisfied, "Doc" and I went in search of Arlene Innes's "Hot Dog Palace." Here we dined undisturbed. The service in the establishment was superb, and the music rendered by George Roth, Milo Taylor, Otho Gettings, Glenn Martin, and Paul Woodman was nothing short of ravishing.

It was now time to turn our thoughts to the improvement of our appearance. We scoured the neighborhood thoroughly, but were unable to find a single barber shop. What was the answer to the mystery? Suddenly "Doc" called my attention to a sign across the street: "JOHN BAYMILLER, Publisher." We entered the shop, but John was not in. However, Arthur Blake, his assistant, could tell us what we wanted to know. He explained that, since Noel McClure and Jay Duhamel had invented the MECHANICAL BARBER SERVICE, Chester Idczak, the barber in the locality, had deserted the tonsorial profession, and was now conducting a class in advanced Spanish in Zenas Hartman's exclusive school for young ladies. He told us for our comfort that we should find a Mechanical Barber in front of Harold Davis's Meat Market at the next corner. We thanked Art for the information, and started for the Iron Barber. Carefully we crept up upon it. The device strongly resembled the penny-in-the-slot gum machines of our high school days, except that it was much larger. "Doc" was the first to insert his face and twenty-five cents into the apparatus. While the machine clicked and whirred, whisking off his beard in the twinkling of an eye, I amused myself by reading the "ads" which decorated the monster's exterior.

"Jim Carr's health soap used exclusively in this device."

"Cutting blades supplied by the James Boughton Co."

The statement that the Carl Bahls detective association protected the machine was ample reason for no one's tampering with the money box.

Presently the whirring stopped, and "Doc" withdrew his head, his ragged hair and beard trimmed with more neatness than any real barber could hope to

duplicate. And now it was my turn. Accordingly I inserted my money and my precious head. While the mere reality of this machine was astonishing, the completeness with which the atmosphere of a tonsorial parlor was carried out was amazing. A phonographic attachment supplied by Clarence Kuhlman kept up a lively line of comment on sport, politics and local gossip. Clouds of tobacco smoke and a shuffling noise to represent a clog dance were the contribution of Henry Mellman's genius. But all good things have an end, and a final snap of the Iron Barber announced that I was as presentable as soap and water and razor blades could make me.

Our next visit was to Bill Elmer's "Elite Clothing Store," where we were fitted, as Orville Cook, the clerk, modestly informed us, "with the superlative of the tailor's art."

We were now ready to pursue our quest in earnest. After much argument, we decided to visit the west, where men are men, and vote for lady governors. Suiting the action to the word, "Doc" hailed a passing cab. After a series of breath-taking skids, Gene Farrell, the driver, landed us at the Union Station, not the dingy structure of '25, but an imposing pile of brick and terra cotta, the lasting monument to the untiring efforts of Arthur Sweet, Golden Rule Mayor of Toledo. Upon entering, we found an excited crowd around the ticket window. A huge sign, "BUSINESS SUSPENDED PENDING THE SETTLEMENT OF STRIKE," explained the cause of the disturbance.

From an excited bystander we learned that Arthur Krogle, president of the Engineers' Union, had declared a walkout because the Company had refused to grant free transportation to engineers' wives. What to do? Here we were with a contract to visit more than two hundred persons, and the railroads were tied up indefinitely! We wandered aimlessly out onto the street. At Knapp and Broadway, the inviting click of ivory on ivory that issued from Glen Cole's Billiard Academy had a magnetic effect on our steps. We entered to find a fair-sized group of "tired business men," seeking recreation in playing billiards. Ervin Haines and Ray Thompson, of the Consolidated Goulosh-Buckle Company, and Gerald Stienecker and Malcom Webb, well-known for their activities on the stock exchange, were engaged in a spirited game. The staid restraint of business hours had fallen from them like a cloak; they were enjoying their sport with the enthusiasm of schoolboys.

But even this entertaining scene failed to hold our attention long. We gazed anxiously about, unable to forget our recent misfortune. Suddenly "Doc's" listless attitude vanished, as his eyes lighted upon a calendar bearing the words, "COMPLIMENTS OF THE AERO CO. OF AMERICA."

"Aha" gloated "Doc." "We can fly to our classmates!"

The gloom of our late disappointment was entirely dispelled. We would spend the remainder of the day in celebrating our good fortune, and on the morrow we would purchase a SKY COOTIE, the speedy little plane that had made Helen Margaret Brown the Henry Ford of the areoplane industry.

Securing a copy of the evening paper, we perused Helen Powell's page containing the attractions at the various theaters. At Helen Ewing's Lyceum, a melodrama featuring Fadwa Farran and Russel Tschappat headed the bill. At the GOLDEN LEMON, manager Eddie Wellsby had secured the renowned Anne Herman, Genevieve Adkins, Elsie Dwiggans, Nellie Moore and Hazel Murphy—bathing beauties. At the municipal auditorium, Doris Snover's piano recital was offered as a treat to music lovers. We were at a loss where to go, until our eyes fell upon the glaring announcement that Frank Zahrly and Dorothy Torgler would give an exhibition of the Argentine Tango at eight o'clock at Mary Perry's "Blue Moon" dancing academy.

Eight o'clock found us occupying front seats at the academy. Presently the couple appeared, to the haunting strains of a Spanish melody. Backward and forward before an audience that gazed in rapt admiration, they swayed in that most graceful of dances, "Le Tango Argentina."

After the entertainment we stopped at Helen Ardner's fashionable Jack O'Lantern tea house. The lovely Japanese garden room in which we were seated, had been decorated by Margery Best, an artist of ability, and the fragrance from smoldering urns of Florence Perry's genuine Japanese incense, made it seem as if a bit of the flowery kingdom had been set down on St. Clair Street.

We were loath to leave this fairy spot, but the knowledge that we must complete our arrangements early in the morning finally influenced us to depart. A few minutes' walk brought us to the Hotel Bolton, where, after spending several minutes in pleasant conversation with Sarah, we retired.

Bright and early the next morning we were at the Aero Company's salesroom. Here we received a signal honor, for Vivienne Brentlinger, vice-president of the company, insisted on serving us personally. In the wareroom she halted us before a natty looking 'plane painted bright purple.

"This little Sky Cootie model," she explained, "is just what you gentlemen want."

Needless to say, we bought it, and, under the competent coaching of Lois Calkins, the company's professional instructor, we soon learned to manipulate the PURPLE HURRICANE, as we fondly named our craft. We took on a supply of gas and oil at Margery Branswell's filling station, and, our lives fully insured with the Hilda Frey Casualty Co., we hopped off for Chicago. The HURRICANE fairly ate up space. Within two hours, the outskirts of the "Windy City" came into view.

Creta Drury's amusement park afforded an ideal landing place. Although the park was closed for the winter, it was the scene of bustling activity. The roar of unmuffled motors proceeded from a high-walled, circular structure bearing the banner: GERTRUDE BRIM'S MOTORDOME. We mounted a flight of stairs to gaze down into the huge amphi-theater. The performers were attempting to better, if possible, their breath-taking feats of the past season. Virginia Dyer, crouched behind the wheel of a racing Ford, was circling the perpendicular wall. Directly behind her followed Genevieve Hagerty, driving a careening Maxwell with one hand, the other being occupied in removing a real or fancied shine from her nose. Shades of Steve Brody! Had these women no fear?

Directly across the street stood the great barnlike structure that housed Irene Dickinson's CONGRESS OF DAREDEVILS. Into this we entered, wondering whether it were possible for greater feats of daring than we had just witnessed, to be performed. It was! In an iron-barred cage stood Frances Dimke, holding three man-eating tigers at bay, unarmed save for the power of her eyes. The poor tigers didn't have a chance! A rehearsal of DOYLE & DOYLE, acrobats extraordinary, was being staged at the other end of the building. Far up among the rafters, as their trapeze swung in ever-widening arcs, Beatrice and Irene tossed the pink-clad Mae Siedell back and forth, with the ease born of long practice. And last, but by no means least, was the Evelyn

Reed and Hulda Ritzman high-diving team. These intrepid ladies were diving from the top of a lofty sixty-foot ladder with remarkable grace and poise. Lack of time finally caused us to leave this group of daring souls, and we sauntered down the street in search of new adventure.

Presently we passed a neat little office, on the door of which was a sign: DOCTOR DOROTHY BATCHELOR. We stepped in a minute to see the doctor, who welcomed us cordially. When she learned of our mode of travel, she insisted that we take with us a package of the famous W & W cough drops as a protection against the cold breezes of the upper air. The tablets, she explained, were the product of the Wertz brothers, who now rivaled, both in facial adornment and in the quality of their product, the heretofore unrivaled SMITH BROS. We departed, thanking Dorothy for her interest in our welfare, and turned our steps toward our 'plane.

We boarded the ship, and were soon winging our way to Dallas, Texas, where we expected to arrive for a late supper. All went well until we were within sight of the city. Then things began to happen. The sky became overcast; the wind arose to a howling gale. To follow a fixed course was impossible, so we gave ourselves up to the fury of the storm. When the wind had finally abated, we found ourselves above a wilderness of sand. What better to do than land, and ascertain our whereabouts? Our arrival on terra firma was greeted by the whine of a bullet fired from the protection of a clump of rocks. As we were unarmed, our only hope lay in establishing friendly relations with our assailant. "Doc" raised a more or less white handkerchief, and waved it frantically. After deliberating for what seemed an age to us, our bandit came cautiously forward.

"Are there any women in that?" he asked, pointing to the plane.

"Harry Wheeler!" "Doc" and I interrupted in the same breath.

Harry apologized for his hasty shot.

"I thought you were some more of those 'movie' actresses," he explained, a steely glitter in his eye. "Those women bother me to distraction! But come over to my cabin," he urged. "You must be hungry and tired."

We ate heartily, and gathered around the fire to listen to the strange tale that Harry had to tell. Six years before he had been the idol of Hollywood, and

with his partners, Fred Seigur and Erwin Ehrsam, had held a controlling interest in the GOOFCRAFT FILM CO. But the leech-like attentions of the ladies had consumed his fortune. It was all very sad, a nice boy like Harry out in the desert that way, but facts were facts, unfortunately.

Leaving the hermit to his own devices, we went out the next morning, on a tour of inspection. On our return to the cabin, we found visitors there. Big Ben Minder, and his deputies, "Hank" Byrne, "Piute" Crouse and "Texas Dick" Dyer were urging Harry to attend a celebration on the morrow, in the neighboring town of Pistolville. "Two-Gun" Bob Tewksbury, Pistolville's new mayor, had declared the holiday in honor of the fall round-up, and had requested that everyone in the surrounding country be invited. Their pleading finally won Harry over, and we accompanied the deputation to Pistolville!

We cantered down the town's one street, and registered at the "Traveler's Rest," Ray Lewis and Fred Mueller, proprietors. From our vantage point on the veranda, we watched the pleasure-seekers pour by in a steady stream. "Long Hank" Steele, mounted on a horse that had seen better days, shambled up to the hotel and dismounted. His dust-covered clothing bore evidence of a long, tiresome trip. We learned afterward that he was employed at Joe McGoldrick's "BAR 5" ranch, twenty miles away. Other clouds of dust proclaimed the arrival of other hard-riding cowboys. They dashed up to the accompaniment of their popping six-shooters, a reckless, hard-bitten crew. Unconsciously we shrank back to the inner side of the porch. Presently Art Geoffrion galloped by.

"Poison Art, that's me!" he bawled, throwing up a bottle of Orange Crush and shattering it with a shot. "I can lick my weight in wildcats any day."

Ed Loudenslager, not to be outdone by "Poison Art," hurled his defiance at the world, enunciating each word with a shot.

"Pecos Ed," he shouted, "that's my brand; and sheriffs are my special diet!"

As the sheriff was not in evidence, no offence was taken. The rest of the company dismounted in orderly fashion, not taking into consideration the fact that Ed Hansen perforated three neat holes in the crown of "Gentleman" Scotty McLeod's Sunday hat.

So far, we had seen no ladies, but now they began to arrive in large numbers. Anna Dancer led one dashing group. From the crown of her gray sombrero to the soles of her polished riding boots, she was a typical daughter of the west. No less impressive in appearance were her companions, Fernette Bauer, Hazel Blair, Carolyn Blackford, and Gladys Colbert. Somehow their presence seemed to soften the air of roughness that prevailed.

The call to supper stampeded the group on the veranda, and we joined in the general rush to the table. After a well-cooked meal, prepared by "T-Bone Joe" Heferle, we sought recreation in Fredric Hansen's "Bright Angel" Soda Saloon. In Fred's place a spirit of boisterous good-fellowship prevailed. Well-dressed ranchers rubbed elbows with blanketed Indians, as they stood at the bar drinking the COCA COLA and HIRES' served by the perspiring bartenders, Ray Helmke and Theophilus Kuhlman.

In a far corner of the room, John Hilty and Minerd Henningsen, two bronzed and bearded prospectors, made good-natured comment on a game of OLD MAID. Ralph Keller, Leslie Leybourn, "Arizona" Heuerman and Earl De Vine were the other members of the party. The revelry was at its height when the door was thrown open and a determined group of ladies came grandly in. In a trice the happy din was silenced. Their leader wasted no time in stating her mission.

"This unseemly carousing must stop!" she announced.

Who was this who dared to cross these rough men in such a flagrant manner? Glen Horsman, who stood near us, answered our question by exclaiming fearfully, "BLUE-LAW MARY BARNES, by gum!"

Then I recognized Mary, and her followers, Louise Hibbs, Dorothy These, Viola Pierce, Charlotte Taylor and Regina Glasco, as the ones who had closed Hank Moser's place up in Snake County when the boys had become noisy.

Fred voiced half-hearted protests, but he knew that he was a beaten man. In a short time the building was in darkness, and the revellers had sought their lodgings. "Doc" and I wended our way back to the hotel where we spent a restless night on hard beds. Early the next morning we arose and, after hearty breakfast of "T-Bone Joe's" flapjacks, we betook ourselves to the field where the rodeo was to be held. The day's events began with Howard Barron's announcement: "The first thing on the program will be a horse race."

The racers assembled at the starting point, receiving instructions from Russel Potter, the local undertaker, who was acting in the official capacity of starter. The barrier was snapped, and eight more or less fleet-footed broncos bounded forth amid the excited cheers of the spectators. John Petcoff's steed led for the first quarter-mile, but, under a double handicap of old age and a heavy rider, the exhausted beast collapsed, and had to be assisted from the track. One by one the number of racers dwindled. At the half-mile post, the horses of Renton Moore and Cloyd Mills collided. Both riders were unseated, the force of the collision hurling them high into the air. A tangled mass of arms and legs, they came to rest in a tub of red lemonade that Grace Brubach was vending to a group of perspiring cowboys.

When the three-quarter post was reached, only three contestants remained, who came into the home stretch on even terms. A few seconds later, Lowell Northrup's mount espied a sack of oats in a passing wagon, and lost all interest in the race. With the goal scant yards away, the two remaining horses ran nose to nose. It was anyone's race. Just as the coveted chalk-mark loomed under the ponies' forefeet, Joe Szemetko's superior strategy won the race. Seizing his mount by the ears, he pushed with might and main, forcing the beast's head over the line—a winner by a nose! No conquering hero marching through the streets of a vanquished city could be compared with Joe, as he rode up to receive the trophy, a handsome copy of HENRY ESMOND, presented by Martha Schafer, the village school ma'am. The festivities were concluded with a splendid speech by Isabelle Pfeffer of the local Women Voters' League.

We galloped back to Harry's hermit haunts, and took reluctant leave of him. Then we climbed into our SKY COOTIE, and steered our course for sunny California. Midnight saw us in Los Angeles. Though the hour was late, we found the city a scene of bustling activity. A farewell party in honor of David Pugh and Norman Brenner, wireless wizards, was in progress. Investigation disclosed that on the morrow they would leave for Alaska, to test the effect of extreme cold on their latest invention, an unbreakable rubber detector tube. We interviewed the "wizards," with the result that their enthusiastic description of the proposed trip enthralled us. We gladly accepted the invitation to join them.

The next morning, we disposed of the "PURPLE HURRICANE" at Finton Langenderfer's second hand store, and joined the party gathered around the

giant dirigible that was to carry us to the frozen north. We found to our delight that a number of Former Waiters were to accompany us. Fred Blanchard was going for the avowed purpose of painting the wonderful phenomenon of the Northern Lights. Everybody knew Fred's fine color effects on canvas. Cecil Blank, armed against all hardships with a plentiful supply of salted peanuts, was acting in the capacity of navigator. Two members of the party, Fannie and Hannah Harris, were going with the avowed purpose of satisfying their craving for travel. The crew, consisting of Helen Knapp, Thelda McVay, Marcella Haas and Fern Overmeyer, were all picked airwomen. The preparation of the food for the expedition fell to Esther Hartshorn, and the last, but not the least member of those necessary in managing the ship was Alvin Widmer, whose duty it was to shift the two-hundred-pound sand bags used in balancing the craft. His experience in high school at distributing magazines to the English VIII classes had been excellent preparation for his task.

Amid rousing cheers, the ship took the air without mishap, and the city was soon far behind. As we passed over a sheltered valley we espied "The Model City," founded by a group of literary artists. A fellow voyager explained that in this community Marguerite Soncrant and Mary Kratky, the poets, occupied the same vine-covered cottage. It was here that Mary Wheeler, the novelist, had written her latest book, "How I Get Away With It," depiciting the experiences of her varied career, and Kathryn Sutton had compiled a remarkable history of the Polynesians. The place was a veritable writers' paradise! Don McClure handled the finances of the colony. I was told he could count out change faster than in the Waite High days, and that was going some! Oh yes! And Joe Schuller taught them the latest dancing steps, to keep them in touch with the times. The public library in the "Model City" was in charge of Margaret Chisholm, although Geraldine Hopkins had an office there, where she acted as critic and adviser to the younger members of the colony. We would have enjoyed visiting our friends, but a long journey lay before us, and time was limited.

Early the next day we were forced to land in Montreal to make some needed adjustments to the craft. The landing was no sooner effected than we were beset by news-hungry reporters. The first to board us was George Bates, who kindly offered to show us the "sights" of the town, among them Althea Phillips's Palace of Ice. The place resembled a high-class cabaret, but its beauty eclipsed anything we had ever seen. The floor, of pale pink ice, was divided into two sections, upon

the larger of which were tables, where the skaters might dine, if they so desired. The remainder of the floor was slightly raised. Upon this "stage," Viola Kaiser and Betty Morgan were singing, "Why Did I Hit That Guy?", while Venita Johnson and Clara Jump demonstrated "Ping" Arnold's football liniment. The gowns of the ladies, we afterward learned, were designed by Ruth Machlup.

In the groups at the tables, Canada's "four hundred" were well represented. Among them we recognized Helen Minerva Brown, Margaret Hug, Dorothy Meyer, Lucile Wunderly, and Margaret Davis. Margaret's fingers, we noticed, were running up and down the tablecloth as if she were pounding a typewriter. The girls were accompanied by English "bobbies," in blue uniforms and ridiculous derbies.

Next we visited Edith Strahley's Home for Orphans. We found Edith surrounded by children of every size and description. Of course, she remembered us, and her offer to conduct us on a tour of the institution, we gladly accepted. The playground was in charge of Mary Breese and Laura Dean. The skill with which the children carried on their games gave ample testimony to the competence of their instructors. In the building itself were the great dormitories, presided over by Clysta Urban and Helen Moench, who, we remembered, were two of the best sleepers the Waite library ever produced. In the culinary regions, Elda Hessman and Letha Schaetzke reigned supreme. The experience gained by attending numerous weiner roasts in the old Waite days was responsible for their efficiency as chefs. The titanic task of keeping the army of children in good health was in the hands of Muriel Sluhan and Ruth Huenefeld. If Miss Lickley could only see them now! The executive staff of the institution consisted of Florence Whitmill and Mildred Thielman, whose duty it was to execute the fowls necessary to satisfy the appetites of the hungry "kiddies."

At last we returned reluctantly to the dirigible, where we found the rest of our party impatient to resume the journey. After a short delay occasioned by Doris Price, who attempted to sell us policies bearing the title, "Julia Palmer's Travelers' Protective Association," the flight was resumed. Soon the barren valleys and snow-capped mountains of Alaska came into view. For several hours we cruised about, seeking a suitable landing place.

At last we sighted the large, open fields where countless herds of reindeer, owned by Kenneth Pope, the reindeer king, fled wildly at our landing. A few

hundred yards away stood the ranch buildings. We approached and entered the nearest one. There we found Ruth Mueller, Mildred King, and Florence Heider, the "Deergirls," in charge of the herds. After a pleasant half-hour spent in discussing things in general, we bent our steps toward the ranch house. Numerous teams of dogs parked in front of the place advertised the fact that Kenneth was playing the host. In the parlor a gay company was assembled. Magdalena Bury, Marguerite Dunkle and Lillian Elsperman, dressed in the natty uniform of the famous police who "always get their man," sat before the huge open fire, perusing a three-months-old copy of "The Deadly Marksman." Seated comfortably on a fur-covered couch in another part of the room, "Bo" Ritter and Lorain Miller were heatedly discussing the relative merits of their dog teams, and the high price of showshoes.

In the library, Harold Farling and John Lehr amused themselves by throwing paper wads at a statue of Etherige Irwin, world-famous chemist. They desisted at our approach, and engaged us in conversation. Through them we learned the cause of the gathering. According to the wishes of Ralph Snyder, a prospector who had "struck it rich," a refuge was to be established for snow-blind moose, and the old classmates we had been seeing composed the committee in charge of the work. They were awaiting the arrival of Esther Hoover and Dorothy Morse, who were to report on a suitable place for the Moosery.

Presently they arrived, amid the cheers of the entire company. The meeting came to order, and discussion became so heated that it was decided that the entire committee should visit the proposed site of the new moose park. After Dorothy Cole, Anna Foust, Virginia Everett, and Maude Cordery, the drivers, had forced their snarling, ill-tempered charges into some semblence of order, the start was made. Anna Foust, the driver of our sled, explained points of interest along the way.

"That show house over there is the bobber shop conducted by Marjorie Barnswell and Myldred Faulkner" she said. "They have made a fortune by introducing bobbed hair among the Esquimaux. You see," she added, "they make a double profit, for the men wear their hair bobbed, too."

As we passed a house constructed entirely of ice, Anna remarked casually, "Myldred Bitter lives there." At our request, the sled was stopped, while we

dashed in for a hasty chat. Myldred was pretty well, we learned, despite the fact that countless aches and pains still beset her.

By the time we had finished our tour of inspection, darkness had fallen, and we did not get aboard the sky cruiser again until a late hour. But there was no hurry, as Dave and Norman wished to remain to continue their investigations.

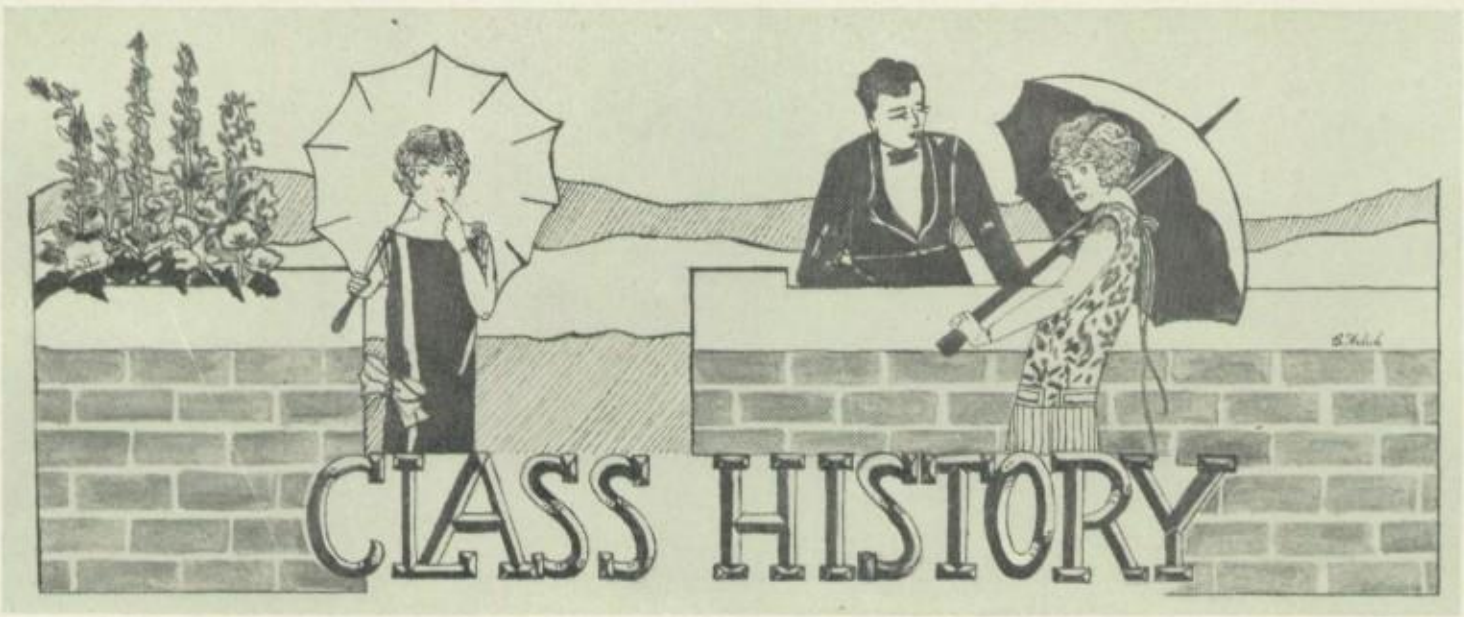
During the days that followed, we saw only occasional travelers, among whom were Margaret Heyman, Kathleen King, Lillian Henry and Alberta Metzger, who were engaged in selling electric fans to the Esquimaux. At length the monotonous whiteness of the country irked our restless spirits, and we gladly accepted the offer of Harry Maza, owner of the fastest team of "Huskies" in the territory, to transport us to Nome, the outpost of civilization. We willingly paid the exorbitant fee he demanded and, bidding our companions farewell, we set out on the home trail. Stopping at a small French village for supplies, we were greatly handicapped in making our wants understood, until Annabel Speaks, who was in the village, studying the customs of the people, as a help in preparing a new Text of the French Language, kindly acted as our interpreter.

At last we reached Nome. How good real brick buildings looked! How pleasant the hour we spent in Bessie Molnar's movie theater! The news weekly that was flashed on the screen vividly pictured the important happenings of the week. An intimate view of Eugene Field, secretary of state, welcoming Mercedith Schroder, Mildred Hook, Claire Schofield, and Ruth Woyame, newly-elected congresswomen, drew thunderous applause from "Doc" and me. The scene depicting Agnes Rosie and Ella Jane Kirby and Margaret Sutter, marching at the head of ten thousand W. C. T. U. members in a monster demonstration at Hoboken, N. J. was impressive, to say the least. The weekly was followed by a comedy, starring Christian Thomson and Hilmar Kreuger in "Scrambled Studies." We enjoyed the performance immensely, and though it momentarily dimmed our impatience to "get back to the home town," our first visit on emerging from the theater was to the ticket office where we purchased pasteboards for Toledo, from the agent, Ruth Pilzecker.

The train, in charge of Conductor Gerald Rudolph, crept slowly up the Pacific slope, and thundered across the wide plains of Kansas. As we sped by the hamlet of Slowville, we caught a fleeting glance of Clyde Scheanwald, who fills the position of station agent, baggage master, and porter.

We found Kansas City in the throes of a great reform movement. Having won in their crusade against the use of Bandoline and Staycomb, Helen Tanner, Helen Snover, Edna Beers and Gertrude Dahlmeyer, of the city council, were conducting a city-wide crusade againt the use of chewing gum. Forty miles east of the city, "Doc" and I, who had crawled beneath a seat to escape the "reformers," emerged from our refuge and prepared to enjoy the remainder of our journey in peace. Our respite was short-lived, however, for Howard Moulton and his family of noisy children entered, after which all thoughts of rest were ended. Matters were not improved by the fact that Lillian Lavender and Coral Dannenberger kept up, until far into the night, a discussion on the terms of their contracts with a well-known professionsl basketball team. Events reached a crisis, when, early the next morning, Marguerite Lupton and Dorothy Romstadt, two drummers selling toys and notions, boarded the train, and started demonstrating their wares to Howard's noisy brood of youngsters. The din was maddening, so that when the train stopped for water at West Toledo, "Doc" and I leaped out, and finished the journey on foot. We couldn't help hoping that Lynn would find the account of our journey as thoroughly satisfying as the experiences we had had in compiling it.

—*James McGuire*



Little girls, small boys, all turning with eager faces toward the same unexplored source of knowledge—Waite High School. Scarcely realizing the responsibility of school life which descends upon the shoulders of all newcomers, but somehow feeling the importance of being even freshmen, we began our momentous careers.

Within a few weeks, as the result of our determined efforts, the helpful hints from upper classmen, and the guidance of Mr. Severance, we were able to go through our daily program with only a few mishaps. But alas! What a mistake it was for us to believe we could enjoy a life of ease! No indeed. Our intelligence must be tested. Eagerly we surged up to the refectory where, pencil poised in hand, we awaited Miss Goodall's fatal "Go!" And we went! We told everything we knew, and some things we didn't. What if one of us did write that the Mayflower compact is a vanity case? What if another of our number insisted that the larynx is in the abdomen? What if we imagined that a piccolo is an implement used in farming. When averages had been computed, we proved, beyond a doubt, that we were bright and shining youngsters.

Then came the day when everything but football was forgotten—our first Thanksgiving in high school. In the annual battle with Scott, Waite won by the dizzy score of 42—0. What pride we felt! That was getting off to a good start; much might be expected in the future.

Christmas vacation came and went like a pleasant thought, and semester exams arrived to frighten our newly-gained knowledge away. But we weathered

the storm valiantly, and managed to garner a goodly share of those elusive "A's," often heard about and all too rarely seen. We were now a half step further on the road to graduation.

By this time even the faculty lost their hearts to us. Such obedient children, they thought, should have a little recreation; and so the teachers of the freshmen English classes planned parties for us in the gymnasium. Did we "put them across?" Even upperclassmen had to admit grudgingly that our range of abilities extended from scholastic honors to success at social events.

The affairs of the class of '25 progressed, as freshmen affairs do, while sophomores continued to control our destiny. What! Final exams again? Surely enough. One vision buoyed us up during this trying ordeal—the picture of ourselves in lordly sophomore land. When it had been decided who should enter this coveted territory, we scampered off to our vacations, to recuperate from the first stage of high school life, and to meditate on our course of action for the coming year.

Vacation days have a way of slipping by in indecent haste—of fairly evaporating into the atmosphere. September, with the tinkle of the school bell, called us gently, urgently, and we heeded its summons. This time we came, not as timid children, but as wise sophomores, willing to torment the infants of '26, as we had been tormented by our predecessors. We might as well acknowledge it—we were filled with the idea of our own importance. The school? It was composed of ourselves! The idea of our own significance was further increased by the invitations we received to join literary societies, and be identified with the literary activities of Waite.

Have we not always believed that physical and mental development go hand in hand? And didn't the girls of our class give a practical demonstration of that belief at the gymnasium exhibit which took the form of "Dances of the Nations?"

Our boys, too, were taking part in athletics. Jerry Stienecker, Donald McClure and Glen Cole, destined to become future football stars, were capably filling their places on the second team. In track work and in basketball our class was equally well represented.

The coming of September, 1923, brought the opening of Libbey High School and the dividing of our ranks. We assembled, however, in high spirits, and although we were reduced in numbers, we had not lost any of that enthusiasm which had always been characteristic of us. Henceforth we should be called by a new name—upperclassmen! With this important fact firmly implanted in our minds, we trooped to the auditorium to hold our first classmeeting. When ballots had been counted, Glen Cole was found to be our leader for the year. What better assurance that the affairs of the class of '25 would be ably handled?

Our first chance to "show off" came when the Seniors presented Mr. Eugene Miller in "The King's Rival." Between the acts, junior girls, charmingly frocked as French maids, offered their trays of candy to eager purchasers in the audience.

"What a clever idea!" everybody said.

It was, truly. And profitable, too. Our first venture had achieved us both fame and financial gain.

The big event for every Junior class is the "J" Hop. For weeks the committee in charge of the affair is the busiest group in the school. Frequent conferences and hurried trips to town, and last *minute* ideas are all responsible for the bustle and confusion that precede *the* night of nights. Though some might accuse us of boasting of our achievements, we must modestly admit that we had one of the best "J" hops in the history of the school. The Woman's Building was transformed into valentine land, with cupids gayly swinging, and garlands festooned everywhere. Hearts for the fortunate, mittens for the jilted ones, and lively music increased the merriment of the occasion. During the evening, football letters were awarded, five of our classmates being among the heroes.

But February had yet another good time in store for us—the junior mixer. Could anyone, who was fortunate enough to be present, ever forget the rare songs offered by Glen Cole, Lynn Johnston, and John White? We always knew Johnny could sing, but we had never been so sure about Glen and Lynn. Those vocal selections settled once for all any lingering doubts we might have had.

After all this, we settled down for a while to chemistry and Latin, and all the other subjects in a curriculum intended to educate the young.

"Lollypops, lollypops, get your lollypops!"

The cries of the junior candy sellers, peddling their sweets up and down the hall, after school, greeted hungry students. This was another device to replenish our treasury, and it worked so well that we tried it several times.

The last event on the junior social calendar was the Ohio Wesleyan Glee Club concert. An auditorium full of Waite students, parents, and teachers enjoyed the entertaining performance. Later in the evening we danced in the gymnasium which was decorated in the red and black of Wesleyan and the purple and gold of Waite. Successful? Yes, in every sense of the word.

We weathered the storm of exams once more, and found ourselves launched upon another vacation. We were seniors, now. We had to get used to our new dignity. We thought eagerly of the year that was coming. What a year it would have to be, if it was to surpass in achievement anything we had done so far.

The senior election is always an interesting event. Since the seniors usually lead in school activities, it is important that their representative be chosen wisely. Lynn Johnston, as president, and a capable group of officers have given the class of '25 ample evidence of its good judgment in selecting them. The fall term was filled with stirring victories on the gridiron, the greatest of which occurred on Thanksgiving day. It was then that the "Purple Hurricane" fully demonstrated to any who still were in doubt that it was made of championship stuff. Need we say that the 13 to 6 score was just cause for rejoicing that evening at the Varsity dance, given by the Seniors in honor of the team? A huge football bearing the morning's score, purple and gold festoons, and a good orchestra all combined to furnish a perfect ending to a perfect day.

Christmas was upon us before we were aware of it, bringing the annual senior party to relieve the tension of study. On the evening of December 20, we gathered in the gymnasium, which had been decorated in true holiday style with large Christmas trees, on which gleamed hundreds of colored lights. We were more than delighted to have Santa Claus, in the person of John White, visit us at this happy time, bringing the emblem of our class—the Senior rings. How we enjoy them—when we don't leave them on the washstand, at home, and worry for fear mother will dispose of them unwittingly in our absence! But what is worth having is surely worth worrying about once in a while.

Next on the year's program came Mr. E. L. Miller and his associate players in an excellent production of "Hamlet." Once more the prince of Denmark held with himself his famous debate: To be or not to be; once more the fair Ophelia grieved to see "the observed of all observers quite, quite down;" once more the fiery Laertes avenged his sister's death, unaware that in so doing he was plotting his own downfall.

The presentation was given primarily to raise money for the gateway fund, but other benefits were to be derived from the performance besides replenishing the class treasury. As the presentation came just before exams, it provided an excellent opportunity for a review of the play.

On March 6, we sponsored a concert given by the Eurydice Club. An appreciative audience enjoyed favorite melodies like "Minnetonka" and "The End Of A Perfect Day," and listened with beating hearts to the fearful "Woofs" of "The Big Brown Bear." The program was one of the most delightful that has been heard in the auditorium in many a day.

The routine of duties continued for the next few weeks, with numerous meetings of the banquet or prom committees, and with repeated notices which read: Seniors must order their cards and announcements at once.

Spring vacation gave us time to catch our breath, after which we entered the last lap of the race with more enthusiasm than ever. It was pleasant to feel that these remaining months of our high school career were ours in a very special way, and that we must get from them the most pleasure and benefit possible, for they would soon be a memory.

In some respects, the senior prom is the crowning event of the year. Joyously we made our way to the Woman's Building, in our happiest mood, to dance the hours away to the strains of the Scarlet Masque Orchestra from Ohio State University. If we had been unaware of the beauty of the spring-time, the artistic decorations, lovely favors, and all our friends attired in their "Sunday clothes," left no more doubt in our minds about the joy of the season. It was an eventful night, long to be remembered.

Only one short week in which to anticipate our next senior festivity! The banquet at Lasalle's on May 16, again brought us together to celebrate the be-

ginning of the end. We heard our doom pronounced in the class prophecy, we recalled past events in the history, and we listened to our class poem with pleasant thoughts about these four years of association which had meant so much to us. And the Annuals! How we gossiped about them, and admired them, and leafed the pages over and over! When we happened to think about it, we danced, but the evening was so full that we couldn't find time for all the things we wanted to do.

Class day is still before us, filled with anticipation. For us the "Greyhound" shall not make its way to Sugar Island, carrying the members of the class of '25 and their lunches to the annual picnic grounds. But we shall have an opportunity to prove that Sugar Island is not necessary to our happiness, and that lunches eaten anywhere taste wonderfully good on class day.

The Baccalaureate sermon is yet in store for us. There will be inspiration in knowing that, as a class, we are listening to the words of a man who has passed this way before us, and is giving us directions for the route. We shall resolve anew to make a success of our lives.

And then commencement! The event to which we have looked forward since our first day at Waite! On June 11, when we step out on the platform to receive the reward of these four years, we shall grasp our diplomas with misgiving, wondering whether or not we are only dreaming that the prize is in our hands. There will be smiles which are intended to conceal our reluctance at parting, and there will be happy wishes for good fortune to many a friend who has meant much to us during high school days. While we look hopefully into the future, we shall feel that, after all, graduation has its disadvantages, since it brings to an end many of the dear associations of our years at Waite.

By Ruth Lee

Farewell Address of 1925

My Classmates:

Tonight represents the culmination of four years of school life—years of happy association, of individual effort, of valuable experience. We have come, slowly, sometimes, but steadily, to the present moment, which should mark an epoch in our career. Old Waite High School has occupied an important place in our thought, and will continue to do so, but regret at leaving is mingled with the pleasure of anticipating what lies ahead.

We owe much to our school, to the opportunities we have had, to Mr. Pollock's constant interest in us and our affairs, and to the splendid cooperation of the faculty, who have labored in our behalf. We are unable fully to appreciate, now, the extent of what has been done for us, but at a more distant day, when experience has taught us further, we shall know how largely we are indebted to our school.

Because we have attended Waite, we owe her a solemn obligation—the obligation to do well in what we shall undertake. Whether we embark in business or attend an institution of higher learning, what we do reflects on our school. Will she be ashamed of us because we have not held her ideals? Will she approve of us as citizens of a great republic? Will the lessons she has taught enable us to keep our feet in a world of changing conditions?

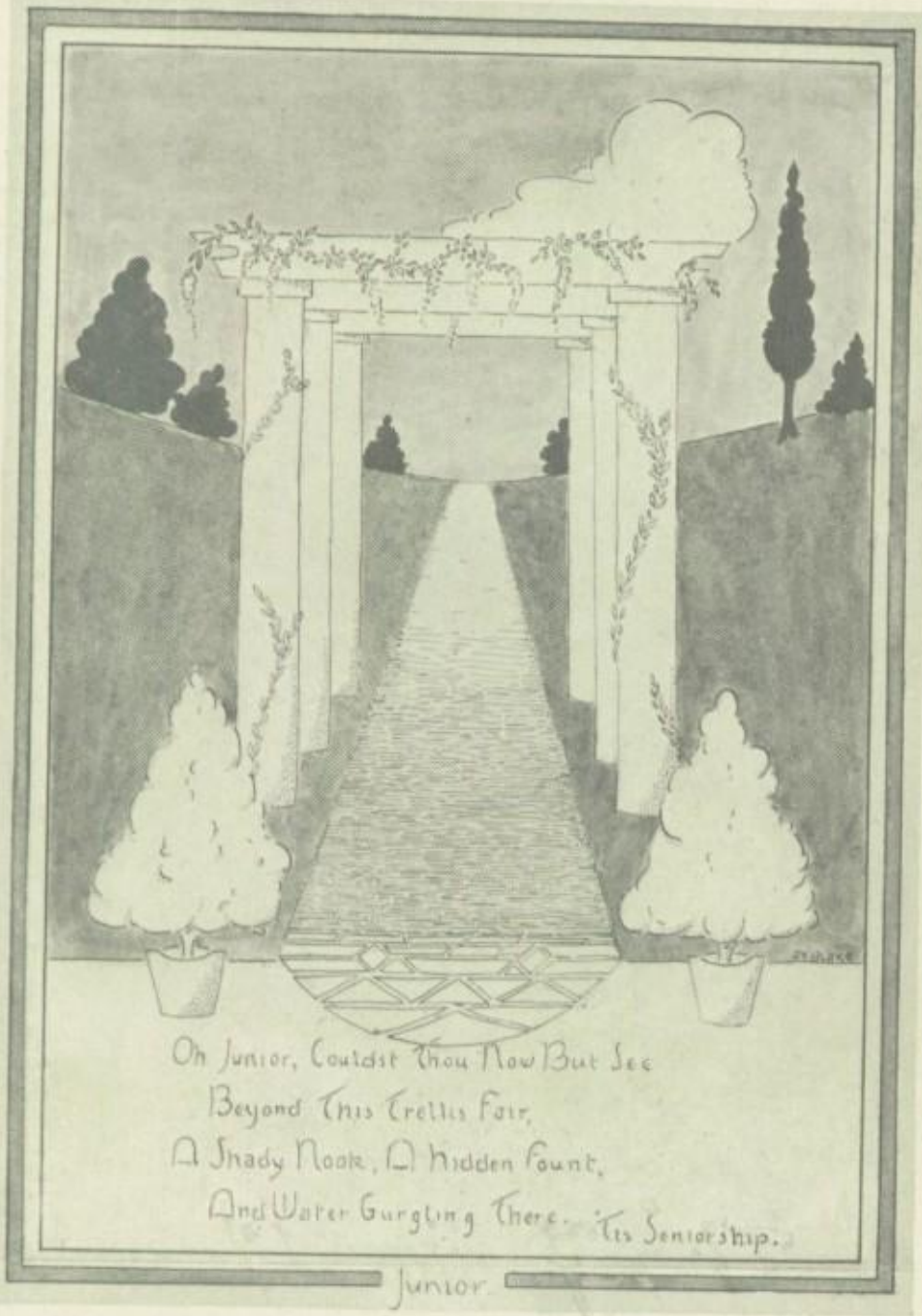
These questions deserve thoughtful consideration, for we are determined to have what everyone seeks—Success. We owe that to the name and honor of Waite. We wish a measure of this world's goods, but most of all we wish the success that is measured in the service we can give to others.

We have found out, in these years of working together, that cooperation is the keynote of accomplishment. Being associated on committees for the welfare of the class has been valuable training for us. Becoming acquainted in the classroom and in a social way has broadened our outlook. "Good Fellowship" has been our motto. Allow me to thank you for the fine spirit you have always had, and for what you have made it possible for the class of '25 to do.

May our associations at Waite always recall pleasant memories, and may the All-Seeing Power guide and direct us in whatever we shall undertake—that is my earnest wish.

—*Lynn Johnston*, '25.

Entrance to Gymnasium


Oh Junior, Couldst Thou Now But See
Beyond This Trellis Fair,
A Shady Nook, A Hidden Fount,
And Water Gurgling There. 'Tis Seniorship.
Junior

Junior

The Junior Class

Franklin Whitney	*President*
Dorothy Briggs	*Vice-President*
Florence Boycheff	*Secretary*
Warren Burwell	*Treasurer*
Burnap Cole	*Sergeant-at-Arms*

THE JUNIOR CLASS

The transformation of the class of '26 from the genus Sophomorosis to the genus Junioritis produced a singular change on the actions of most of the members. As is usual with students newly arrived at the status of upper classmen, the sophisticated Juniors soon began to view the queer antics of the Freshmen and Sophomores with a countenance full of haughty indifference.

Then, when the day came for choosing their leaders for the year, it dawned on the class that there was serious business at hand. They proceeded to elect a group of officers whom they could entrust with the details of making their Junior year successful. Their selections proved to be wise ones.

Under the efficient leadership of Franklin Whitney plans were begun for the various activities of the year, the first of which was the J-Hop.

On February 14, this annual event opened the social season of the school year. The ballroom of the Woman's Building was skillfully decorated with a Valentine motif.

From Wooster College came a well organized glee club on April 4. After their program in the auditorium, the college orchestra played for a dance in the gym, where the audience were the guests of the Juniors.

One afternoon, later in the month, the class assembled in the gym for an informal party. Those present will always remember the good time they had that day.

In their relations with the Seniors, the class of '26 bore in mind the work of the Golden Rule and heartily cooperated with them in their social functions.

On summing up the work of the class of '26 we may say that, although there have been no sensational achievements, the examples of quiet industry, and irreproachable conduct have set a high mark for the future Junior classes.

JUNIOR COMMITTEES

J Hop

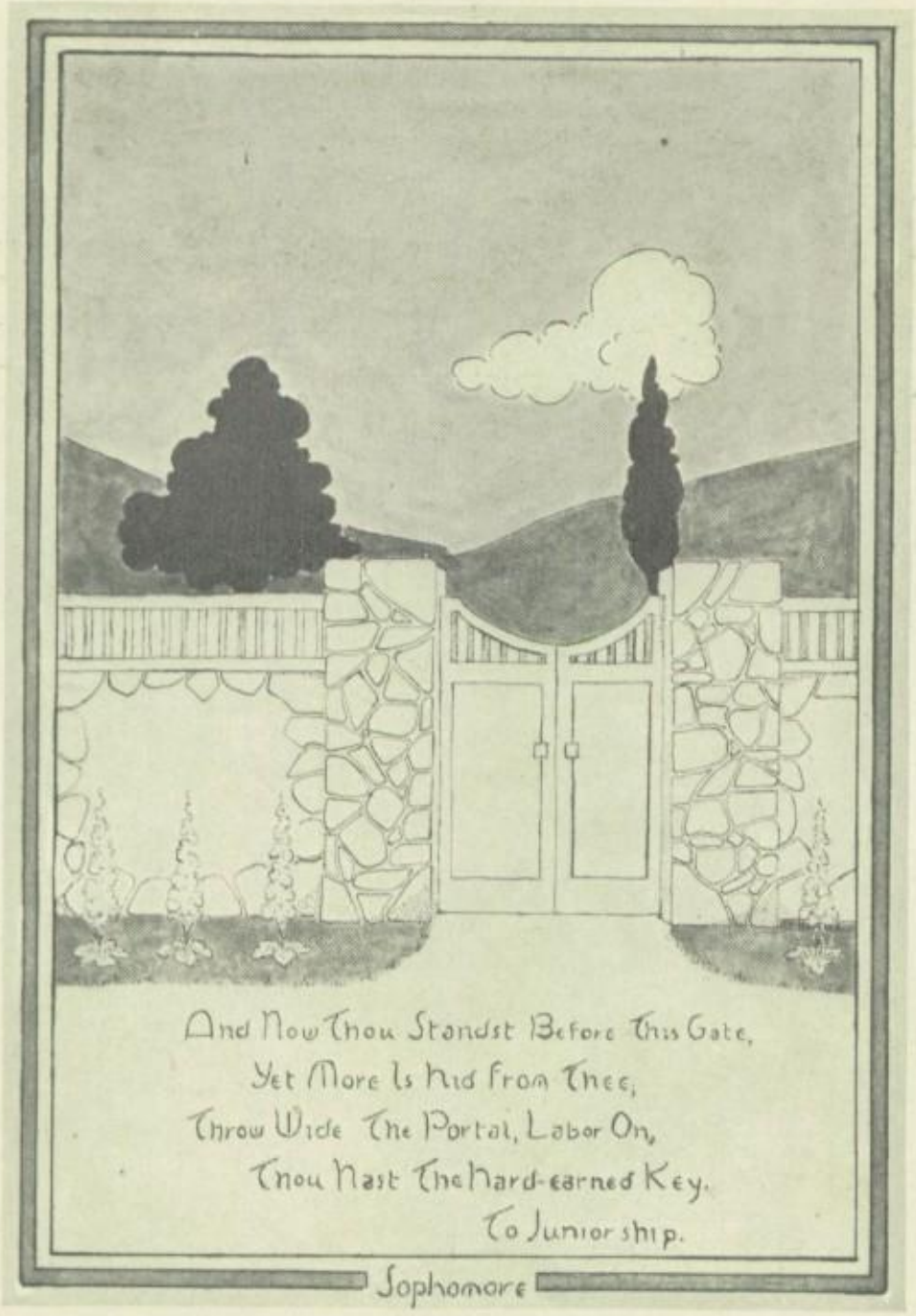
Mark Winchester, Chairman — Clara Caple — Frances Whipp
Edna Carr — Thomas Beck — William Thayer

Wooster Glee Club Concert

Warren Burwell, Chairman — Anna Mae Whitmore — Minetta Schlagheck
Margaretta Roth — Melvin Ward — Bernard Gladieux — LeRoy Bloomer

Mixer

Harry Casey, Chairman — Martha Theaker — Persis Skilliter
Archie Williams — Gilbert Seigel — Mary Wasserman



Sophomore

-MUELLER-

THE SOPHOMORE CLASS

In all the activities of school life, we sophomores have already played an important part. And to show that this is no idle boast, "look us over."

On the football field our men have given good account of themselves. Elmer Annis, Pete Pencoff, Paul Shoemaker and "Spot" Neubrecht have played prominent parts in winning gridiron victories. In basketball we are represented again by Pete and "Spot." On the track team, too, we sophomores are turning in good performances. Among the stars of the cinder path are: Paul Brentlinger, Raymond Gladieux, Paul Shoemaker, Elmer Eberlin, George Graves and Howard Bernhagen.

But all the glory of the class does not depend upon the boys. The girls have a splendid basketball team. And no wonder! Look who plays on it: Mary Knierim, Mary Gonia, Muriel Waldvogle, Marian Rahmstock, Ruth McGinnis, Marcella Kapp, Lois Berry, and Margaret McClure At the gymnasium exhibition, a picked group of our girls put on the Spanish dance, which proved to be a real sensation, and the clowns in the tumbling act would have done credit to Ringling Brothers' circus. On May 18, a group of sophomore girls put on an exhibit for the Eastern Stars, at the Masonic Temple.

But high school does not exist for athletics alone. Our scholastic record has been a credit to the school. When scholarship medals are given out, our class has come in for its share of honors. We have been at Waite only two years, but we have made good use of our time. In the societies of the school we have a good proportion of members. Taking part in the programs, is preparing us for leadership when we shall become upper classmen.

-MUELLER-

The sophomores give their hearty support to the activities of the school. They are always among "those present" at the athletic contests, parties, dances, concerts, and operettas.

We have a representative, too, among the school cartoonists. One of our boys, William Dwyer, has already made a name for himself in the city. He draws for the "Toledo Times" as well as for the Waite publications. We are proud of the kind of work Bill is doing.

The initiative which we have shown so far in our high school career may be considered as a forerunner of what we intend to accomplish when we are upper classmen.

—*Margaret Sullivan.*

The Auditorium

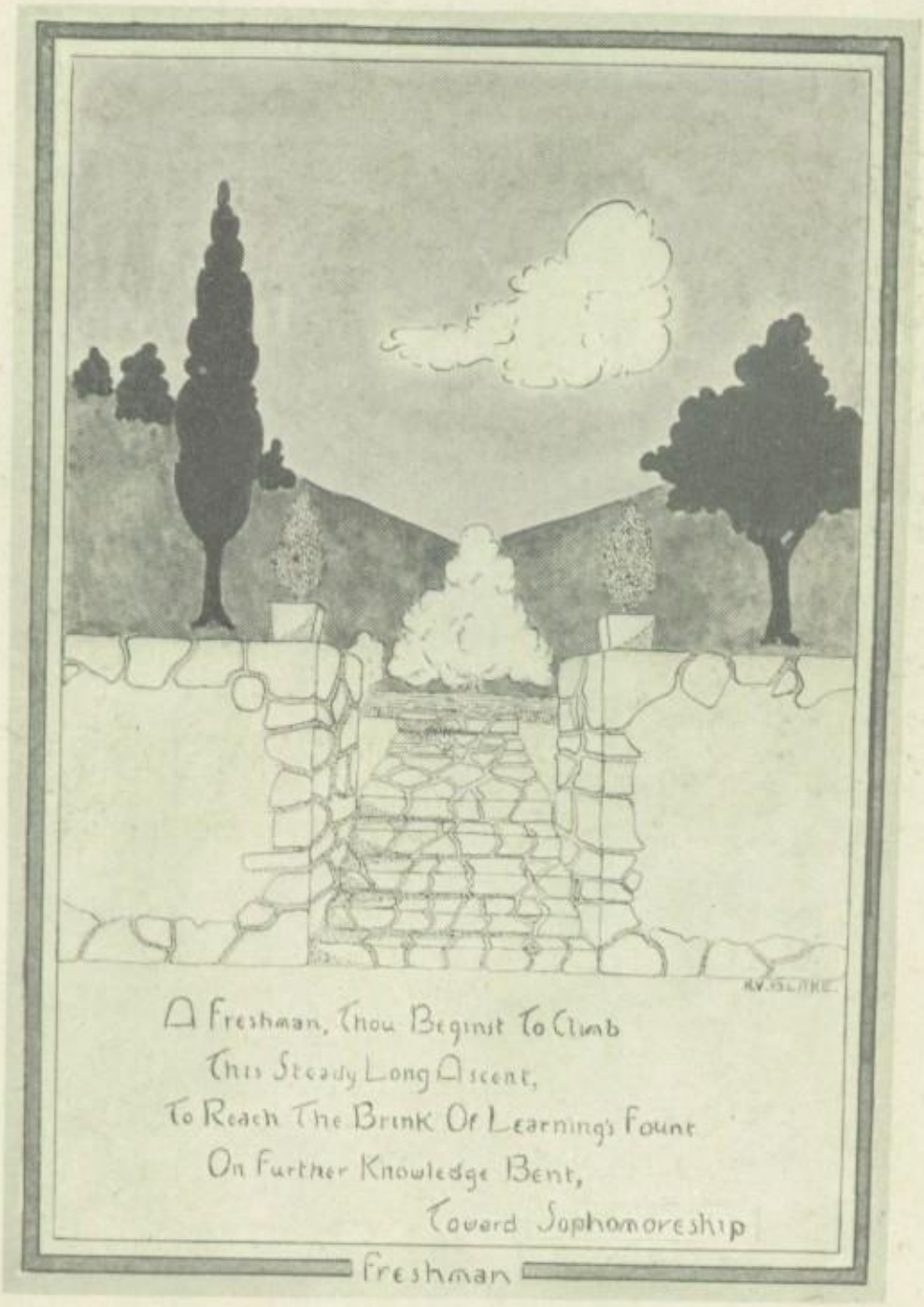
Three bells.

"The auditorium!" breathes the newest freshman, as he dashes pell-mell down the hall, followed by 1700 other students.

A summons to the auditorium may mean any one of a number of things. During the football and basketball seasons, it means that we are going to practice yells. At such times we begin with a lusty "Waite! Rah!" to set the echoes ringing. Or perhaps we are going to hear the reasons why we should be on hand for a certain important game, or it may be that we have gathered to cheer the team for a hard fought victory.

At other times we listen to a stirring talk by a representative citizen or a distinguished visitor, or we enjoy good music played by a group of artists.

We have come to look forward to the regular Tuesday assembly, which is rapidly taking its place as one of the institutions of the school—a helpful one, too. At any rate, we welcome a call to the auditorium, and we shall long remember what pleasure and comradeship we have found there.


A Freshman, Thou Beginst To Climb
This Steady Long Ascent,
To Reach The Brink Of Learning's Fount
On Further Knowledge Bent,
Toward Sophomoreship
Freshman

Freshman

THE FRESHMAN CLASS

The freshmen have been in Waite only a year, but they are showing a class spirit that is attracting attention. Much of the time, so far, has been spent in "learning the ropes" and in getting acquainted, and yet the youngest members of the Waite family have found time for study, too. They have done well in their work and have made a good start toward keeping up the standard of the school.

The freshmen girls' gymnasium classes contain some real, feminine athletes, and the boys' football squad forced its way to the front, early in the season. Under the direction of Mr. Sterling, a tangle of arms and legs became an organized group of young gridiron enthusiasts.

The adviser system has helped the freshmen to find themselves, and to enter more quickly into school affairs. As far as the class of '28 is concerned, it has been a busy year, and a prosperous year, and an enjoyable year in every way.

MEDAL STUDENTS

1924-1925

Medals will be awarded on the following basis:

Gold—A student who during the school year 1924-1925 passes in four units of regular high school work with semester averages of not less than six "A's" and two "B's" will be awarded a gold medal.

Silver—A student who during the school year 1924-1925 passes in four units of regular high school work with semester averages of not less than "B" will be awarded a silver medal.

Bronze—A student who during the school year 1924-1925 passes in four units of regular high school work with semester averages of not less than "C" will be awarded a bronze medal.

GOLD

Seniors—16

John Baymiller
Norman Brenner
Joseph Heferle
Renton Bernard Moore
Marjorie Barnswell
Anne E. Dancer
Irene Dickinson
Lillian Elsperman
Virginia Everett
Lillian Lavender
Ruth Pilzecker
Grace Roenick
Helen A. Snover
Marguerite Soncrant
Helen R. Tanner
Mary Wheeler

Juniors—3

Naomi Baymiller
Belle Joseph
Rachel Prince

Sophomores—21

Karl Brenner
Luther Lalendorff
Gerald Liebke
Andrew Popp
Lois Baymiller
Iola Benedict
Genevieve Beth
Wilma Deters
Genevieve Edstrom
Glenna Halter
Elizabeth Jewett
Ethel Kelso
Edith Knaggs
Mary Knierim
Maurine LaLonde
Naomi Lange
Florentine Nierman
Ruth Roper
Dorothy Schreiber
Virginia Schwager
Margaret Slosser

Freshmen—18

Billy Basco
Maurice Fleishman
Robert Goorley
Robert Price
Lee Thompson
Gene Winchester
George Young
Ruth Arduser
Mary Collins
Golda Cowie
Dorothy Anne Doan
Kathryn Emch
Iris Fuire
Margaret Kohut
Zora Powlesland
Eleanor Rairdon
Margaret Robins
Margaret Wilson

SILVER

Seniors—12

Fernette Baur
Gertrude Dahlmeyer
Margaret Davis
Laura Dean
Barbara C. Frye
Geraldine Hopkins
Ruth Lee
Florence Perry
Viola Pierce
Evelyn Reed
Annabel Speaks
Mildred Thielmann

MEDAL LIST—Continued

Juniors—6

Violet Brown
Onnolee Clark
Mary Alice Fox
Bessie E. Joseph
Helen Masney
George Wallace

Sophomores—15

Francis A. Babione
Richard Bruggeman
Robert Muntz
James Scanes
Louise Bachmeyer
Alice Carstensen
Violet Davis
Mary Eggleston
Marie Krob
Helen Kruger
Marian Lang
Hazel Mock
Naomi Myers
Margaret Sullivan
Elizabeth Thomas

Freshmen—22

Clarence Beckett
Rolland Buehrer
Kermit Klewer
James Miller
Graham Smith
Lois Best
Clela Cover
Alice Diefenthaler
Dorothy Flatt
Eleanor Greenburg
Josephine Haddad
Iva Lehman
Dorothy Loomis
Theone Marti
Alma Meyer
Margaret Moorhead
Laurel Morris
Elizabeth Schnell
Ethel Southworth
Laura Taylor
Alma Thompson
Gertrude Wiemeyer

BRONZE

Seniors—41

Carl Bahls
William Elmer
Donovan F. Emch
Ralph Heinen
Lynn Johnston
Arthur H. Krogle
Leslie Leybourn
Scott McLeod
Harry Maza
Cloyd Mills
Henry Moser
Roger J. Shelles
Arthur Sweet
William Trotter
John White
Helen G. Ardner
Margery Best
Hazel Blair
Sarah Bolton
Vivienne Brentlinger
Helen Minerva Brown
Gladys Colbert
Dorothy Cole
Maude E. Cordery
Frances A. Dimke
Virginia Dyer
Myldred Faulkner
Mary Kratky
Marguerite Lupton
Ruth Machlup
Helen M. Moench
Julia Palmer
Isabelle S. Pfeffer
Helen Powell
Doris Price
Huldah Ritzman
Martha Schafer
Edith Ann Strahley
Kathryn Sutton
Dorothy Torgler
Clysta Urban

MEDAL LIST—Continued

Juniors—47

Lawrence Aikens
Milton Baily
Tom Beck
Jacob Bryan
Robert M. Bryan
Harry Casey
Burnap Cole
Harry Dunn
Edmund Eberth
Oscar Fiedler
Cedric Frederick
Frederick Hass
Charles M. Hatcher
Harold Knapp
Donelly J. McNutt
Aaron Martin
Dwight J. Motter
Montgomery Powell
Albert Skinner
Harvey Wetmore
Frank Wiley
Mark Winchester
Amelia Bassett
Mildred Beier
Elinor Brinkman
Josephine Brown
Alice Buck
Mary Alice Burger
Dorothy Anne Cole
Bernice E. Culbertson
Grace Cutler
Emma Deak
Elsie Grace Dwiggans
Lydia K. Habib
Helen Herbster
Margaret Hornyak
Juanita Hudson
Mildred Jirasik
Helen Klages
Regina Knauss
Esther Lorenzen
Elizabeth Matyok
Elizabeth Rudolph
Blenda H. Sayen
Mary Wasserman
Vada Weist
Kathryn Young

Sophomores—63

Hobart Brown
Herbert Clark
Francis DeMoss
Keith Denniston
William DeSana
Lawrence Eberle
Charles Jarvis
John Kemp
Gordon McNutt
Nelson F. Moll
John Popp
Norman Sayen
Roy F. Warnke
Donald Winters
Alice Austin
Elsie Bahnsen
Vivien Bennett
Helen Edyth Brown
Laurel Campbell
Marcella Cedoz
Rachel Cooper
Waded Corey
Oleva H. Edler
Hazel Fassler
Evelyn Floyd
Gladys Fryman
Elizabeth Guss
Marion Hansen
Iola Louise Harder
Ruth Harder
Erma Herrich
Catherine Hire
Dolores Huber
Stella Kirby
Stella Kowalski
Julia Kupesz
Alice Maurer
Marjorie Miller
Elloise Mills
Irene Molnar
Frances Moon
Josephine Motter
Elsie Navarre
Mildred Peart
Florence Pease
Bernice Pytel
Gertrude Rader
Marian Rahmstock
Margaret Roberts
Helen Robinson
Mona Robson
Evelyn Ryan
Lillian Samborn
Carmine Sayers
Ada Schmidt
Lois Schmitz
Lois Shilling
Wilma Slater
Goldie Stewart
Lucile Stilwell
Mary Taylor
Violet Taylor
Loleta Widman

Freshman—77

Merlin Berry
Richard Bloom
Robert Balbach
Clarence Day
Harlan Diehr
Lloyd Huntsman
Ruth Bolly
Helen Bruggemier
Gladys Bailey
Helen Baumgartner
Noelle Baur
Louis Blackmer
Wilma Bruggeman
Martha Burket
Addie Cadaret
Ruth Catchpole
Ella Daubner
Dorothy Davis
Ruth Davis
Virginia G. Doule
Thelma Drayton
Alma Eyster
Ivy Farmer
Madelle Fetzer
Loretta Goulet
Lola Gregersen
Elizabeth Gribo
Ellener Hahn
Martha Herman
Luella Hurren
Margaret Irey
Steven Juhasz
Ruth Jeschke
Ina Kicher
Ethel May King
Helen Kitson
Glennis Klingbeil
Vivian LaFleur
Doratha Larmie
Gertrude Lau
Thelma Link
Anna Lloyd
Robert Luzius
Carmen Lyons
Aloysius Mauter
Harold Meyers
Laura McEvoy
Ruth Mann
Edna Meeker
Dorothy Miller
Ruth Muench
Nassar Nassar
Maxine L. Ogle
Frank Ousky
Beulah Mae Osthimer
Harold Pelton
William Price
Kenneth Reiley
Jack Rounds
Beatrice Rippey
William Schupp
Kenneth Snyder
Thomas Stephensen
Loma Sherlock
Matilda Shredl
Marion Silcox
Lois Skilliter
Thelma Stanley
Vera Steinmiller
Marie Taylor
Elizabeth Unser
Elizabeth Wade
Pearl Weidner
George Wirwahn
Regina Wozniak
Catherine Zeumen
Mabel Heilman

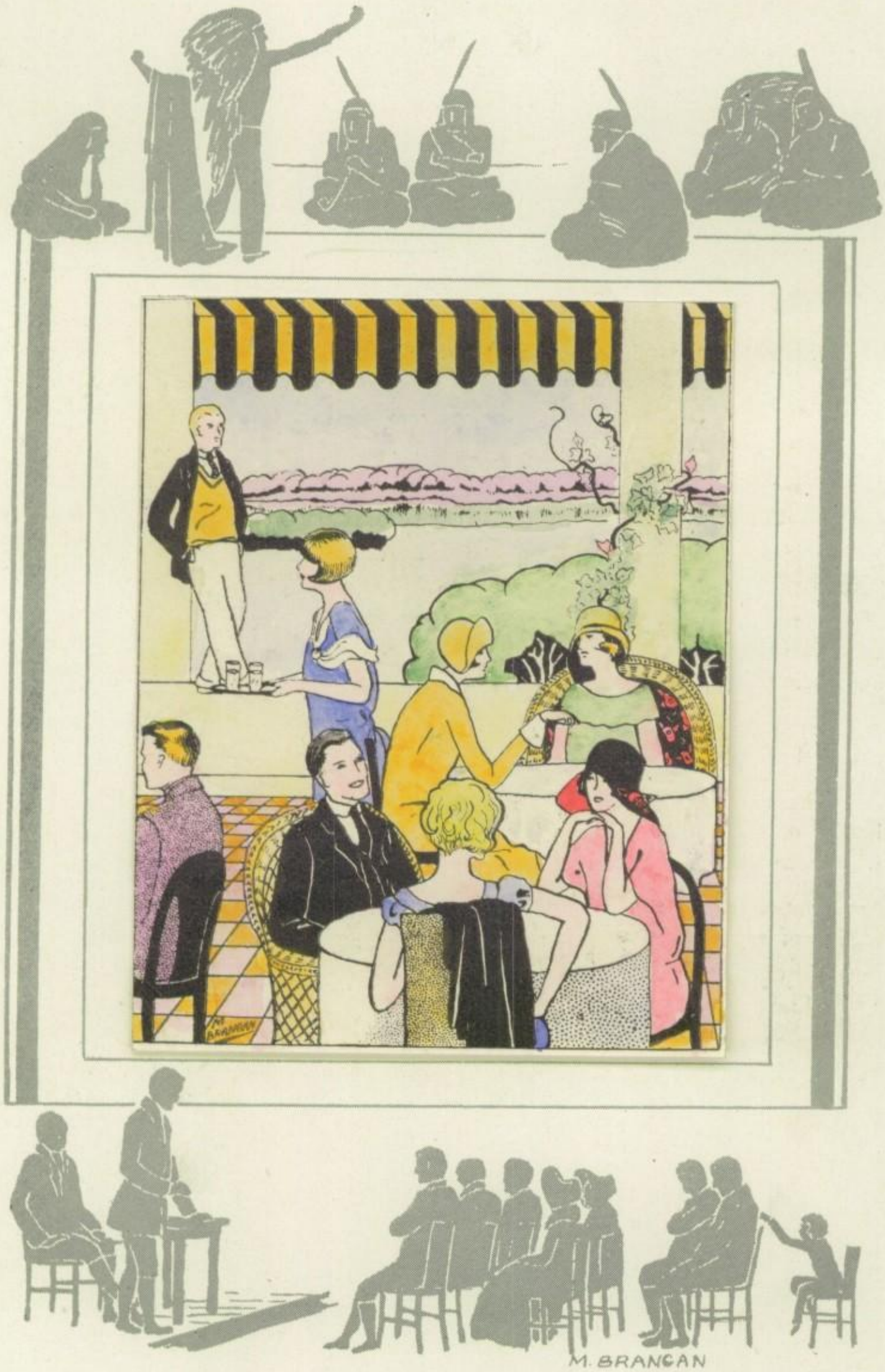
THE ART CLASSES

All through the year the art classes have been busy making the necessary drawings, and painting the tip-ons for the annual. Many an hour of effort has gone into their task, and much credit is due to them for the results which they have achieved. The work has been done under the direction of Miss Carpenter.

THE LIBRARY

The Library is a haven of refuge for those who must consult reference books. The collection of books of reference is especially good, having been selected with a view to the pupils' needs. When memories of high school days come crowding, no place will be more replete with associations than the library.

The Hallway



Organizations

Organizations

One of the aims of every school organization is the making of good school citizens. If a boy or girl is a valuable member of the Waite student body, it is likely he will be a valuable member of his community, later on. Happy, useful people are needed everywhere.

If a student lives up to the demands of his organization, he must take a definite stand on a number of things. He must be able to control what he thinks, what he says, and what he does. A hard matter, you say, and yet a good citizen should be able to do these things.

Every organization encourages habits of industry. A good standard of school work should be maintained, and no person may continue to hold office in any society if he is falling in his studies.

Members of organizations should encourage each other, deal honestly with each other, and be helpful in any way possible.

The various society athletics have for the object the development of the bodies of their members. This year much progress has been made toward a wholesome interest in society sports.

One of the most important aims of every society is the development of the feeling of personal responsibility. The importance of being accountable to oneself, and, in a measure, to other people, should fix in the minds of students the value of conduct.

Do organizations accomplish all these things for their members? Probably not; but it's better to aim high, and miss the goal, than not to aim at all.

THE STUDENT COUNCIL

Officers

Bob Tewksbury ..... *President*
Ruth Lee ..... *Vice-President*
Helen Powell ..... *Secretary*
Lynn Johnston ..... *Treasurer*

THE STUDENT COUNCIL

The president and the secretary of the junior and senior classes and of all the other organizations in the school are members of the Student Council.

The purpose of the organization is to stimulate the proper school spirit, and to constitute an advising body in matters pertaining to school standards. The business of the council is to find ways of improving conditions which need correction, and to exercise a general supervisory function with regard to conduct throughout the building.

The Council has accomplished some definite things this year and has demonstrated its right to exist as a permanent school organization.

THE ANNUAL BOARD

The annual is the real queen of May. Awaited eagerly, she makes her bow each year amid "oh's" and "ah's" of admiring students. She is commented upon, analyzed, discussed from every standpoint.

To produce such an annual as Waite publishes is not the work of a moment. Early in the fall, preparations are going forward which are not completed until months later. Much time and thought are spent upon the book by all departments concerned in its making. Every member of the annual board has given freely of himself in order to insure the publishing of the best Purple and Gold Waite has ever had.

Editor.....Helen A. Snover

Editorial Staff

Burnap Cole
Helen Tanner
Roger Shelles
Julia Palmer
George Bates
Lavonia Knisely
Margery Best

Art Staff

Zenas Hartman
Margaret Brangan
Catherine Walch
Arthur Geoffrion
Virgil Eckhart

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Advertising Manager.....Horace Coy

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Frederick Hansen
George Wallace
Lorin Kerr
Dean Overmyer
Albert Birch

Secretary-Treasurer.....Mary Wheeler
Typists.....Margaret Davis, Helen Powell

Advisers

Principal.....Mr. James A. Pollock
Financial.....Mr. Merritt C. Nauts
Literary.....Mrs. Alice Allen
Art.....Miss Flora Carpenter

RETINA BOARD

The cooperation of editorial, art, and business staffs is necessary to publish the six "Retinas" which appear each year. Contributions are welcomed from any student who wishes to give his pen a vigorous workout, while the "Retina" class provides the general news of the school, its organizations, and the doings of its athletic teams. The art department designs appropriate cuts, and the business staff wrestles with the problem of paying the bills.

"Cooperative labor" is the password of the "Retina" Board.

RETINA STAFF

Editor	Ralph Heinen
Literature	Dorothy Briggs
Office Boy	Burnap Cole
Organizations	Arthur Sweet
Faculty Facts	Martha Theaker, Helen Brown
Personals	Arthur Force, Joe Schuller
Social	Arlene Innes, Helen Powell
Alumni	Frances Whipp
Sports	Charles Hatcher
Girls' Athletics	Julia Palmer
Comics	George Bates
Exchange	Marguerite Soncrant

Art Staff

Art Editor	Margery Best
Assistants	William Dwyer, Fred Blanchard

Business Staff

Business Manager	Dean Overmyer
Assistants	Frederick Hansen, Paul Ogle, Albert Birch
Secretary-Treasurer	Helen R. Tanner
Typist	Margaret Davis

Advisers

Principal	Mr. James A. Pollock
Financial	Mr. Merritt C. Nauts
Literary	Mrs. Alice Allen
Art	Miss Flora Carpenter

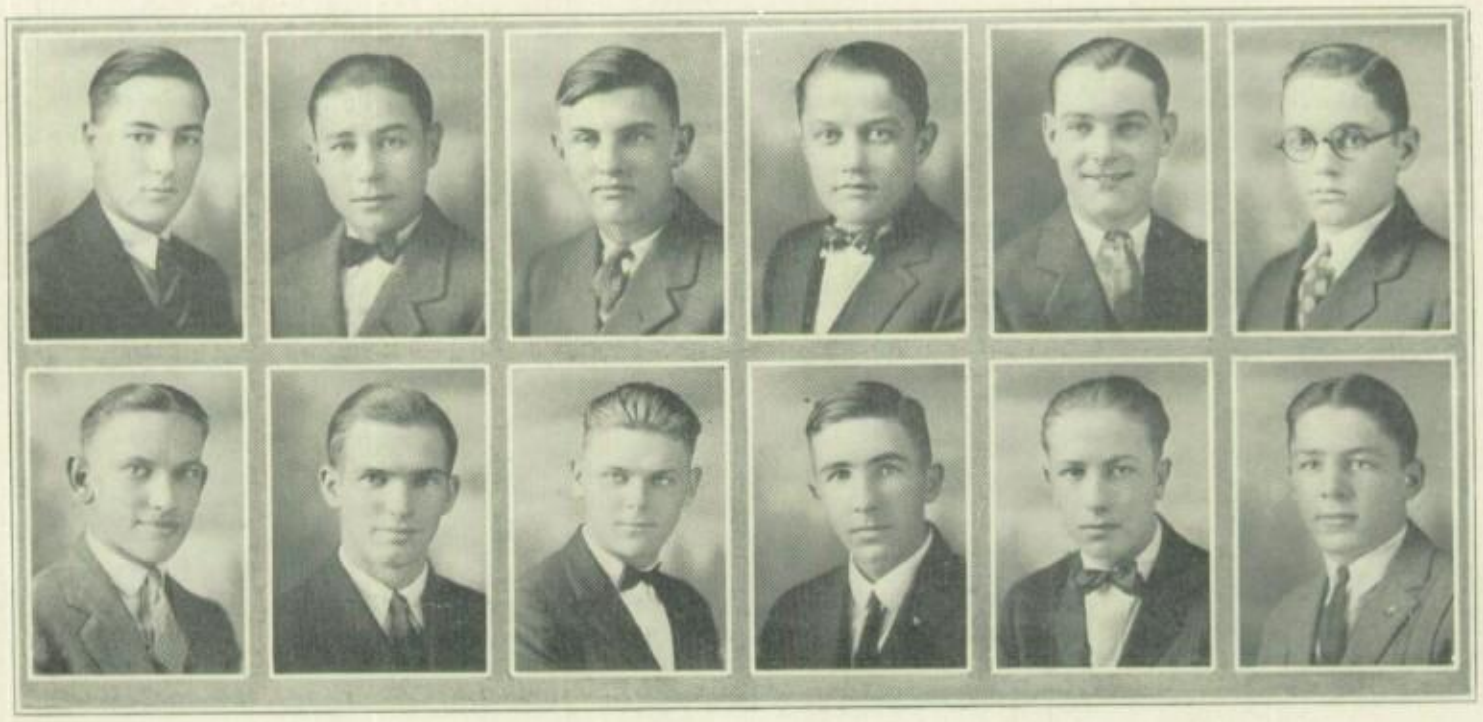
FORUM LITERARY SOCIETY

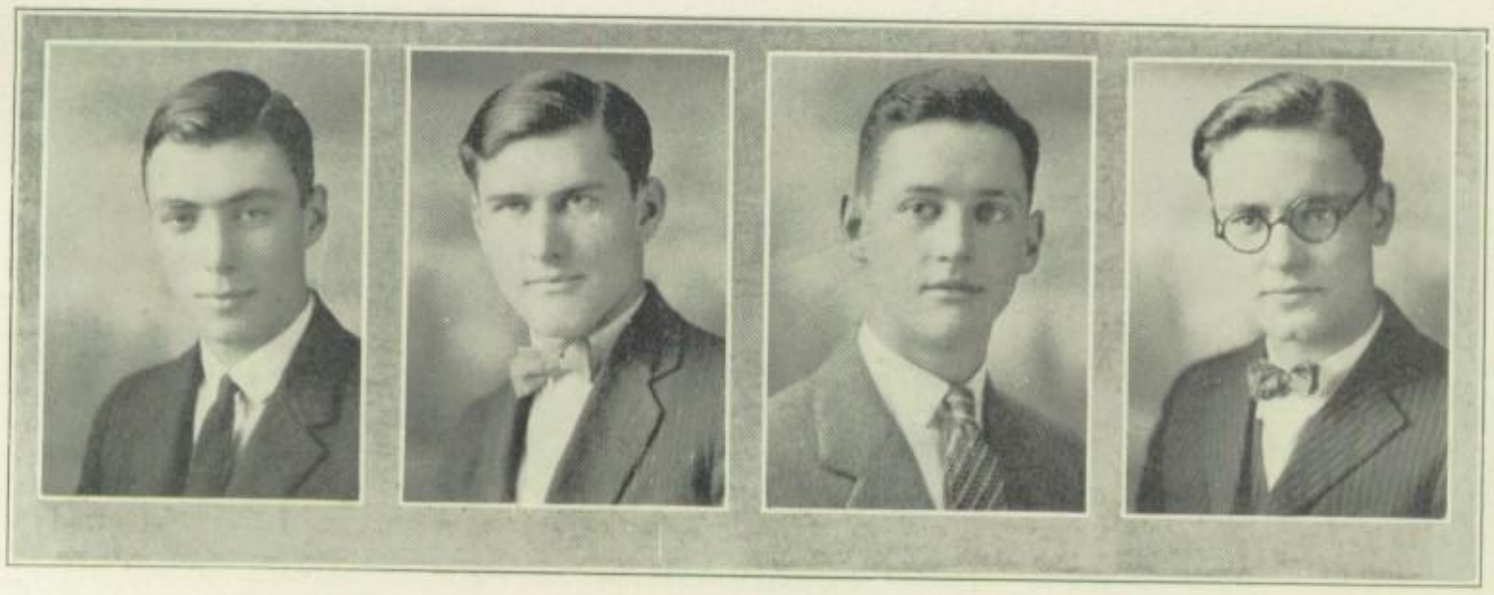
Founded 1905

Motto ..... Satis Eloquentia Sit
Colors ..... Black and Gold

Officers

Robert Tewksbury ..... *President*
Rolland Gladieux ..... *Vice-President*
Bernard Gladieux ..... *Treasurer*
William Wertz ..... *Recording Secretary*
Donald McClure ..... *Corresponding Secretary*
John Baymiller ..... *Censor*
William Trotter ..... *Chaplain*
Lorenz Schenck ..... *Sergeant-at-Arms*





FORUM

This year the Forum has maintained the vim and vitality that has been characteristic of it for the past twenty years. This has been clearly shown both by the peppy meetings and the enthusiasm with which the boys have entered into their work. The football victories over the Quill and Dagger and Engineering societies show the all around development of the members.

The initiation held at Grassy Creek will be an everlasting memory to the members, especially the candidates.

The Blue Bird Frolic, the society's annual dance, was one of the fine social events of the school year. Both the favors and decorations were characteristic of the standards set by the society in former years.

The Forum closed a most successful year with its annual banquet which was held at the Yacht Club where addresses were delivered by prominent Toledoans and members of the Faculty.

PERICLEAN LITERARY SOCIETY

Founded 1901

Motto ..... Nulli Secundas
Colors ..... White and Gold

Officers

Ruth Lee ..... *President*
LaVonia Knisely ..... *Vice-President*
Myldred Faulkner ..... *Recording Secretary*
Ruth Woyame ..... *Corresponding Secretary*
Margery Best ..... *Treasurer*
Helen Snover ..... *Censor*
Hazel Blair ..... *Reporter*
Myldred Bitter ..... *Chaplain*
Ruth Huenefeld ..... *Sergeant-at-Arms*

PERICLEANS

Softly the door opened. A young girl in her 'teens tiptoed into her mother's room and whispered, "Mother, are you awake?" Mother was, and she was anxious to hear what her daughter had to say.

"Oh, mother, the Periclean dance was just lovely tonight! We do have the best times!"

Mother's eyes were reminiscent, as she thought of the things the Peri's had done in '24 and 25, when she had been in high school. She had taken part in the programs herself. And then mother told of the pleasure of learning about King Alfred, and the Anglo-Saxons, and the religious and social customs of that period. She recalled the delightful ballads of Robinhood and his merry band. She had enjoyed, too, the writers of the Elizabethean Age. The Peri girls, she felt sure, had gained considerable general information from those programs. How hard the girls had tried to live up to their motto, "Nulli Secundas."

"Mother, did you have such good times as we do, when you were a Peri?"

Awakened from her reverie by her daughter's voice, mother began to recall the social activities of the organization.

"Well daughter, Ruth Lee was our president, my senior year. That year we started things going with a spread. Then came a theater party. I'll never forget those initiations. How frightened the candidates were! But they lived through it, and were able to attend the bridge tea given at the Woman's Building during the Christmas holidays. As a climax to the year's activities, came our annual dance, that never-to-be-forgotten "Shillelagh Shamble." But there, daughter, it's one o'clock. Quite time for you to be in bed."

"Just one more question, mother. Would you have wanted to give up your privileges as a Periclean?"

"No, dear, not for anything. Go to sleep, now!"

"Good night!"

"Good night!"

And silence reigned in the house.

QUILL AND DAGGER LITERARY SOCIETY

Founded 1914

Motto ..... Fratres in Facultate
Colors ..... Black and Gold

Officers

John White ..... *President*
Glen Cole ..... *Vice-President*
Ralph Heinen ..... *Recording Secretary*
John Thomas Beck ..... *Corresponding Secretary*
William Elmer ..... *Treasurer*
Mark Winchester ..... *Chaplain*
Joseph Schuller ..... *Reporter*
William Thayer ..... *Sergeant-at-Arms*

QUILL AND DAGGER

A group of boys who wanted to become better acquainted with each other, and with literature, banded together in 1915. This year, under the direction of John White, several interesting speakers have addressed the club, including Judge Cohn. The papers which were given by the members dealt with American authors.

The Q. D's. took part in football and basketball, having as their opponents other school organizations. The annual dance, the "Stilus Sicaque," was an unqualified success. The gymnasium was beautiful in the society colors, and the company of dancers was a merry one. The Q. D. banquet was an affair of late spring, which gave the fellows an opportunity to offer good wishes to those who were being graduated. The society aims to contribute to the intellectual and social life of its members, and to advance the interests of the school.

ZETALETHEAN LITERARY SOCIETY

Motto ..... Nihil Sine Labore
Colors ..... Nile Green and Silver

Officers

Helen Powell ..... *President*
Helen R. Tanner ..... *Vice-President*
Charlotte Taylor ..... *Secretary*
Helen Ardner ..... *Treasurer*
Margaret Dauer ..... *Sergeant-at-Arms*
Gertrude Sawyer ..... *Chaplain*
Mary Wheeler ..... *Reporter*

ZETALETHEANS

As I sat in front of the fireplace that winter night, my thoughts turned back to the happy days I had spent in Waite. Memories! How they crowded back into my mind! And foremost of all was the recollection of the activities of the Zetalethean Literary Society.

Of course, the first meeting in the fall was a friendly affair. The program which had been planned would be entertaining, and so different! The theme was to be Art and the Opera. Through the courtesy of Miss Roache, each member was provided with small reproductions of the best known works of some of the famous artists.

Then there was the theater party. Several rows of the Valentine theater were devoted to the lively Zets. "The Covered Wagon" was highly praised, and so impressed the girls that at the spread several days later, an ideal caste for the play was chosen.

One of the outstanding meetings of the year was the interpretation of Aida, at which the other three Literary Societies were our guests. Mr. Mathias related the story of Aida, interrupting his narrative to play some of the best known arias from the opera.

Quite another feature of the year was the introduction of the Zetalethean wrist band. It was awarded, a week at a time, to the girl having the best number on the program, the girl with the second best discussion winning it for the second week. How pleasant had been the associations in the Zetalethean Literary Society! And how satisfying to have these delightful memories!

FRIENDSHIP CLUB

Motto ..... Builders
Colors ..... Blue and White

Officers

Helen A. Snover ..... *President*
Althea Phillips ..... *Vice-President*
Florence Boycheff ..... *Secretary*
Helen R. Tanner ..... *Treasurer*
Charlotte Taylor ..... *Chaplain*
Mary Wheeler ..... *Reporter*
Elizabeth Morgan ..... *Sergeant-at-Arms*

FRIENDSHIP CLUB

Splash parties! Plays! A banquet and—oh so many things to promote good fellowship among the members. The Friendship Girls have enjoyed themselves thoroughly this year, part of that entertainment being in the real work they did.

Of course, first of all came the meetings—meetings where the girls gained inspiration for the things that were to be done. Every now and then a splash party was the order of the day with a pot luck supper afterward.

During the year, "Robins Irish Rose," a playlet, was presented by the combined Friendship Clubs of the city. The party given with the Hi-Y Club, and the Mothers' and Daughters' banquet were other social activities of note.

The Friendship Club provides social and religious training for its members. It is one of the important agencies for the development of a high type of young womanhood in the high schools.

SENIOR HI-Y

Officers

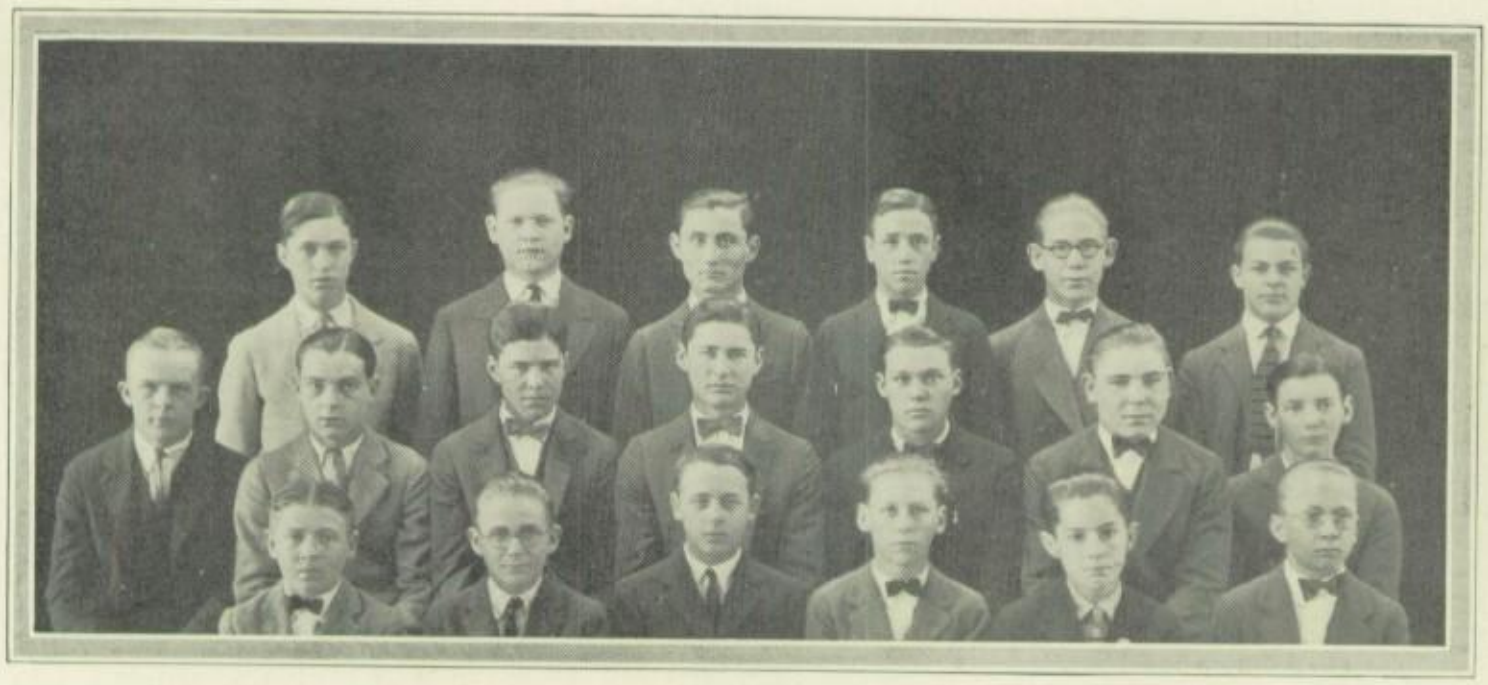
Glen Cole	*President*
Robert Tewksbury	*Vice-President*
Ralph Heinen	*Secretary*
David Pugh	*Treasurer*
Wilson Wertz	*Chaplain*
Mark Winchester	*Publicity*
Donald McClure	*Social*
William Wertz	*Program*
Bernard Gladieux	*Athletics*
John White	*Music*

SENIOR HI-Y CLUB

To create, maintain, and extend throughout the high school and the community high standards of Christian character—that is the object of the Hi-Y Club. Clean speech, clean thoughts, clean scholarship, and clean athletics are continually emphasized, as a means to attain this ideal.

One of the high spots of the year, was Dr. Mahon's inspiring talk on vocational guidance after which all the boys were given an opportunity to interview some prominent business man who might aid them in choosing their life's work. At intervals through the year, Mrs. Allen gave Bible talks, and Mr. E. V. Reed helped the boys in directing the work of the club.

The year's social program started with a Frosh mixer. The Mothers' and Sons' banquet followed later, and the Hi-Y-Friendship party. At work or at play, the Hi-Y believes in putting first things first, in an effort to develop Christian character among its members.



JUNIOR HI-Y

Officers

Rolland Gladieux	*President*
William Gschwind	*Vice-President*
Myron Hissong	*Secretary*
Raymond Gladieux	*Treasurer*
Donald Cooper	*Chaplain*

JUNIOR HI-Y CLUB

The Junior Hi-Y has been an active organization during the past year. The Club started its year by building up the program along the fourfold development of "Clean Speech," "Clean Habits," "Clean Morals," and "Clean Athletics," with each of these ideals being molded in its meetings.

On November 7 the club held induction ceremony for the first semester at Grassy Creek, and for the second semester on March 20 at Waterville.

At different meetings during the year the club heard Mr. Pollock, Coach Collins, Rev. Motter, E. V. Reed, and Doc. Miller talk on subjects that related closely to the club's work.

The athletic program was carried out very well, especially by the Club's basketball team which won the City Championship from the other Junior Clubs of the other high schools.

-MUELLER-

ALTOBEE ART CLUB

Officers

William Whitcomb	*President*
Marcella Haas	*Vice-President*
Phyllis Millard	*Recording Secretary*
Margery Best	*Corresponding Secretary*
Joseph Schuller	*Treasurer*
Eleanor Majeska	*Censor*
William Dwyer	*Reporter*
James Parrin	*Sergeant-at-Arms*

ALTOBEE ART CLUB

In the spring of 1922, the Altobee Art Club was organized with nine charter members. Any pupil in the art classes may join the club. The meetings are given over to chalk talks and discussions of the work of famous artists, with sketching parties at the parks when the weather permits. At Christmas time, the club sells hand-painted cards which are much in demand. The annual dance given by the Altobees is always an attractive social event.

At present, the membership numbers fifty-five, and under Miss Carpenter's direction, the organization should continue to prosper.

ALCHEMIST SOCIETY

Founded 1922

Colors: Litmus Red and Blue

Officers

Etheridge Irwin	*President*
Hazel Blair	*Vice-President*
Althea Phillips	*Secretary*
Chester Idczak	*Treasurer*
John Baymiller	*Sergeant-at-Arms*
Arthur Krogle	*Reporter*
Julia Palmer	*Censor*

ALCHEMIST SOCIETY

The object of the Alchemist Society is the social and intellectual development of its members. This is to be accomplished through functions, lectures given by chemists, and essays by the members of the society.

On a chilly day last November, the society held a roast at Howard Farm Beach, as the guests of Miss Howard. All the guests had such a good time playing games and dancing that they were loathe to return to the city.

The organization was active, too, in athletics. The boys played football and basketball, and the girls did their best to cheer the teams to victory.

However, all of the time was not given to fun. The Alchemists took an interesting and educational trip through the Save Electric Company's Plant, to say nothing of other trips of the same nature.

With the coming of the end of the year, the Alchemists will travel different paths, but always they will take with them the memory of the good times spent as members of the organization.

-MUELLER-

ENGINEERING SOCIETY

Noel McClure	*President*
Fred Hansen	*Vice-President*
Jay Duhamel	*Secretary*
George Lane	*Treasurer*
Arthur Krogle	*Sergeant-at-Arms*

ENGINEERING SOCIETY

The Waite Engineering Society, after five years of activity is still going strong. In 1920, with Mr. Sterling, Mr. Dannenfelser and Mr. Klag as faculty advisers, and under the leadership of Victor Gauthier, the society made its debut among other clubs of the school.

Following the organization of the Waite Club, Woodward and Scott organized engineering societies and Libbey followed later.

Last year Waite engineers presented the school with a beautiful etching. In sports, this season, the club made a good showing, having been beaten but once in five games played.

On the whole, the Engineers have an enviable record.

COMMERCIAL CLUB

Founded 1922

Motto ..... Carpe Diem
Colors ..... Cherry and Silver

Otho Gettings ..... *President*
Kathleen King ..... *Vice-President*
Dorothy Rahmstock ..... *Secretary*
Edmund Hansen ..... *Treasurer*
Florence Perry ..... *Reporter*
Ruth Machlup ..... *Critic*

COMMERCIAL CLUB

The club was founded for the purpose of making its members better acquainted with the activities of the business world. The programs deal with the lives of successful business men, their methods, and the various industries in which they are engaged.

The advisers are Miss Hogan, Miss Foote, Miss Fenneberg, Mr. Pearsall and Mr. Severance, whose kindly criticisms and suggestions have been helpful to the club.

During the year several social events, including the "Squawker Squabble," have enabled the members to become better acquainted.

LE CERCLE FRANCAIS

Grace Roenick	*President*
Fernette Bauer	*Vice-President*
Lillian Lavender	*Secretary*
Donovan Emch	*Treasurer*
Anna Dancer	*Chaplain*
Durwood Wennenburg	*Sergeant-at-Arms*

LE CERCLE FRANCAIS

Le Cercle Francais meets every other Thursday of each month. Only French is spoken at the meetings. French plays and talks on various subjects are given by the students of the last two years of the language. The meetings which are closed by singing the "Marseillaise," are attended with regularity and the plays are given with spirit, and are well received. Scenes from the various textbooks are acted by the pupils, who spend much time perfecting themselves in their parts. The object of the club is to arouse a spirit "vraiment francaise" among all students of French through the activities of the organization.

RADIO CLUB

Gail Beelman ..... *President*
Paul Martin ..... *Vice-President*
Harlan Strouse ..... *Secretary*
James Loomis ..... *Treasurer*

RADIO CLUB

A group of twenty members who are interested in radio make up this enterprising club. The society, although organized only last January, has already made its influence felt in the school. Under the leadership of Gail Beelman, considerable progress has been made. Through the efforts of the club, and Mr. Leach's kind assistance, the students of the entire school were able to hear the President's Inaugural Address, on March 4. The meetings of the club were characterized by interest and enthusiasm; and judging from its auspicious beginning, the organization should give good account of itself in the future.

GLEE CLUB

Mr. Ball, *Director*

Officers

Robert Moorhead	*President*
Florence Boycheff	*Vice-President*
Warren Burwell	*Treasurer*
Hazel Blair	*Secretary*
William Whitcomb	*Stage Manager*

GLEE CLUB

The Glee Club during the five years of its life, has taken enormous strides in development. In the fall of 1920 a nucleus of singers banded together, and began work upon musical programs and operettas, two or more of which were to be given each year. Since its beginning the Glee Club has prospered under the able guidance of Mr. Clarence R. Ball.

There are ninety aspiring boys and girls on the roll cards at present, a large and democratic representation of music lovers. The girls far outnumber the boys, but the volume of sound produced by the male members atones for the disparity in numbers.

This season the club worked three big productions, "Lass of Limerick Town," "Pinafore," and "The Bohemian Girl."

The "Lass of Limerick Town" was an unqualified success. Principals and chorus carried their parts splendidly and a full house was enthusiastic in its appreciation. "Pinafore," presented on March 21, was equally well received. Waite, with other high schools of the city, participated in a huge "May Festival," when the "Bohemian Girl" was sung.

With such an excellent season, and with a large membership from the younger classes, the future looks bright for the glee club.

THE BAND

Officers

Virgil Eckhart ..... *President*
Russell Tschappet ..... *Secretary-Treasurer*
Lowell Northrup ..... *Business Manager*
Dwight Motter ..... *Librarian*

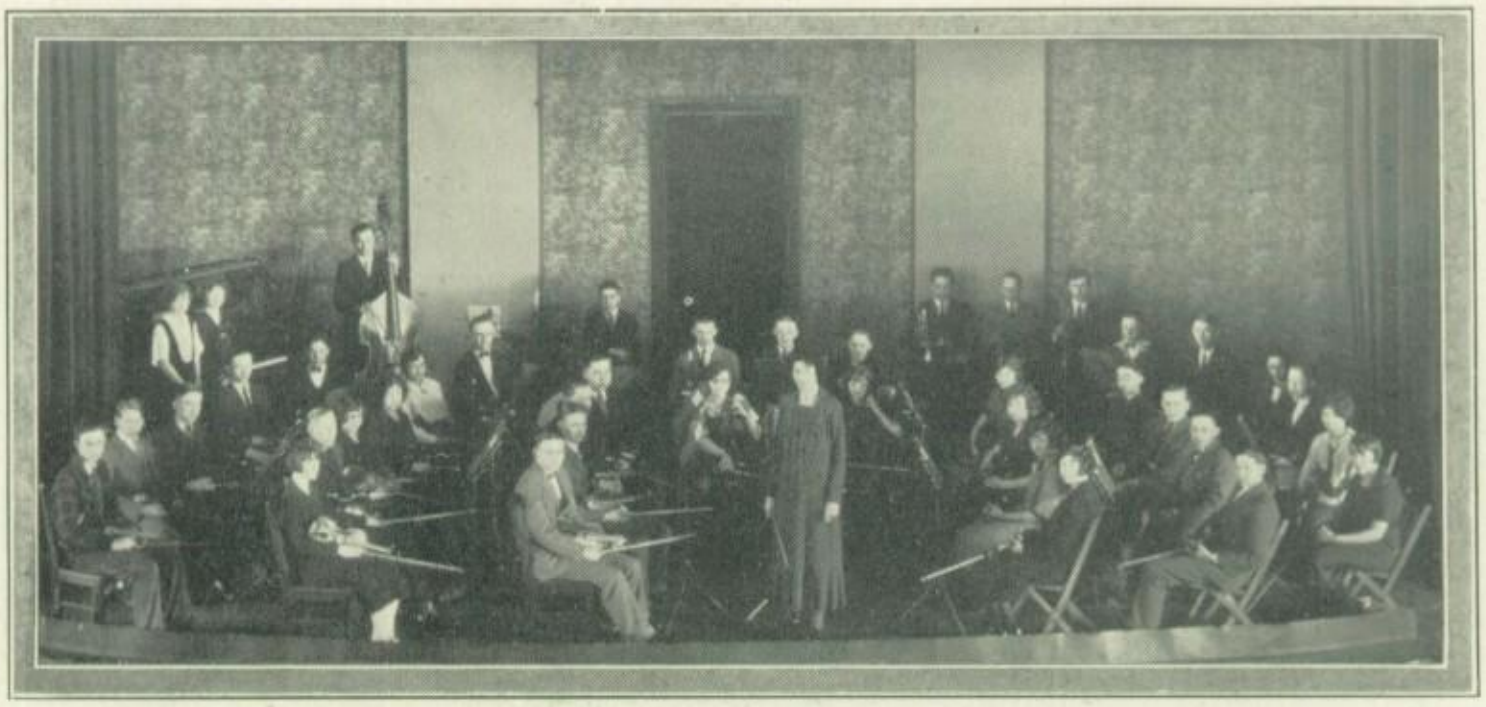
Mr. Sutphen, *Director*

THE BAND

The Band was organized in 1922, its purpose being to give training and entertainment to boys with musical talent.

On April 24, the Band gave a concert, with solo numbers by Miss Virginia Arnsman, of Scott, and "The Victor," a highly entertaining comedy. This year the band has twenty-six members, who are students of reed and brass instruments. There are also a number of beginners who do not meet with the class, but are given private lessons by Mr. Sutphen.

The Band has an honorable record of service, having played at all the football games, and on other occasions when spirited music was in demand.



Miss Werum, *Director*

THE ORCHESTRA

Officers

Gilbert Siegel	*President*
Doris Snover	*Vice-President*
Emily Rairdon	*Secretary*
Leslie Leybourn	*Treasurer*
George Parkin, Marvin Timm	*Librarians*

THE ORCHESTRA

The Orchestra has completed its fourth successful year under the direction of Miss Bessie Werum. Besides the concert in the school auditorium on December 13, the Orchestra gave a concert in Maumee under the auspices of the sophomore class of Maumee high school and has played the accompaniments for the operas of the Waite Glee Club. In May the high schools joined in a music festival at the Coliseum. Part of the Waite Orchestra, together with a group from the orchestras of the other high schools, accompanied the opera "The Bohemian Girl," given by the combined high school glee clubs of the city.

The Orchestra has more than forty members and has progressed steadily, this year, in skill of performance and in results achieved.

ON WAITE HIGH SCHOOL.

Permission of Copyright.

Arr. by G.V. Sutphen

ON WAITE HIGH SCHOOL, ON WAITE HIGH SCHOOL, PLUNGE RIGHT THRU THAT LINE — —

NEV-ER WA-VER, NEV — ER FAL-TER A TOUCH-DOWN SURE THIS TIME; — —

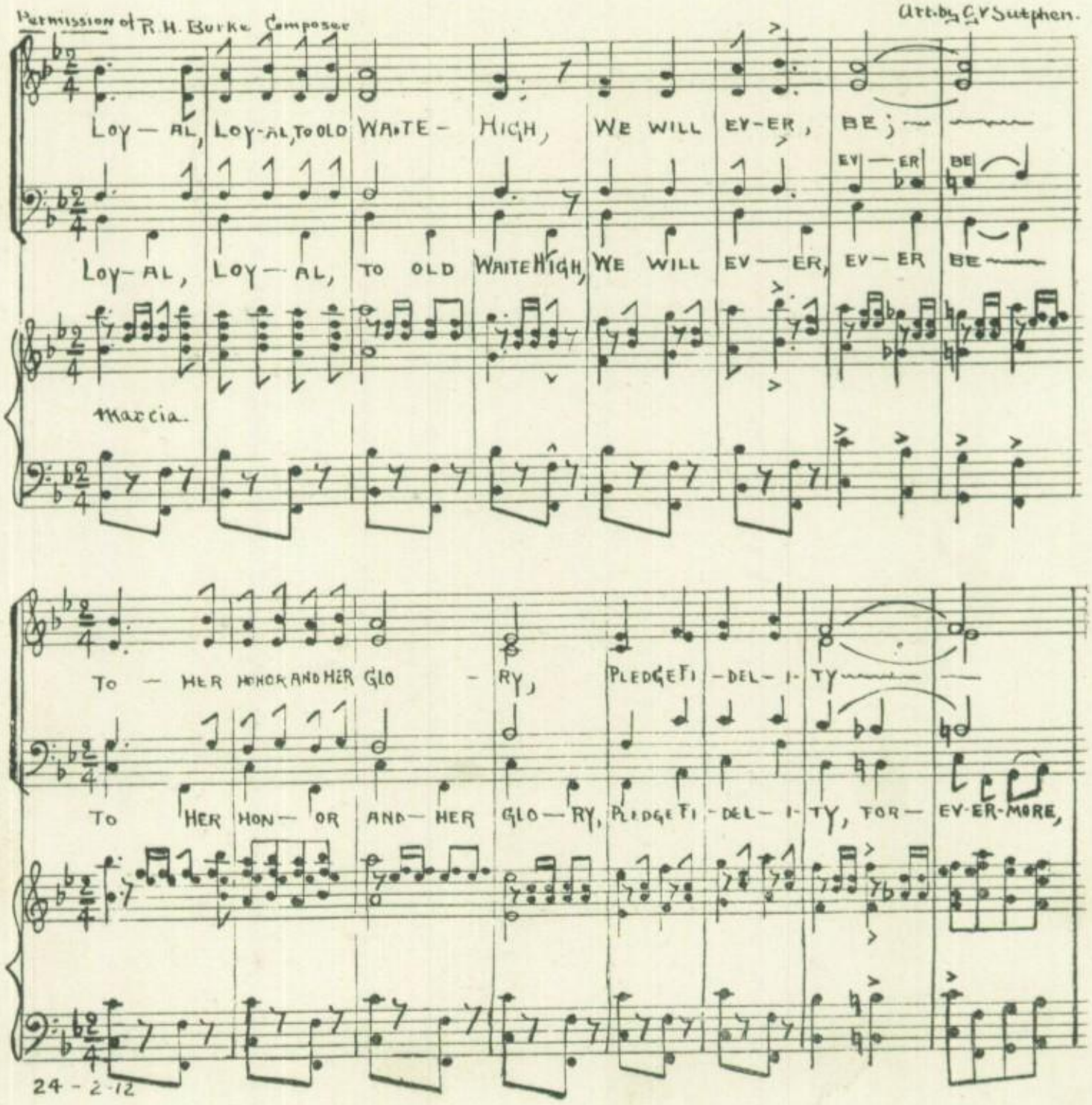
ON WAITE HIGH SCHOOL, ON WAITE HIGH SCHOOL WE'RE WITH YOU ALL THE TIME, — —

FIGHT! FELLOWS, FIGHT! FIGHT! FIGHT! WE'LL WIN — THIS — GAME: — —

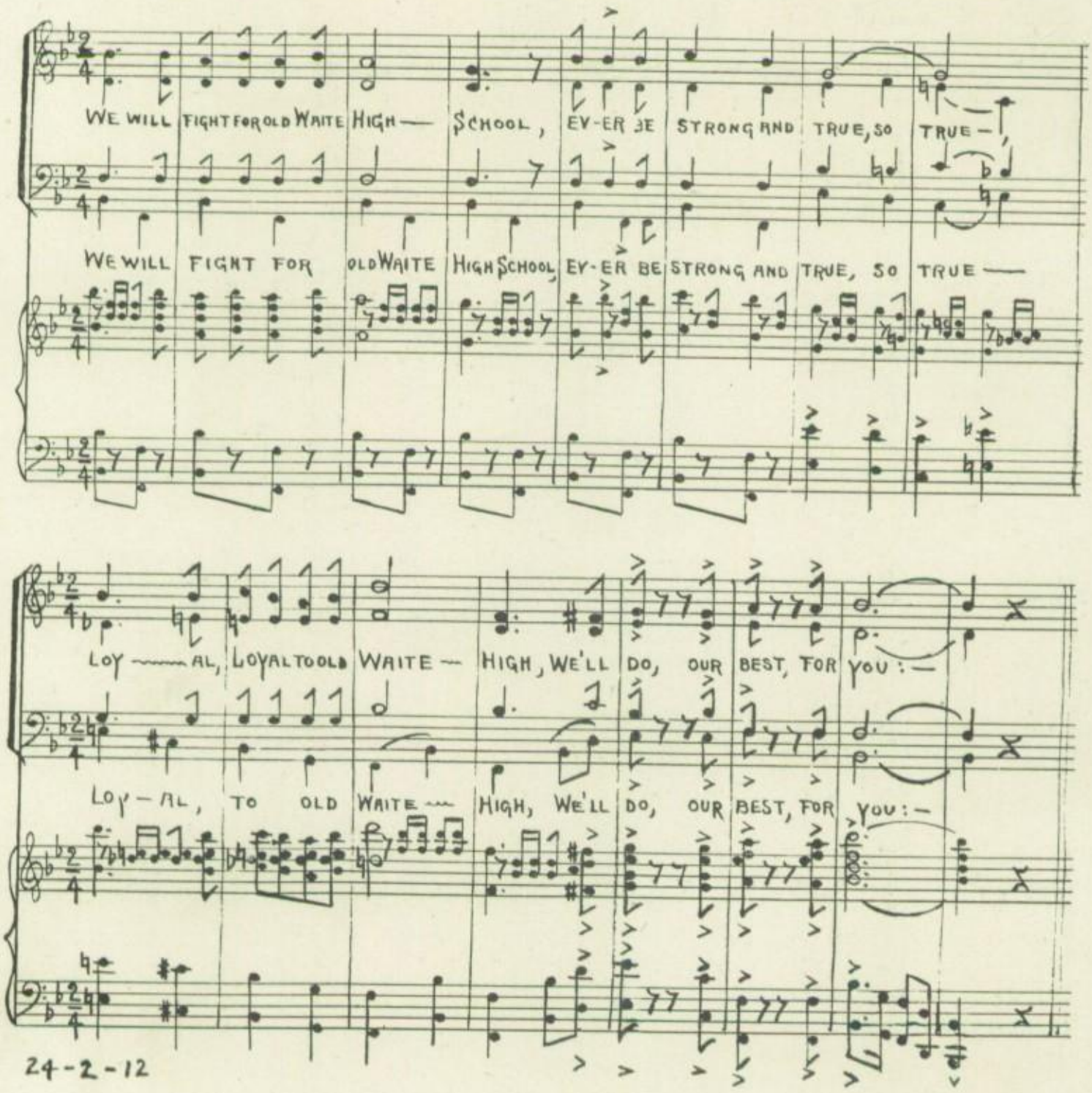
I. II.

24-2-7

Loyal, Loyal To Old Waite High



Loyal, Loyal To Old Waite High



THE PURPLE AND GOLD

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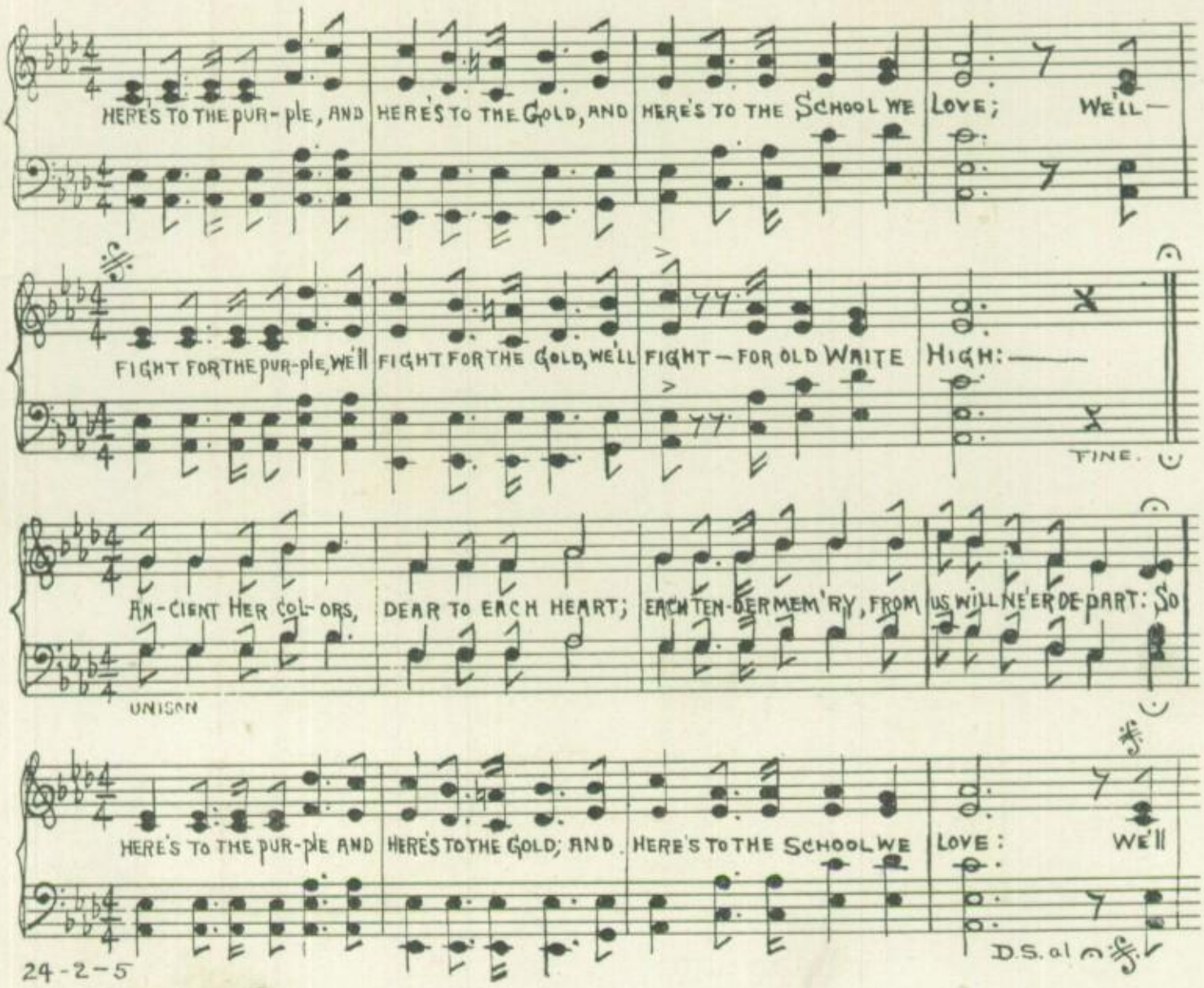
Arr. by G.Y. Stephen
Raymond Bossert.



24-2-5

Activities

Our Social Code

We are resolved:

That high school social affairs be given for the enjoyment and well-being of the school, and not for the entertainment of the public.

That all social affairs shall contribute to the welfare, good name, and proper spirit of the school.

That we shall be unconditionally responsible for the good conduct and success of our undertakings.

That we shall adopt a wise economic policy in the planning and execution of our social affairs.

That every event shall be properly chaperoned.

That afternoon parties shall be for the benefit of Waite students, and persons not members of the school shall not be admitted.

That adequate police protection shall be provided for the safe-guarding of our guests' automobiles.

That men unaccompanied by ladies shall not be admitted to evening parties.

That our social committees shall employ every precaution to protect themselves from criticism for extravagance and poor judgment.

That we shall strive to obtain the general participation of our members in every event which we sponsor, giving as many as possible the opportunity to uphold the high social standard of Waite High School.

Social

The Dearest Chum was right that day last fall when she predicted, "I just know we'll have a circus at school this year."

Surely enough, no sooner had school begun than social affairs were in full swing.

ZET—Q. D. PARTY

On Friday evening, October 7, the Zetaletheans had as their guests in the Fulton Street home of Mrs. R. L. Turner, the society advisors and the members of the Quill and Dagger. There were games, dancing and stunts until the clock raised its hands in protest.

One young man illustrated his method of preparing for a "date." Another gave his interpretation of "Last Night on the Back Porch," and yet another chose to demonstrate beauty clay. The Q. D. orchestra played for dancing.

VARSITY DANCE

During the fall, the football squad had been "strutting its stuff" in the Bowl, in true championship style, so that by Thanksgiving, the "Purple Hurricane" had made such an impression that we were glad to spend our last cent for the Varsity dance in the gymnasium. The room was attractively decorated for the occasion. Winning plays were depicted on white canvas—purple and gold warriors tirelessly kicked golden footballs around the balcony railing—and an immense purple football bearing the morning's score hid the "Riverview Nighthawks" from the happy dancers.

COMMERCIAL CLUB DANCE

Afternoon dances, too, are always welcomed by the followers of Terpsichore. On December 12, the Commercial Club gave the first of these, the "Squawker Squabble." The entire school was invited to attend.

SENIOR CHRISTMAS PARTY

The frolic was still a recent memory when, on December 19, the gymnasium once more re-echoed to the sounds of youthful jollity. Lovely Christmas trees, gleaming with colored lights, converted the gymnasium into Santa Claus land with Santa present in person. The jolly old fellow sang out our names, as we gathered joyously about the tree, and placed in eager hands the tiny packages containing our senior rings. How we admired them and chattered over them!

ALUMNI DANCE

The Alumni followed the Seniors with a holiday dancing party on December 22. Lighted trees and tall candles were used in decorating the gymnasium. May all alumni endeavors prove as successful as this one!

PERICLEAN BRIDGE TEA

During the holiday vacation the Pericleans gave a delightful bridge tea at the Toledo Woman's Club. The score cards, white, with the Periclean emblem engraved in gold, carried out the society colors. There were many attractive prizes well worth the winning, and dainty refreshments. Music was furnished by Milo Taylor and his orchestra.

HAMLET

Hamlet made his appearance to an enthusiastic audience in the auditorium on December 10. Mr. Eugene Miller, as the melancholy Dane gave a splendid performance. The play, sponsored by the senior class, is the only one of Shakespeare's works to be offered in the city this season. Those who had studied the drama in the classroom especially enjoyed the presentation.

FRIENDSHIP BANQUET

Flower petals in profusion hung from lights and walls in the Y. W. C. A. Cafeteria when the Friendship clubs of the city held their banquet on the evening of January 30. Waite's table decorations carried out the theme of the evening's program; "The Dream Ship Sails Tonight." A veritable "dream ship" from the Mohr Art Galleries formed the centerpiece. Tiny gold and white boats were the favors.

Boys from the Hi-Y clubs served very capably. Helen Snover spoke for Waite on "Banners Unfurled O'er All The World."

JUNIOR HOP

On romantic St. Valentine's evening, the Juniors gave their annual Hop in the Woman's Building. Valentine colors, red, gold, and white, were prettily combined in the decorations. Smilax festooned the balcony. Dancers in gay attire made a truly carnival scene. The "Mobile Melody Men's" orchestra furnished the music.

Q. D. DANCE

Two weeks after the Hop, the Quill and Dagger literary society gave the "Stilus Sicaque" dance. Each member wore the society flower. The society colors used throughout the room achieved a striking effect. A black and gold striped canopy, huge quills and daggers, giant Q. D. emblems and a new arrangement of lights, were among the clever ideas introduced into the decorations. The programs deserve special mention. The covers, of chinese matting, bore the Q. D. seal in black. The inner pages of black printed in gold, lent distinction, especially as the Q. D. song was to be found therein.

EURYDICE CLUB

On March 7, the senior class was fortunate enough to secure the services of the Eurydice Club, Mrs. Zella Sand director, for a concert in the auditorium. The club gave a well-chosen program including numbers from "Aida" and "La Boheme," together with such favorite melodies as "Tommy Lad" and "The End of a Perfect Day."

The audience showed a fine spirit of appreciation, and the number of encores must have been satisfying to the performers. Toledo is fortunate to have such talent available as that which the Eurydice Club can provide.

PERICLEAN DANCE

Two weeks after the Q. D. dance, the Pericleans entertained with the "Shillelagh Shamble." Even the green and gold tickets in the shape of a hat carried out the spirit of the occasion. Irish lanterns hung about the gymnasium and decorated the enclosure which surrounded the "Riverview Nighthawks," who furnished the music for the dancers. Green and gold harps standing at the entrance to the chaperones' room tempted many a youthful musician to try his art. Green and white drapes were at the windows, while shamrocks, pipes and hats did a merry jig around the balcony. During the evening, little Miss Lillian Newton gave a solo dance. When the party drew to a close, everyone agreed that the Peri's had lived up to their usual high standard, in the management of their annual dance.

WOOSTER GLEE CLUB

Many a senior longed to be a junior again on April 4. That evening the Junior Class brought the Wooster Glee Club to the auditorium. After the concert there was dancing in the gym to music furnished by the Wooster orchestra. The students enjoyed the privilege of meeting members of the club, and offering them true Waite hospitality.

HI-Y FRIENDSHIP PARTY

The Hi-Y and the Friendship clubs gave a "Backward" party on April 17. The guests came laughing to the Y. W. C. A. with their clothing on backward, the games were played backward, refreshments were served backward, people walked and talked backward. In short, backward people felt perfectly at home. Certainly everyone had a jolly time of it.

FORUM DANCE

The Forum "Bluebird Frolic," April 18, was the next event on the social program. A huge blue and white canopy was suspended over the dancers, blue lights peered through at intervals and tiny songsters in wicker cages strove vainly to drown the music of Kalt's orchestra. Bluebird whistles were given as favors to the guests, and dainty programs made pleasing souvenirs of the occasion.

ZET DANCE

The last of the "Four Lit" dances was the "Peter Pan Patter" given by the Zetaletheans, April 25. A lovely effect was achieved by using flowers and petals in pastel shades. There was a great canopy coming to the lower edge of the balcony, and a smaller one over Taylor's orchestra. Myriads of flowers were scattered everywhere. A fountain was provided for the chaperones' room, and, best of all, dainty grey-and-green-tied candy corsages were presented to every girl. The dance was lovely, and in every way a tribute to the good taste of the Zets. More power to 'em!

-MUELLER-

SENIOR PROM

The final dance of the year was the Senior Prom at the Woman's Building, when the good ship "Mayflower" set sail with all hands aboard. The chaperones watched the festivities from a miniature lighthouse. Life-savers were given as favors. During the evening the captain and his mates came ashore and mingled with the dancers.

"Landlubber" mayflowers were strewn about the hall and were used in the daisy chain bracelets presented to the girls. The splendid attendance, good music, and a spirit of happiness made the occasion one long to be remembered.

SENIOR BANQUET

An event of May 16 was the senior banquet at Lasalle and Koch's. The banquet is always a joyful affair, for on that night the "Purple and Gold" makes its appearance. The class history, poem, and prophecy are read, and the president of the class makes his farewell address. This year's banquet was quite as lovely as those of previous years, and, when the evening had come to an end, and the quests were leaving, each senior realized that this was the beginning of the end.

CLASS DAY

No more will occupants of river-front rooms at Waite, gaze wistfully after the retreating shape of the "Greyhound," as it steams down the river, bearing the seniors to Sugar Island for their annual class day. This year the picnickers sought a new playground for their outing. The famous "Greyhound" plies no more between the island and Toledo. However, on that long-awaited day, the graduating class proved conclusively that there are many ways of spending a delightful day out of doors, and that most of the ways are known to seniors.

GRADUATION

June 11, graduation day, the day toward which everything in the past four years had pointed. There was joy tinged with sorrow in the hearts of those who, as members of the graduating class, took part in the program and listened to the inspiring speaker. Speaking of life's great moments, this was one of them.

CONCLUSION

During the spring there were other delightful affairs such as the freshman "mixer", when presidents of the various school organizations explained the objects and aims of the school clubs; the various annual banquets of the literary societies; the Altobee Art Club's dance; the Mothers' and Sons', and Mothers' and Daughters' banquets; and other social functions.

Yes, the Dearest Chum was right when she said: "I just know we'll have a circus at school this year!"

—*Margery Best.*

Scenes About Waite

4 Peries

When Winter Comes

Flo — Mae

Spot

The Peanut Wagon

John White

See the Birdies

Touching It Up~

Joe & Helen

We'uns

Ruff Necks

ON THE BRIDGE

TOM

DWIGHT

SNOW BIRDS

— MARG —

ALL ALONE

BLACK & WHITE

?

IRISH

Trump
FRANCIS
CHUCK
TWO M's
DON
ARCHIE
LAWRENCE
MASTERS
3 IN 1
JOE SCHULLER
DORIS & MARRY
DOT.
MERLE
BRIGGS
PAYETTE

CART WHEEL

Down On The Farm

Hobos

The Reaper

Day Dreams

Encore

Sleepy Head

The Fifth

Two Jerseys

One Man Car

Country Gentleman

Kleen Maids

Love Sick

The Zoo

1+1= 1 - ?

"I Do"

Hands Up!

Cole on the Pole

The Nest

Whoa!

2-Nuts

Behind the Bars

J-Birds

-HI-LIGHTS

Mr LUTZ

Miss Wright

MISS HIRTH

C.E.C. & BEAR

MISS HALL

MRS. ALLEN & HIJINX

MISS GIBSON

Beach Nuts

P's and Q's

Tin Soldier

Peter-Pan

Those Eyes!

Those Smiles

Feat

Mistress Mary

Feet

So Big

A Guard & Half

Hearts, Hands, Feet

How Far?

"Benny"

"7."

3 "SUNBEAMS"

"Pat Kehn"

"Leslie Leybourn"

"Sitting Pretty"

"Bo!"

"Betty"

"7 Hour"

"Larry"

Dippy Doodads

The Crew

HELEN-S

WAITING IN LINE ~

HELEN-B

SLEEPING BEAUTIES

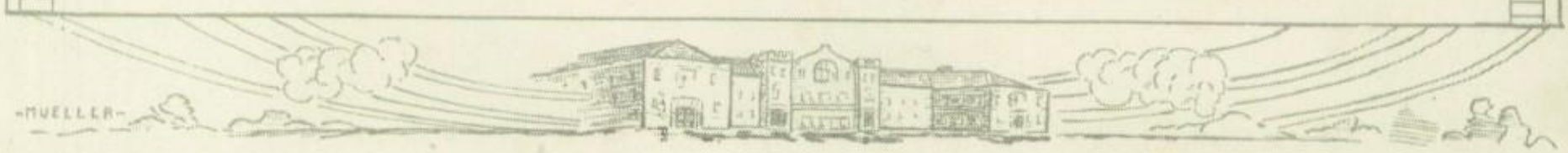
—o—

THE BUNCH

Calendar

Sept. 8. We're back! The 4'ums flaunt badges labeled "Information."
9. The class of '28 an eager, bustling mob.
10. Mr. Pollock, "Can anyone conveniently change from the first to the fourth hour?"
11. The annual jam—the book line!
15. Still dumb, but happy.
18. Signs of the season: Posters and season tickets appear.
19. Girls gossip while Mrs. Woodford talks to the boys.
20. Giggle, giggle. The Peri's attend the matinee.
22. Glen Cole appears dazzling and resplendent in a gorgeous plaid jacket.
24. A new star appears on the gridiron! "Oh so tall and thrilling!" breathes Helen Brown.
25. Zets watch "The Covered Wagon."
26. Candidates for cheer leaders perform acrobatics in the auditorium.
27. The Hurricane begins to rage.
29. Did you subscribe?

Oct. 1. Members of the faculty drink tea in the library.
2. Lynn of the cheerful grin will pilot the senior class.
4. Detroit Northern is vanquished.
5. Angels and ministers of grace defend us. Unsats appear.
9. Oh girls! Pictures of the team are out!
11. The "hurricane" blows Woodward home.
13. The Altobees a-sketching go.
15. 'Ray for Franklin Whitney and the Juniors!
16. We meet our advisers, and they advise.
17. The stationer is on the job. Enter bright new pennants and clever canes.
18. Carey crosses our pet goal.
20. The Alchemists initiate — oo- o - oh!
21. Lady Retina makes her bow.
23. Zets blossom forth in new sweaters. Very original, Zets!
24. Witches and goblins frolic with the Friendship girls.
25. The wildcats are tamed to gentle kittens.



CALENDAR—Continued

27. Alumni organize. One good step to the front.
28. We are done in bronze—25c for a Waite badge.
31. They take our measure for rings, and Steele outmeasures Johnny.

Nov. 1. "I want to be in Tennessee," sang the Memphis eleven, after Waite had romped around the Bowl.
3. Seniors cock a sophiscated eye at the camera, and refuse to believe in the birdie.
4. Georgeous Waite stationery fills us with longing.
6. At last those clever Forum belts arrive.
8. Bloomington's passes almost cause us to pass out.
10. "Doc" Heinen is editor of Retina.
11. Armistice day, but we got "shot" by the camera man anyway.
12. Oh, see the pretty snow!
13. We defeat Peru and meet the "Lass of Limerick Town."
14. We forget!
15. But we get another chance to bring our money.
17. At last we possess the precious pasteboards.
18. Don't you admire those Peri jackets?
20. Q. D's. lose their lemons and the game goes to the Forum, 14—0.
21. Zets adore the dark eyes of Dick Barthelmess, and munch lollypops.
23. Lorenz Schenck begins using his cane as a weapon.
25. Alchemists nearly freeze on their roast?
26. No lessons, no sympathy, no nothing.
27. Victory, turkey, and the varsity dance.

Dec. 2. Friendship hangers, triple-coated in pink, blue, or white—for only a dime.
3. Dot Brigg's Egyptian dance, a feature of the Zet—Q.D. spread.
4. Senior chorus: Goodbye three dollars!
5. We learn of "Aida" under the encouraging guidance of Mr. Mathias.
6. The Eastern Stars fade out in the Bowl.
8. We hoard our pennies like misers. Subscriptions for the "Purple and Gold" are taken.
10. Helen Snover heads annual staff.
12. Squawk! The Commercial Club dances.

CALENDAR—Continued

14. Bevans' pets entrain for Oregon.
17. A world of glistening ice to slip on.
18. We refuse to play snowball with Portland.
19. Santa, in the person of Johnny White, gives seniors their rings.
21. The Athletic league does antics in the gym.
22. The Alumni dance in the gymnasium.
30. The Pericleans play bridge and gossip.

Jan. 1. Recess and resolutions.
5. We return to greet those golden Hi-Y sweaters.
7. Sophomores allow their goloshes to flop open.
10. Seniors present Hamlet—and Laertes.
22. The annual board begs for snaps.
24. Doris Snover isn't going to freeze again, while she looks at the eclipse—not for 100 years.
26. Ha! Cramming was not in vain!
30. Friendship girls banquet and Hi-Y boys serve.

Eclipse of sun, Jan. 24, 1925.

Feb. 2. Tardy? Sign and report.
5. The boys are busy filling out blue questionnaires.
7. Helen Tanner has plenty of company while she pastes snaps.
9. We will graduate without posies.
10. Mr. Nauts entertains the Annual Board at a silhouette party.
12. Even the heavens wept today.
13. Akron wins the "hoodoo" game.
14. The Juniors step out and hop.
17. Want to be a success? Mr. Cartrick tells us how.
19. Pop corn for sale after school! Yum! Yum!
20. Woodward adds another sorrow to our list.
21. The track team shows its heels to the enemy.
23. Washington, first in war, first in peace, first in our hearts. We get the day off.
24. Beautiful discord! We attempt to sing in the auditorium.
26. Stilus Sicaque? Wot's it mean?

-MUELLER-

CALENDAR—Continued

25. Muellick leads his gang to victory over Scott.
27. At least Bill Bannister looks as if he were working for the dance.
28. We dance under the Q. D. banner.

Mar. 2. Boys kidnapped! Three "Henry Esmonds" are taken from the library.
3. Mr. Mathias advises the seniors to use their motto.
4. We hear Coolidge's inaugural address.
6. The basketball tournament at Scott.
7. Woodward beats us, and wins the city championship. Eurydice Club sings for the seniors and their friends.
10. Mary Perry has her hair chopped again. Why weaken, Mary?
11. Who's going to Findlay to the tournament?
12. "Set your standard high," is Mr. Pollock's advice to the Friendship girls.
13. Whitney digs up a horseshoe.
14. Coon sits on it. We fling, finale and jig at the "Shillelagh Shamble."
16. Perhaps Mr. Collins's hairpin brought the victory.
17. Who decorated Miss Roache's room?
18. Ha! We get a chance to use our Christmas umbrellas.
19. The boys drink in Coach Stagg's words. Wish I were a boy!
20. Hi-Y journeys to Waterville for initiation.
21. The track team races at Ann Arbor. Wasn't "Pinafore" just gorgeous?
23. The Peri's lunch at Maumee River Yacht Club.
25. Oh hum! Only three days of spring vacation left!
30. Girls prep for gymnasium exhibition.
31. Miss Kimble receives fearful and wonderful information from the quiz.

April 1. How many times were you fooled?
2. Helen Snover gets a rest. Annual material is in at last!
3. Athletic girls display much skill.
4. Weren't the Wooster boys good looking? And can't they sing!
6. We think this is Mr. Nauts's birthday, but we can't be sure.
7. It was.
8. Vivienne Brentlinger admits that these spring showers are hard on her curls.

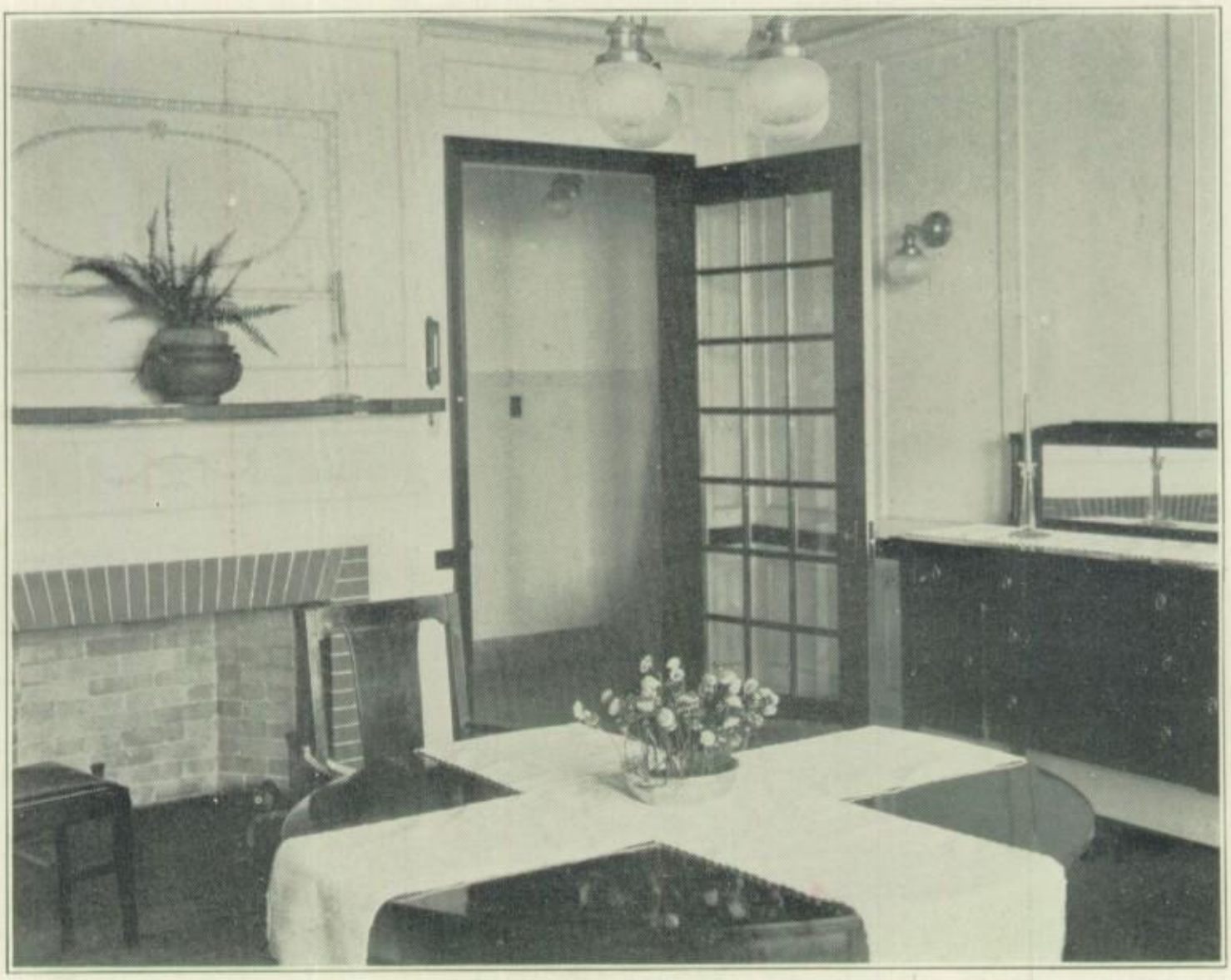
CALENDAR—Continued

10. Wish I were a bluebird.
11. Mrs. Werner offers bargains in crepes.
13. Easter eggs appear in lunches.
17. Oh joy! The Hi-Y Friendship party!
18. The Forum finds the Bluebird of Happiness.
20. Chester Idczak gazes longingly out the window. Spring fever.
22. Seniors begin to look sad.
24. Band! Rah!
25. The Zets stimulate the terpsichorean feet.
28. Mrs. Allen plans revenge! "Doc" Heinen "slammed" her Knight.
30. Only 32 school days left.

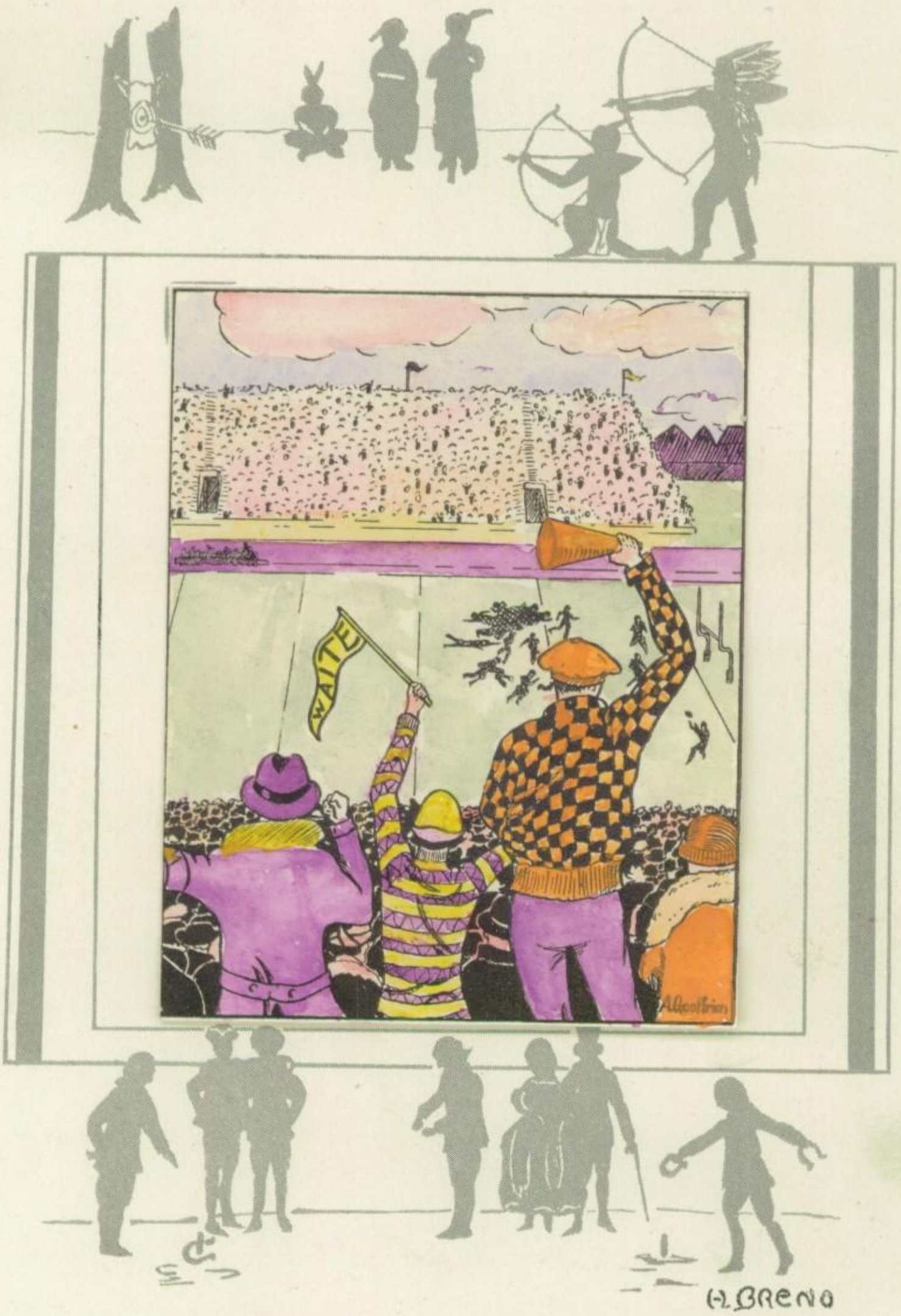
May 1. And winking merry buds begin to ope their pretty eyes.
2. Friendship girls and mothers banquet.
5. Edith Strahley heeds the call of the movies.
9. The senior promenade.
11. We dig out our summer duds.
16. Senior Banquet. Jimmie disposes of our future.
17. The other classes envy us.
21. Sign my annual, please?
25. We get paired off for the final parade.
29. Looks as if we really would graduate.

June 1. That racket! We practice again.
3. Exams. And we dare not flunk!
6. The general windup.
7. We listen respectfully to the Baccalaureate Sermon.
9. We acquire new clothes for our "stepping out."
11. We reach the goal.
12. Farewell, old Waite, as alumni we will be true to you.

—*Julia T. Palmer.*



The Model Flat



Athletics

Our Athletic Code of Ethics

As an Athlete I am determined:

To play the game to the limit of my capacities, giving to each detail the greatest care and attention.

To strive to carry more than my own burden, to do a little more than my share, not seeking help from others.

To correct my faults, ever eager to learn and improve, never seeking to cover up or conceal mistakes made.

To carry the fight to the opponents with the spirit of the "Old Guard that dies but never surrenders."

To be unselfish in endeavor, caring more for the satisfaction which comes from doing a thing well than for praise.

To glory in fighting against odds like the Lacedaemonians who never asked of the enemy "how many are there but where are they."

To hate an alibi, knowing that the man who makes excuses admits his weakness and has a dwarfed soul.

To rise above obstacles, to fight harder when the game is going the other way than when winning.

To fight with an unconquerable spirit, realizing with every act that the "deed is the measure of the man."

To play according to the letter and the spirit of the rules, scorning an unfair advantage over an opponent.

To be undismayed by defeat but with a will hardened by adversity seek to learn the cause of the failure.

To be unspoiled by victories, realizing that brave men are softened by success rather than by defeat.

To give the best that's in me to the end that I may be a better student, a better citizen, a better man.

Morrison R. Waite High School

Letter Men

BASEBALL—1924

Leonard Reilly
Charles Limerick
James McGuire
Edward King
Norman Aubry
George Muellich
Donald Dunn
John Dunn
Pete Penkoff
Louis Booth
Glen Martin
Robert Tiernan

TRACK—1924

John Dunn
Arthur Geoffrion
Clayton Matt
William Lindner
Franklin Whitney
George Duffy
Albert Stith

FOOTBALL—1924

Kenneth Arnold
Gerald Steinecker
Edward Sloan
Dewitt Fought
Pete Penkoff
George Muellich
Eugene Farrell
Kenneth Neubrecht
Harry Steele
Donald McClure
Albert Buechsenschuss
Lawrence Coon
Ben Pencheff
Dale Kalmback
Mark Pecord
Elmer Annis

BASKETBALL—1925

George Muellich
Pete Penkoff
Gilbert Bartko
Robert Radbone
Lawrence Coon
Franklin Whitney
Ben Pencheff
Donald Talbot
Kenneth Neubrecht
Parks Emmert

MR. KLAG

Waite High School, national football champion! An imposing title, indeed, and one which many people have aided in bringing about—chief among them the "Purple Hurricane" itself. But while praises for our wonder team are on everyone's lips, we know very well that Fred Flag, by consistently choosing Waite's opponents from the best in the country, has built up the standard of athletics in the school.

The title itself would not be so thoroughly deserved were it not for the number of fine teams, including the strongest from eight states, which were included in this year's schedule.

The "workingest" man in the school, Fred Flag still finds time to instruct students in the wonders of physics. There is really no need to introduce him; even the freshmen know him and his infectious humor after the first mass meeting.

JIMMIE CARR

"Where's my headgear?"

"Did you get the cleats fastened on my shoes?"

"Hey! this ball is too soft!"

"Let me have a good jersey."

These are just a few of the problems a student manager must solve, and Jimmie Carr has pretty successfully solved them. He has been ready to take command of adverse situations, and satisfy a bunch of tired football players, which are not the easiest things in the world to do. Helping wherever he can, attending to the thousand-and-one miscellaneous things that are called for in the course of his work, he has won the respect of the entire squad and of the coaches. The school, as a whole, may not realize the responsibilities connected with the work of the student manager, but those who do, will remember the way Jim used to tackle difficulties, and his cheery smile that was able to radiate sunshine into the gloomiest situation.

PAUL ST. JOHN

Any machine, to work efficiently, requires much care and adjusting. No one can deny that our purple-clad steam roller ran smoothly last season, for which fact a share of the glory should be given to Paul St. John, assistant student manager. His forte is doing any job no one else will do, and picking up loose ends generally. After his two years' apprenticeship, he will be chief student manager in 1925-1926.

THE CHEER LEADERS

As important as signal towers to a railroad are cheerleaders to a rooting section, both in "directing locomotives" and in contorting themselves in imitation of semaphores.

Our cheerleaders this year proved apt in coaxing yells from the students. Art Force won the cheerleader's letter as a reward for his gymnastic generalship. Eddie Wellsby, the smallest boy in the Senior class, and "Red" Burson, who will direct the Waite "Vox Humana" next year, aided Art in his work.

John Ehrle, Head Coach

Baseball

The 1924 baseball team, while not as successful as the aggregation of '23, fought its way into third place in the High School League with a percentage of .600. John Ehrle, assisted by Joe Collins coached the squad, and though only two letter men were available, they whipped the remaining green material into a team which gave the League leaders a battle throughout the season.

After practice games with Maumee High School and the Toledo Police, the schedule proper was opened in imposing style with two decisive victories, Scott and Woodward being defeated by scores of 21-12 and 23-3 respectively. Then Central crossed the river and overwhelmed the Purple and Gold, 16-4.

The next week was an eventful one. On Tuesday, St. Johns, the tail-enders of the league, upset the dope by beating Waite 11-6. On Wednesday and Thursday the team was compelled to play Central and Libbey, who were then tied for first place in the league. Fighting with their backs to the wall, our battered warriors took both games, the first by a 4-2 score and the second by a 7-6 margin.

After this spurt, came two more defeats, Libbey and Woodward putting over 12-1 and 14-10 wins, the latter game being broken up by rain when barely five innings had been played.

With a final rally, Waite completed the season with 15-3 and 1-0 triumphs over Scott and St. Johns. In the last game "Lefty" McGuire, the Purple and Gold's premier hurler, shut the Saints out without a hit or a run. Besides this achievement, McGuire's pitching was outstanding all season. He was credited with only one defeat in six starts. Limerick, toiling in the outfield and behind the bat, also did effective work on the mound, usually as relief twirler. In his one full game, he pitched his team to a 4-2 win over the pennant-winning Central team, allowing only 2 hits. Tiernan worked in several games, but seemed to be unable to hit his stride, being chalked up with two losses during the season. Balyeat, the fourth pitcher, was defeated by Woodward in the one game in which he pitched.

Of the hitters, John Dunn's work was most noteworthy. He led the team in home runs, lacing out 3, in total bases, with an aggregate of 31, and drove in the most runs, 14. Incidentally he struck out the least of any regular, agitating the air only once. Booth whiffed the oftenest, being credited with a K on 14 occasions. He also led in three-baggers, cracking out 4, and in runs scored with 17. Aubry, who was taken ill after the season was half over, led the team in

batting, having a percentage of .444, and in two-baggers, smashing out 5. Pete Penkoff stole the most bases, 13, and also was the best waiter, with 7 free tickets to first to his credit. Don Dunn led in legal times at bat, 44, and was tied with his big cousin John in number of hits, with 15.

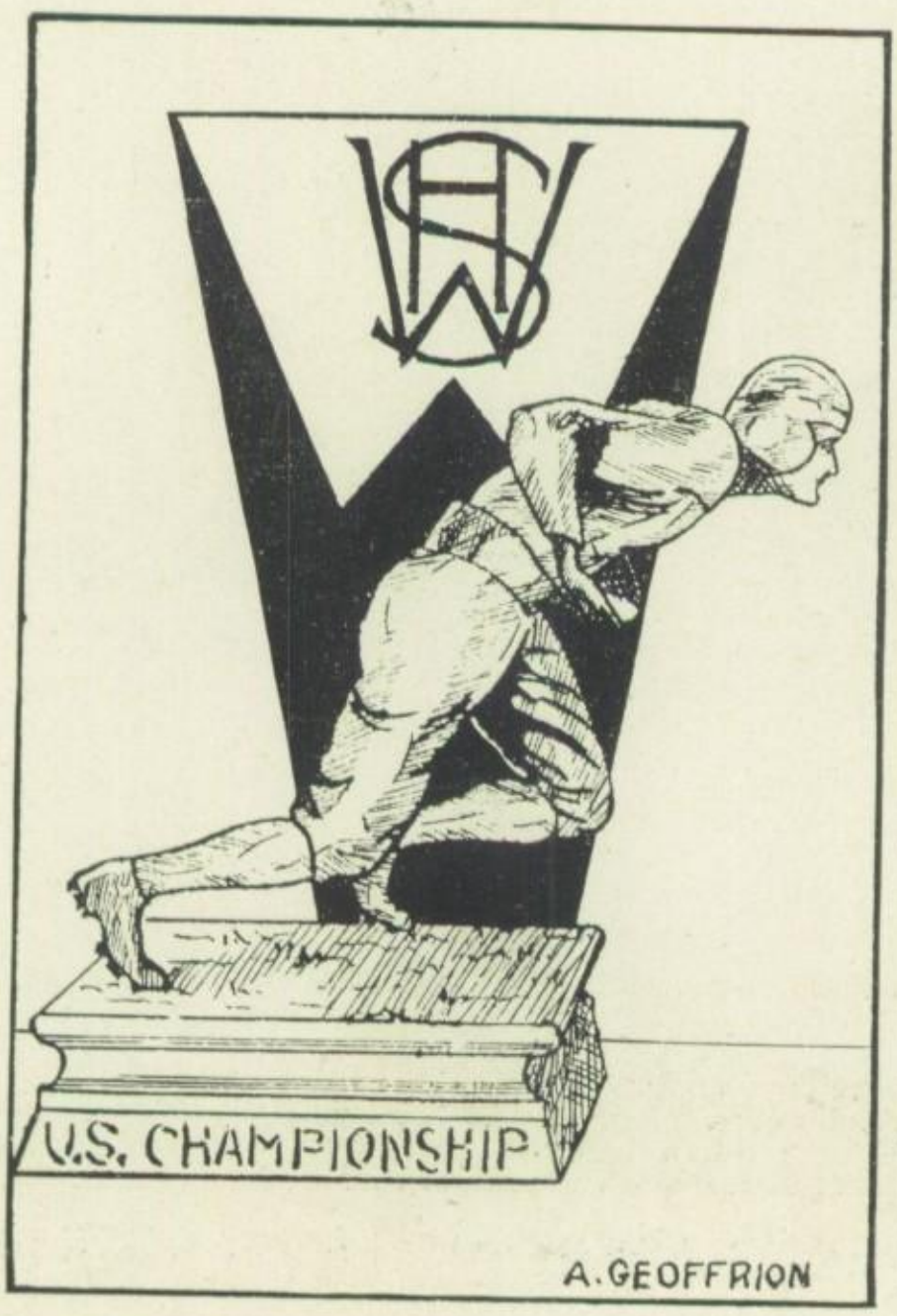
One thing which helped the team was its remarkable speed on the paths, a total of 81 bases being stolen during the ten games.

Record of the Season

Opponents	Score	Waite
Scott	12	21
Woodward	3	23
Central	16	4
St. Johns	11	6
Libbey	6	7
Central	2	4
Libbey	12	1
Woodward	14	10
Scott	3	15
St. Johns	0	1

Batting Order and Summary

Name-Pos.	A. B.	R.	H.	Per.
Booth, lf	39	17	10	.273
Penkoff, 3b	39	10	10	.273
D. Dunn, ss	44	10	15	.340
J. Dunn, cf	42	13	15	.357
Limerick, c. p. rf	37	8	9	.237
King, 1b	33	6	3	.090
Burwell, 1b	4	0	0	.000
Aubry, 2b	18	7	8	.444
Muellich, 2b	16	2	5	.313
Reilly, c	25	6	10	.400
Martin, rf	22	5	5	.225
McGuire, p	19	5	6	.316
Tiernan, p	4	3	0	.000
Balyeat, p	1	0	0	.000
Allen, rf	1	0	0	.000
Total	347	92	96	.277



Football

J. C. Collins, Head Coach Waite High

"You can tell a coach by the team he puts out."

If that be true, Mr. Collins needs no introduction. Remembering his ability to lead the freshman squad last year, we are not surprised at his results as head coach of football and track this year.

Joe stands for all that is fair and clean in sports, and is a fighter at all times. He doesn't have to advertise himself. Results speak for him. His ready smile and winning personality, which gained him the confidence and cooperation of the varsity, have brought him the approval of the students and the public as well.

Mr. Collins's strong determination to make the best of anything he attempts, has put our football team in a position to vie with the best clubs in the country.

Larry Bevan, Advisory Coach

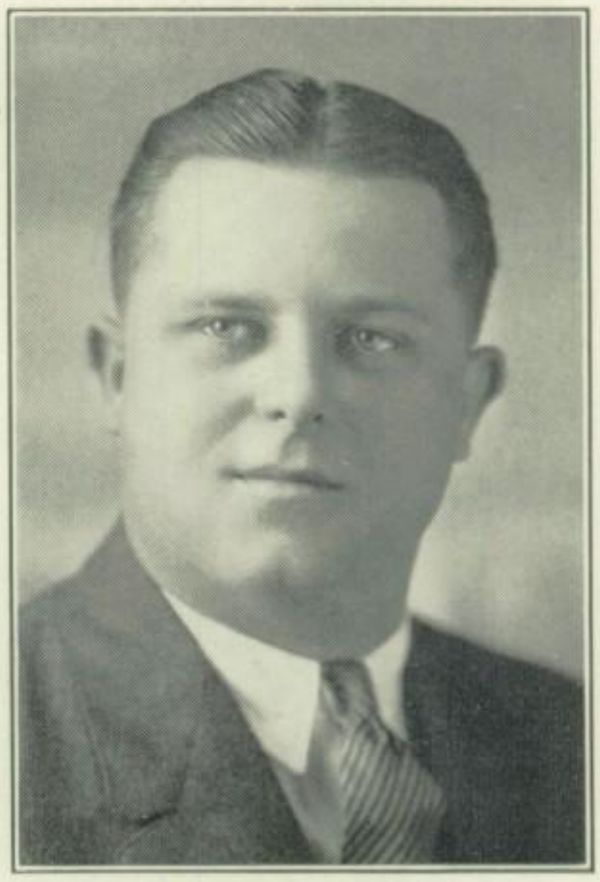
LARRY BEVAN

It will be difficult for sport followers next year to think of football at Waite without associating with it the name of Larry Bevan. During his four years as mentor here, the name of Waite High has been emblazoned in the annals of football.

Since Larry took over the coaching of the Purple and Gold team, it has suffered only four setbacks, two from Scott, both by a one-point margin, and one each from Steele, of Dayton, and Cedar Rapids, Ia. The apex of Larry's career was reached this year, when he piloted the "Purple Hurricane" through the season, undefeated.

Last fall Bevan announced that he was "leaving football for good," and, at the close of the season, he resigned. He labored unsparingly in the cause of football at Waite. Here's to Larry —the man who made the "Purple Hurricane" hurry!

Mr. Harold Fletcher, Line Coach



Mr. Noble Jones, Ass't Coach

MR. HAROLD FLETCHER

In every one of Waite's games last fall, the work of the line was outstanding. Evenly-balanced, powerful, well-coached, it smothered the running attack of every team it encountered.

The man who was responsible for this epoch-making forward wall is little known to the rank and file of Waite High School—Harold Fletcher. He knows football from the ground up. His work as tackle with the University of Chicago won him a place on the mythical All-American eleven. Although he was with us part of last year, the past season was the first in which he worked with the squad from the beginning. No need to comment on his success. Results speak for themselves.

MR. NOBLE JONES

Every football game is played many times before the actual combat. A team's final showing is preceded by innumerable hours of labor, much of it by persons who are seldom thought of in connection with the team.

Among these "unseen forces" of the Waite gridiron are the third team and their coach, Noble Jones. He trains his squad to give the varsity the best possible opposition, and, incidentally, he is on the lookout for varsity material in his own club. Here's our appreciation for the "men behind the scenes," one of whom is Noble Jones.

Mr. Herbert Colvin, Ass't Coach

Mr. Carl Sterling, Ass't Coach

MR. COLVIN

Our coaching staff was rounded out late in the season by the addition of Herbert Colvin, a famous Waite gridder of former years, and alternate-captain of the squad in 1920. Mr. Colvin did his bit for the school by helping Mr. Sterling with the freshman team.

MR. CARL STERLING

In 1927, when the loyal grads return to Waite to see the "Purple Hurricane" perform, an entirely new group of players will compose the varsity. The "old boys" will wonder where these fellows came from, and who was responsible for their elementary training in football.

The answer is Mr. Sterling, the freshman coach. Working quietly, and for the most part unappreciated, in his official capacity, by the mass of students, he labors with green material in order that Waite's high standard in athletics may be maintained.

Although this is Mr. Sterling's initial year as mentor of the Frosh, his diligence and perseverance have been a matter of much comment, and have earned for him the praise of those who know the kind of work he is doing.

Waite vs. Woodward. Penkoff going through line.

The Football Season

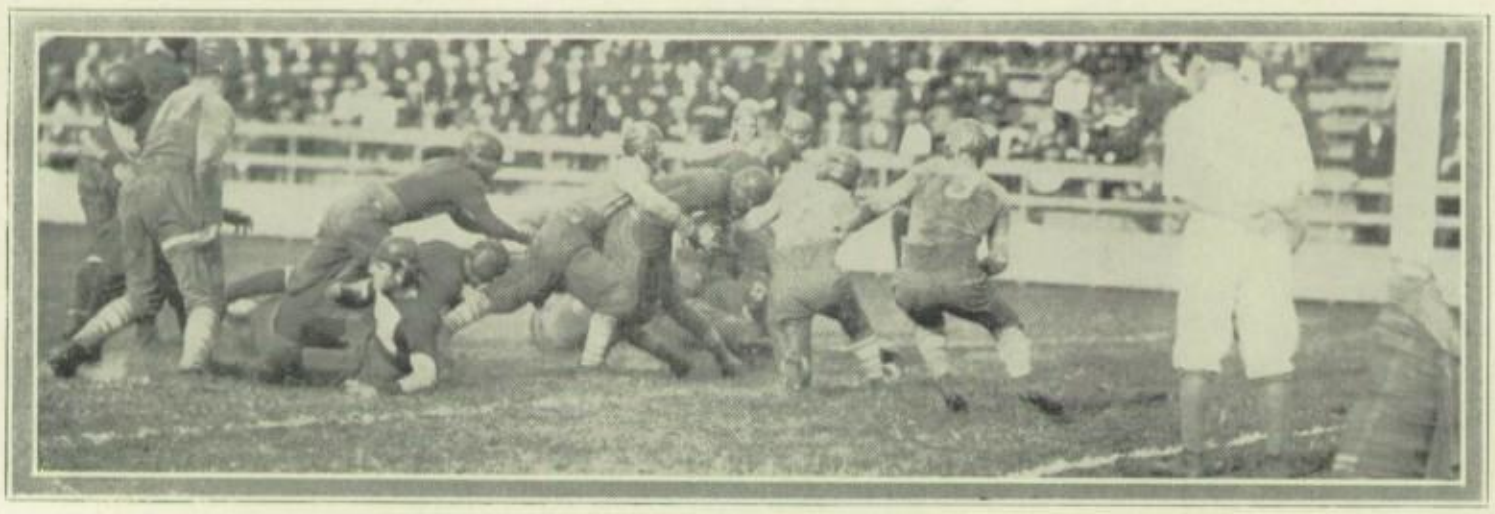
When September rolled around bringing with it fall atmosphere and football fever, no topic was more discussed than the personnel of the football team. There was no doubt in anyone's mind that it would be of the same high calibre as in recent years, but who might compose it was uncertain.

Captain-elect Jarvie, "Butch" Domhoff, Cole, and Dunn were ineligible on account of the eight semester rule. Tiernan and Kinker had left to attend school in Montana. Siewert, Limerick, Reilly, Wickenden and Trumbull had graduated. The only regular left was dependable "Ping" Arnold, who was elected captain of this year's club.

Arnold
Captain

Penkoff
Quarterback

Neubrecht
Halfback



Waite vs. Carey. Line plunge by McClure

Of last year's letter men Buechenschuss, Sloan, Fought, Stienecker, Pencoff, and Neubrecht remained. With these and McClure, Farrell, Pencheff, Coon and Annis of the Reserves, Duffy and Steele, the first string squad was formed.

The season opened with Morenci, Michigan as the initial opponent. The Wolverines had established an enviable record last year in their district, and it was thought the game would be of proper calibre for the starter. However, the visitors were hopelessly outclassed. The entire Waite team showed the effects of early coaching, repulsing everything the visitors had to offer. In the backfield Pencheff, Penkoff and Farrell gained consistently with speedy dashes and long runs. Fullback McClure gave promise of being one of the best plungers in the city by tearing

McClure
Fullback

Pencheff
Halfback

Farrell
Halfback

Waite vs. Lake Charles, La. Fought receives pass.

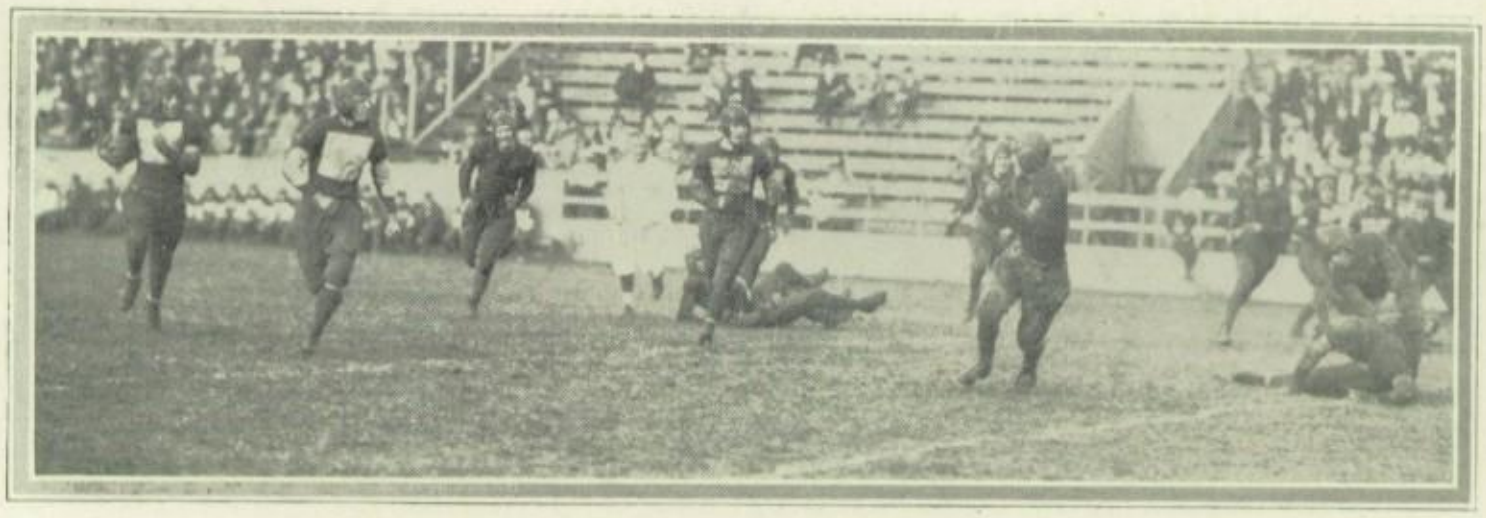
holes in the forward wall of the Michiganites. Halbourg played exceptionally well for the visitors. With the first victory of the season chalked up, 90-0, the Waiters appeared to be logical contenders for championship honors.

The second game was again with a Wolverine club, Detroit Northern, which proved to be our second victim. The Eskimos were touted for the Detroit City Championship, and came here with an untarnished record. But the Waite team consumed the bacon, and the Northerners lost, 32 to 0. They were a bulky crew, just the type to furnish a real battle. Unlike most teams that play in the Bowl, the Detroiters finished strongly, holding the Collins boys scoreless in the last quarter.

Pecord
Back

Kalmbach
End

Buechenschuss
Tackle



Waite vs. Bloomington. Pencheff around end.

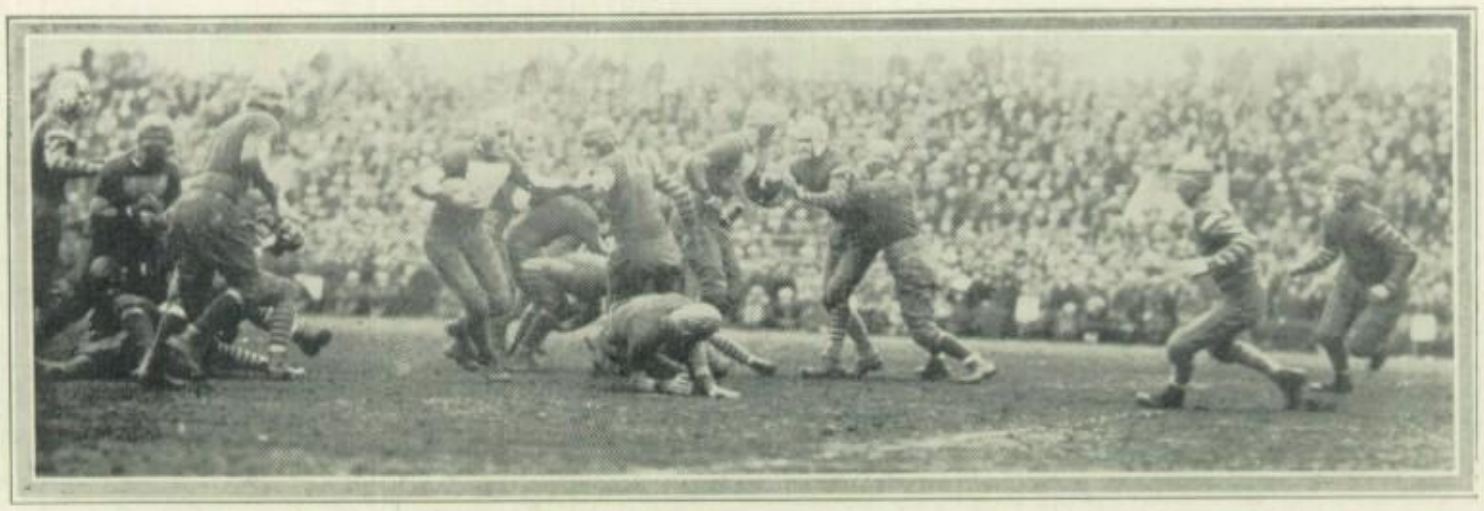
Captain Arnold, played a great game for the Purple and Gold. He participated in almost every play, making fine tackles, and throwing the opponents for losses. Penkoff provided the thrill of the afternoon, when he intercepted a pass and ran 90 yards for a touchdown. And so the second game of the season became a matter of history, with Waite on the long end of the score.

Elated by their showing against Scott, Woodward Tech. crossed the Maumee, and attempted to hold Waite to a low score, but a 59-0 drubbing tells the tale. The little brown team could do nothing with the big Waite boys, and but for the brilliant work of Walls and Zaner, the score would have mounted still higher.

Steele
Guard

Duffy
Center

Annis
Center



Waite vs. Scott. Neubrecht starts for a touchdown.

The Carpenters could neither pierce Waite's line nor skirt the ends, and their defence against the terrific plunges of McClure, and the speedy dashes of Penkoff and Pencheff, was insufficient. Offensively Woodward was unable to make a first down.

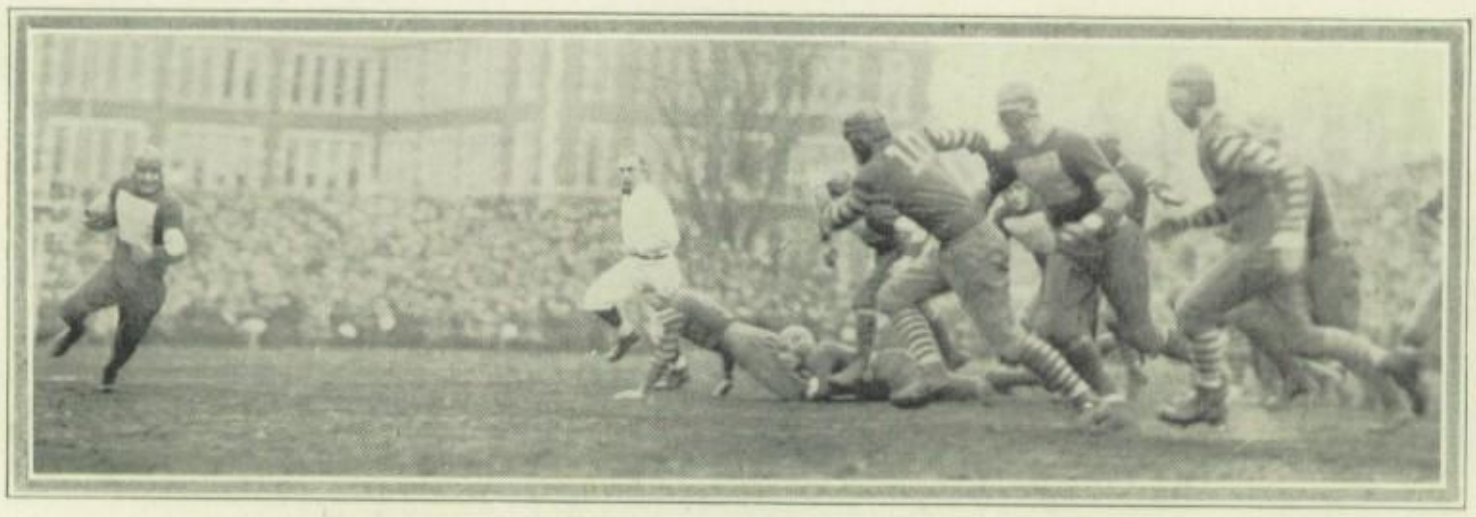
During the progress of the game, Pencheff pulled some basketball stuff in making a remarkable catch of a pass.

Flooie, went Waite's record of an uncrossed goal line! With two minutes to play, and Waite leading 49-0, Tong, Carey fullback, carried the kickoff 90 yards for a well-earned touchdown. This ended a very interesting game, not nearly as onesided as the score would indicate. The Carey four-star backfield kept the Waite team on its toes throughout, though the visitors' line was far inferior to Waite's. Neubrecht's place-kicking of seven straight goals after touchdowns was one of the features of the game.

Stinecker
Tackle

Sloan
Tackle

Meullich
End



Waite vs. Scott. Penkoff breaks through line.

From the sunny south came the "Wildcats" of Lake Charles, Louisiana. Remembering their defeat last year, they were prepared to give their best to calm the "Purple Hurricane." Although heavily handicapped in weight, the "Wildcats" played so fiercely that they held Waite to a 20-6 score; and after a bad first quarter, played on even terms with Bevan's pets. Khoury, a tackle, was the star for the visitors, scoring their only touchdown by blocking a punt and falling on the ball behind the goal line. Coon scored a touchdown in the same way, running 40 yards with the ball after blocking a kick. Duffy played his usual high class game.

In what was expected to be Waite's hardest contest, the Memphis, Tennessee "Warriors" were defeated 44-7. After playing a stiff game for three quarters, the southerners weakened and

Fought
End

Coon
End

Waite rushed over four touchdowns. Steele was the individual star, breaking up passes, blocking punts, and tackling fiercely. McClure's plunging featured the offense. Quinn was the brightest Memphis luminary, his ball-carrying and passing ranking with the best. The "Warriors" left a fine impression with Toledo, and will probably be on Waite's 1925 schedule.

A thriller! Nothing else but! Waite's 38-35 victory over the Bloomington, Illinois, "Indians" was the closest game played in the Bowl during the year. The Bloomington running attack was not nearly so good as Waite's, but the passing! Taylor to Murray, Taylor to Murray, time and again. This combination nearly gained the day for the "Indians," and a mighty sigh of relief escaped from the bleachers, when the gun was fired with Waite three points ahead. The coming of Bloomington taught Waite a lesson. "Get that pass!" became the watchward in the Bowl.

Closing the regular season, for the Thanksgiving game was played in Scott field, Waite swamped the Peru, Indiana, team 74-0. The game was a walkaway for Waite, with the work of Arnold outstanding. O'Brien, a roly-poly 200-pound Hoosier, furnished the bleachers with plenty amusement while he was "performing" on the field. The Peruvians were reputed to have a fine passing attack, but in that department of the game they were not nearly as good as Bloomington. Only one-quarter of their attempted heaves were completed, and their first downs were made by this method. With Peru disposed of, the task in hand was to get ready for Scott.

The big game of the year, the classic towards which the team had been pointed all season, resulted in a 13-6 victory for Waite, the more glorious because Scott was overwhelmed only after a breath-taking struggle. No one could safely predict the outcome until the last minutes of play.

Both teams were well backed by enthusiastic rooters, who kept the name of one school or the other in the air continually. Waite's well-drilled lettering section provided an interesting feature. "Waite" and "Scott" were spelled in solid colors with huge purple-and-gold cards.

The outstanding features of the game were Waite's running attack, and Scott's bewildering array of passes, which kept the Purple and Gold warriors on edge throughout. Waite's first touchdown came near the end of the opening period. The ball had been forced deep into Scott territory, until, after a poor kick by Garrity, it came into Waite's possession on Scott's 35. On the first play, Neubrecht broke through the left side of Scott's line, and, evading the secondary defense, sprinted 35 yards for a touchdown.

After that the game was scoreless until early in the fourth quarter, when a Scott pass, though deflected by several Waite players, was caught by Sack behind Waite's goal line. That evened things up, and it looked to many as if the game might result in a tie.

Waite started a march down the field, but a place-kick, attempted from the 28-yard line, fell short, and Scott took the ball on the 10-yard marker. Then the pass, which had proved effective earlier in the game, turned on it's users. Scott attempted one too close to her own goal. It was intercepted by Pencheff, who carried the ball to Scott's 1-yard line. The Scotters, fighting with their backs to the wall, held for three downs, but on the fourth, Penkoff circled left end for five yards and the winning score. He added the extra point by drop-kicking goal.

Three minutes later the gun was fired, concluding one of the hardest games of football ever seen on a Toledo gridiron.

Summary

Waite		Scott
Coon	L. E.	Wertz
Sloan	L. T.	Joseph
Arnold (c)	L. G.	Weckel
Steinecker	C.	Moor (c)
Steele	R. G.	Lovewell
Buechenschuss	R. T.	Russell
Fought	R. E.	Ramsey
Penkoff	Q. B.	Sack
Neubrecht	L. H.	Ritter
Pencheff	R. H.	Lindersmith
McClure	F. B.	Garrity

Score by Periods

Waite	6	0	0	7—13
Scott	0	0	0	6— 6

Touchdowns: Neubrecht, Penkoff, Ritter. Point after touchdown: Penkoff (dropkick).

Substitutions: Waite: Farrell for Pencheff.

Officials: Referee, Dr. F. A. Lambert, Ohio State; umpire Carl Weygandt, Wooster; field judge, Irwin Van Tassel, Ohio Wesleyan; head linesman, Ray Fisher, U. of M.

Everett

"The farther they travel, the harder they fall," appeared to be true, after the Everett High team, champions of the Boston Suburban League, was defeated 46-0 by Waite, in a post-season game, December 6. Everett is considered a wonder club in Boston, but, as the Eastern coach said, he had never seen a high school team of Waite's caliber.

Everett did not lose the game; Waite won it. That is, the visitors fought fiercely playing with every ounce of energy they had. The boys from down Boston way were unable to slow up the Waite machine. Penkoff, Pencheff, Neubrecht, and McClure ripped and tore their way through, frequently for ten yards at a time. On almost every play, Everett's second line of defense was called on to stop the plunging Waite backs. Considerable ground was gained for Waite on passes, three out of four being completed.

Captain Giacobbe, and Taylor worked well on offense. Peterson starred in line play, as did Redmond and Convery. Taylor brought the crowd to their feet near the end of the game by a 48-yard run after grabbing a Waite fumble.

The inability of Everett to cope with Waite was shown by the total number of first downs, Waite running up 34, while the Easterners were not able to make a single one. They kept fighting gamely, however, and in no one quarter was Waite able to score more than twice. After the game, a dinner was given for the visitors at the Commerce Club, where a spirit of friendly fellowship prevailed, and "a good time was had by all", especially by the athletes who were allowed to consume food to their hearts' content. At midnight the Easterners departed, after having commented enthusiastically on Toledo's sportsmanship and hospitality.

This completes the season, except for a trip the boys took to the Pacific coast, for the purpose of playing Lincoln High of Portland, Oregon. Due to extremely unseasonable weather, and the condition of the field, it was necessary to cancel the game, to the disappointment of the players, coaches, and rooters of both cities.

Record of the Season

Waite	90	Morenci, Michigan	0
Waite	32	Detroit, Northern	0
Waite	59	Woodward Tech	0
Waite	49	Carey, Ohio	7
Waite	20	Lake Charles, Louisiana	6
Waite	44	Memphis Central, Tenn.	7
Waite	38	Bloomington, Illinois	35
Waite	74	Peru, Indiana	0
Waite	13	Scott	6
Waite	46	Everett, Massachusetts	0
	465		61

The "Scrubs"

When the call for freshman team candidates went out last fall, a veritable horde of aspirants responded. Big boys, little boys, fat boys, and thin ones, all imbued with the ambition to "make" the squad, were put through the paces. Under the solicitous care of Mr. Sterling and Mr. Colvin, the mass that at first was nothing much, became a good, fighting team, which closed its season with a nice string of victories.

The eleven journeyed to Genoa for the first game, and were sent home on the short end of a 21-6 score. They avenged themselves on Perrysburg, however, in the next game, by a neat little 7-0 count. The Holland gridders were drowned 6-0, and the Frosh then hopped on the Bradner squad 26-0. In the last game on the schedule, Sterling's "Hurricane Juniors" licked the Rossford eleven 15-0.

We are proud of what our freshman team did. Like their big brothers of the varsity, the Frosh had a successful season, and apparently are slated for bigger things next year.

Non-Varsity Football

Three of the school societies, the Engineers, the Forum, and the Quill and Dagger, were represented by football teams this year. Members of the teams were composed entirely of players who had never been out for either the varsity or freshmen teams. Despite this, two fine games were played, the Forum carrying off the honors by defeating both opponents. Johnston captained the Q. D.'s; "Bun" Gladieux, the Forum; and Lehr the Engineers.

The Q. D.'s were vanquished 14-0 by the Forum in a game featured by the defensive work of both teams. Bill Wertz and Eckhart scored for the winners. The championship was then decided by a game with the Engineers, which was played in a solidly-frozen Bowl, and which resulted in a 7-0 victory for the Forum. Wilson Wertz scored after receiving a long pass.

Through the kindness of Mr. Ehrle in securing the use of the freshmen suits, the teams were more completely outfitted than in former years. Whether this made any difference in the playing is uncertain, but one thing is sure, the games were filled with enough "pep" and fun to satisfy even the most rabid bleacherite.

John Ehrle

Basketball

Mr. Ehrle has served the school in so many positions that one is in doubt which should be mentioned first. Probably he is most often thought of as coach of the basketball team, in which capacity he has turned out winners both years the squad has been under his direction.

The baseball team has likewise received the benefit of his tutelage for two seasons, and has won eighteen out of twenty-two games played in that time. The gym classes of freshmen and sophomores have profited by his instruction, and as director of organized cheering for the Waite-Scott games, his help has been invaluable.

Last, but not least, acting as president of the Waite Alumni Association, Mr. Ehrle has piloted that organization through a successful year.

In fact, it would be difficult to name any enterprise connected with the school to which Mr. Ehrle has not given his enthusiastic support and cooperation.

The basketball season, though gloomy in spots, grew continually better toward the close of the season, ending in the capture of the Northwestern Ohio cage title. As the team was composed almost entirely of football men, they were handicapped severely by having to take up basket ball training so soon after the football season, although other teams in the city had been at work for several weeks.

But when our quintet got started, results began to appear. George Muellich captained the squad, and by his all-round playing showed that the honor was not misplaced.

The usual drubbing of the Alumni opened the season, though the old grads made the squad step to annex a 31-28 victory. All of the thirteen men sent into the fray by Coach Ehrle gave a good account of themselves.

Fostoria was the first real invader of the Waite gym, and after keeping neck and neck with the Purple and Gold throughout the game, was defeated by one point in the last ten seconds of play when Whitney sank a fielder. Stafford, a Fostoria forward, scored nineteen of his team's points.

In the first encounter with our ancient rival from over the river the red and white earned the verdict by a 20-16 score, Waite fought gamely all the way, but could not overcome a 5-point lead which Scott had established in the first quarter.

Playing on Friday, the thirteenth, against a team entering its thirteenth contest, Waite lost to Akron West, 31-28. The lead changed sides every few minutes, but Akron ran up six points at the opening of the fourth quarter, and held that lead until the end of the game.

The fast and clever Woodward squad, led by Center Stephens, handed Waite a 32-17 beating in a furious struggle. Waite led at the half, but the Carpenters launched a lightning, short-passing attack that clearly earned the decision.

In the second contest with Scott, the East Siders turned the tables, and outclassing their opponents in every department of play, triumphed 32-27. Scott spurted in the last period, but Waite's early lead brought the Purple and Gold entry in first. Bartko led the scoring with eight points.

The next two games were played in the City Tournament, which took place in the Scott gymnasium. St. John's was Waite's first opponent and was overcome Saturday afternoon, March 7. Although the Saints had defeated Central in a first-round game the Purple and Gold was favorite, and everyone was surprised when St. John's maintained a lead until the fourth quarter. Waite's 25-20 was well earned.

Woodward was again our opponent in the Championship round. Tech had played two games in twenty-four hours, but their team kept up its marvelous floor game and carried off a 21-16 victory. Waite played well, but was not a match for the speedy Carpenters.

As the Waite team finished second in this tourney, it was eligible to enter the district tournament at Findlay, and there made up for any discrepancies it may have shown earlier in the season.

Ada was easily beaten by a score of 26-5 in the first round, while Kenton was defeating Woodward. In the second round, Waite played Kenton, and using an excellent floor game and a short shooting attack, succeeded in vanquishing the Kentonites, and earned the right to play in the final. Fostoria was the other team to enter this game. Waite's opponents proceeded to pile up a big lead early in the game, but Waite kept cutting it down gradually, till our warriors emerged as District Champions, in the last few seconds of the game. As a result of this tourney, Waite and Fostoria entered the State Tournament at Columbus on March 20 and 21.

For opponents in the first round Waite drew Akron South, the Purple and Gold team started out with a rush, and ran up a big lead in the first half. But in the second half Akron, which had heretofore played in dark blue jerseys, nearly the color of Waites, changed to white ones, and immediately broke loose with an invincible offensive which soon put them ahead. The game ended with the score 24-21 in favor of Akron.

This concluded the season, which ended much better than was expected judging from its inauspicious beginning. We may look for a still more successful year in 1926, when the whole squad will be back, with the exception of Coon.

Record of the Season

Waite	41	Alumni	20
Waite	24	Fostoria	23
Waite	16	Scott	20
Waite	28	Akron West	31
Waite	17	Woodward	32
Waite	32	Scott	27

CITY TOURNAMENT

Waite	25	St. Johns	20
Waite	16	Woodward	21

DISTRICT TOURNAMENT

Waite	26	Ada	5
Waite	20	Kenton	15
Waite	16	Fostoria	15

STATE TOURNAMENT

Waite	21	Akron South	24

Basket Ball Lineup—Coach Ehrle, Bartko, Coon, Emmert, Neubrecht, Whitney, Muellich, Pencheff, Penkoff, Gladieux, Talbot, Bird, Radbone.

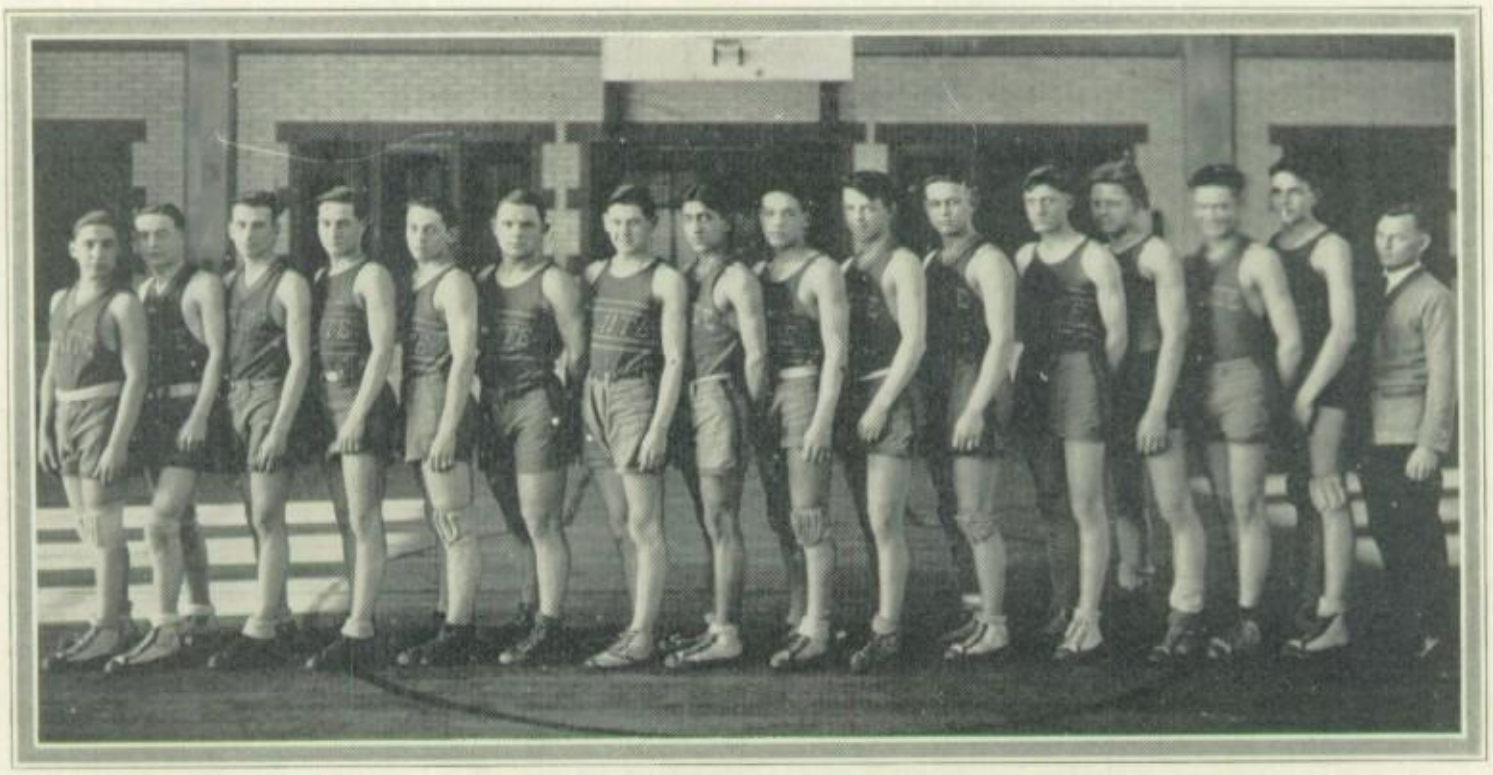
Reserve Basketball Team

The Reserve basketball team, which was coached by Mr. Collins, finished the season with four victories and two defeats. The last three games were won, and the final one, with the Scott Lightweights, requiring an overtime period to decide.

The Reserves should be appreciated more than they are because of the good work they do in scrimmaging with the varsity. It should also be remembered that nearly all the members are freshmen and sophomores, and will compose the varsity quintets in the future.

RECORD OF THE SEASON

Waite Reserves	11	Metamora High	26
Waite Reserves	24	Second Congregational Church	17
Waite Reserves	18	Scott Lightweights	28
Waite Reserves	19	St. John's Reserves	11
Waite Reserves	20	Woodward Reserves	11
Waite Reserves	17	Scott Lightweights	15



Reserve Squad— Siewert, Brown, Golding, Ward, Campbell, Gaul, Rayburn, Margy, Draves, Frost, Bossert, Krieger, Shoemaker, Graves, Brentlinger, Coach Collins.

Non-Varsity Basketball

After days of earnest preparation, an interclass basketball tournament was held in the Waite gym, during the latter part of December, to decide the best class team. The freshmen were matched with the juniors and the sophomores with the seniors. The juniors and seniors won their games, but the tournament went no further, so that the championship for the season remained undecided.

Still another championship was chalked up to Waite's credit when the Junior Hi-Y basketball team carried off first honors in the Junior Hi-Y League, composed of clubs from the four high schools. The Waite club came through the season without a defeat. Those playing were the Gladieux twins, Martin, Winchester, Scott, Davis, Dalton, Volmar and Birch.

The Senior Hi-Y team had its otherwise perfect season spoiled when Libbey defeated the Waite crew in a fast 16-18 contest. Libbey won the championship, with Waite finishing second. The team was chosen from "Bun" Gladieux, G. Cole, Johnson, Allen, R. Hilty, Farling, Wilson Wertz, Wellsby, Pugh and Emch.

Track

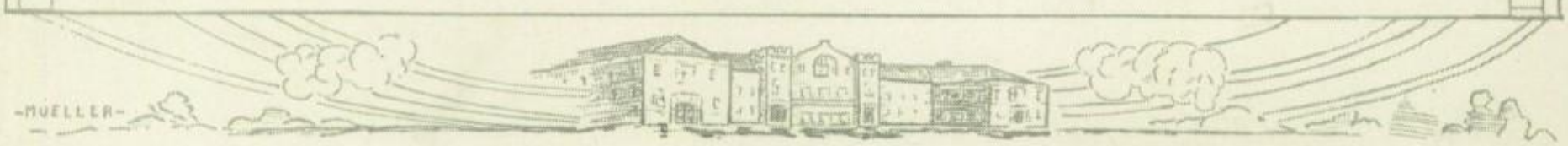
Beginning early last spring, and working determinedly through the season, the Waite track squad, under the tutelage of Dave Brown, fought its way to the city championship. In the interscholastic tourneys our runners managed to land good places, acquitting themselves creditably. Track seems destined to rise out of the minor sports class at Waite, judging from present indications. Joe Collins has coached the boys this year. Dave Brown having signed up with Toledo University.

At the city interclass track meet last spring, Waite was able to get no better than second place, chiefly because the dash men lost out almost completely. A little later in the season, Toledo University gave us a practice encounter in which we came off victors. Little that was exciting occurred during this match except that several prospects showed promise.

In the O. S. U. relays which were held April 19, Waite finished sixth, not a bad ranking considering the number and ability of the entries.

May 3, at Kalamazoo, Michigan, Brown's charges captured eighth place, making 13 points. The winning team made only 25, Dunn was the big point-getter for Waite, with Stith and Whitney also placing.

At the annual interscholastic track and field meet at Carnegie Tech, Pittsburg, Waite tied for fourth place with Newcastle, Pa., with a total of 13 points. We made a much better showing than the year before. John Dunn won the shot put, and placed third in the hammer throw. Whitney took third in the pole vault, while Geoffrion and Matt cornered fifths in the javelin throw and high hurdles respectively.



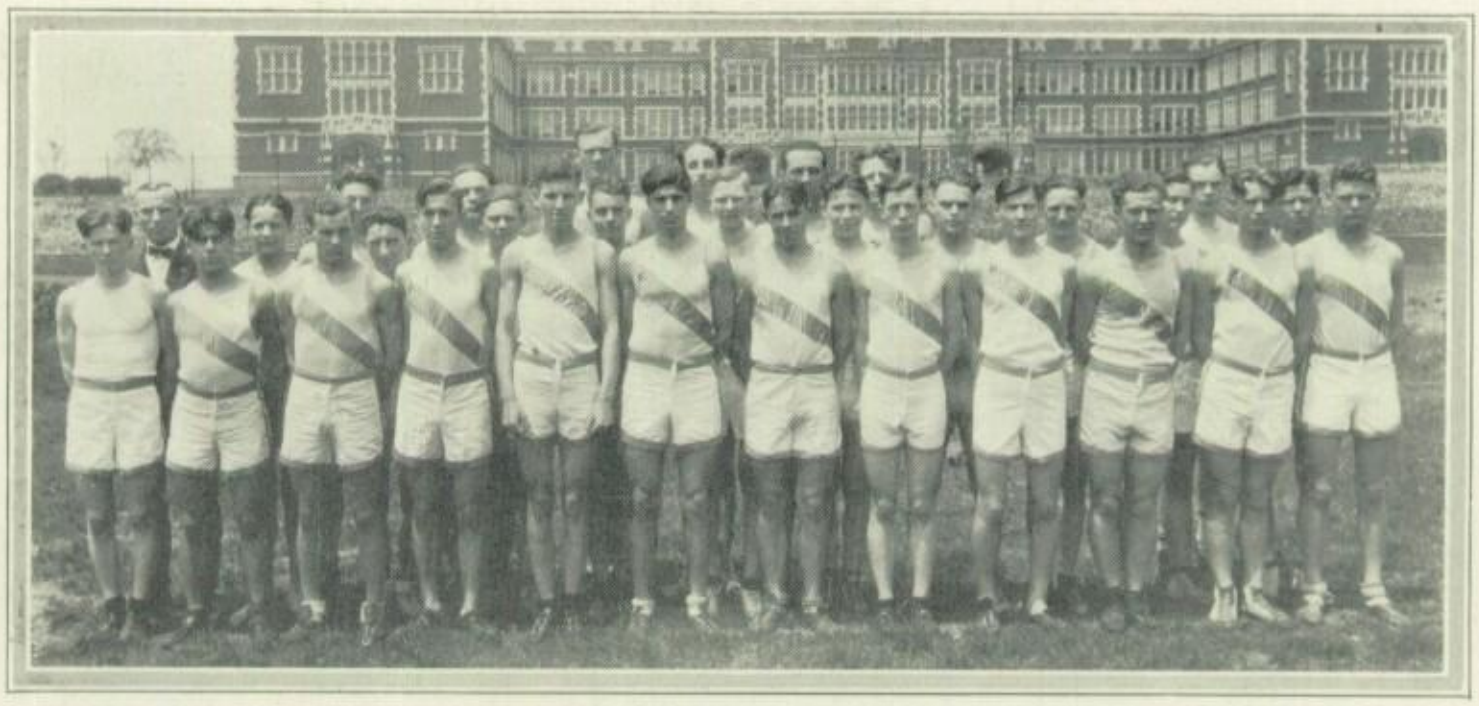
May 23 and 24, Waite's entries competed with the fast-steppers of the nation, at Ann Arbor. Here John Dunn captured third in the shot put, and fourth in the discus throw. Whitney placed second in the pole vault with a leap of 10 feet 9 inches. Lindner got a third in the javelin event. In this, the big meet of the year, Waite did well to capture 8 points.

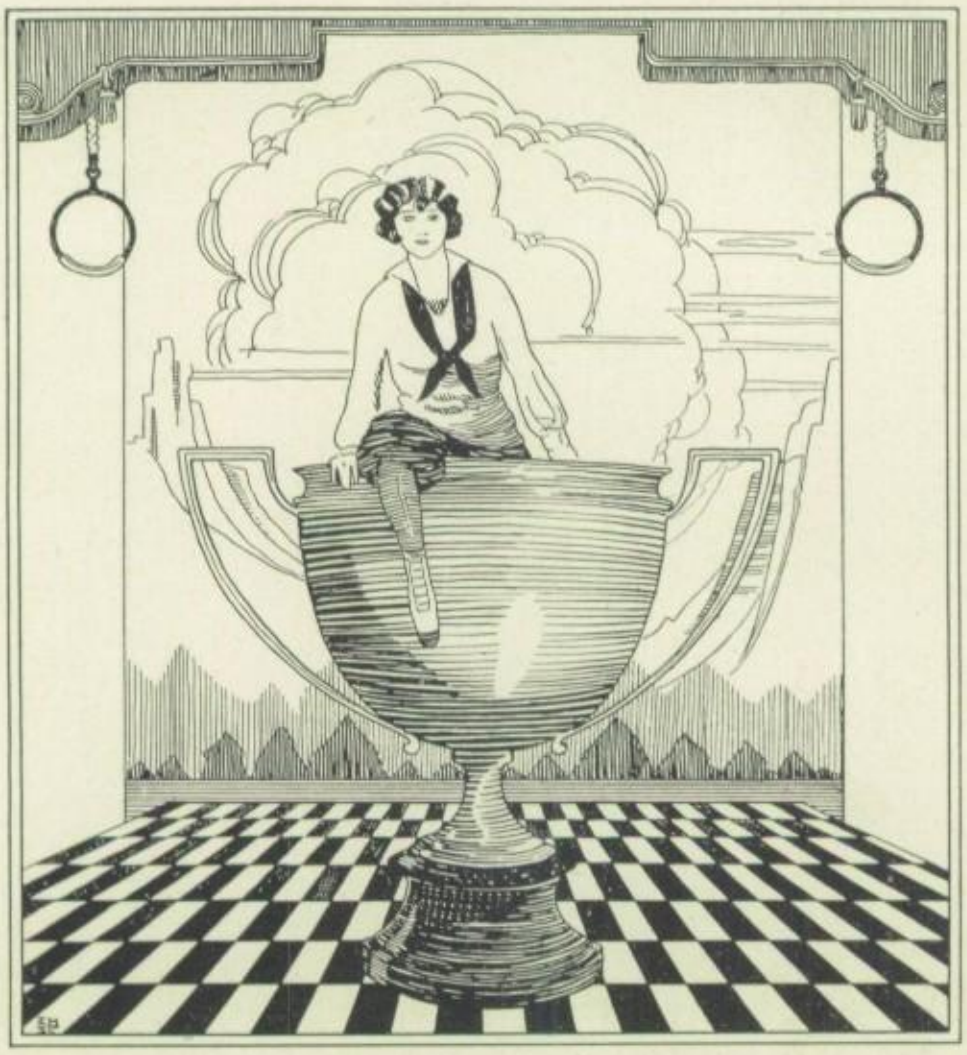
The team earned its city title in a three-cornered match held in the Bowl late in the spring. Waite, Scott and Libbey were the three high schools represented. They finished in the order named. Waite's trackers got ample revenge for the first inter-city meet, swamping Scott and Libbey under a deluge of firsts, seconds and thirds.

The men who won their well-deserved "W" are: Dunn, Lindner, Geoffrion, Whitney, Stith Matt and Duffy.

The 1925 inter-class track team with Joe Collins as coach, started the season off in fine style by stepping out and conquering Libbey, Scott, Central and Woodward in the annual city inter-high tournament, held at the Y. M. C. A., February 21. By placing in nearly every event and by stacking up a comfortable number of firsts, our runners beat out Libbey, 61-53. Scott was third with 34 points. Woodward and Central each made one mark.

The junior and senior teams gathered the most points, but all the classes did their share The junior medley, Dunn, Watts, Williams and Burson, made the fastest time, 1:38 3-5. The senior team, Langendorfer, Hatcher, Crause and Geoffrion was on their heels, with 1:39 4-5. Hemphill, Brentlinger, Jarchow and Hatcher placed in the jumps; Golding, Eberlin, Burson, Crause and Geoffrion captured places in the dashes.





Girls' Athletics

-MUELLER-

Miss Wiles

Miss Tilock

OUR COACHES

To our coaches, Miss Wiles and Miss Tilock, we give our warmest praise. By their energy and sportsmanship, they have made the gymnasium not only a place for work, but also a place for fun. Encouraging us, they have forced us to play a little harder, not with the spirit of rivalry, but with the spirit of joy and pride in accomplishment.

Girls' Athletic Association

Laura Dean ..... *President*
Coral Dannenberger ..... *Vice-President*
Mary Knierim ..... *Recording Secretary*
Lois Baymiller ..... *Treasurer*

The Athletic Association

The Hockey Squad

Girls' Athletics

Most of the athletic activities of Waite are under the supervision of the Girls' Athletic Association, the primary aims of which are health and fun. Lack of suitable time to carry on athletic work is the chief handicap of the league, but it is the hope of the members each year to have a bigger, better-organized club.

Awards are based on the point system. The fifteen girls who have the highest number of points are given the "W."

This year special attention was given to the development of Freshman sports both in classes and in the afternoon practice periods. Skill and speed which will be developed to greater possibilities next year, were shown by the candidates.

Drill Teams

During the first semester pinball teams were organized, and a tournament was played. The fifth hour Black and White Hurricanes emerged victorious after a hard fought battle.

Preparation for the exhibition, April 3, occupied much of the second semester. Jumping jack jubil, wand drill, Kentucky reel, spanish dance, tumbling, pyramids and marching were features of the exhibition. Athletic tests, baseball and track concluded the year's program.

The freshman basket ball group included Lolita Schuster, Lucy Sques, Marian Sequen, Mary L. Boroman, Alma Fryman, Margaret Fryman, Gladys May, Mildred Cooper, Doush Shearie and Iris Laberdy.

The response to the hockey call was so large that division of the squad was necessary. However, King Winter's arrival was so early that regular teams were not organized.

Basketball always has been the favorite sport with the girls, and this year proved no exception. Over one hundred girls came out for practice.

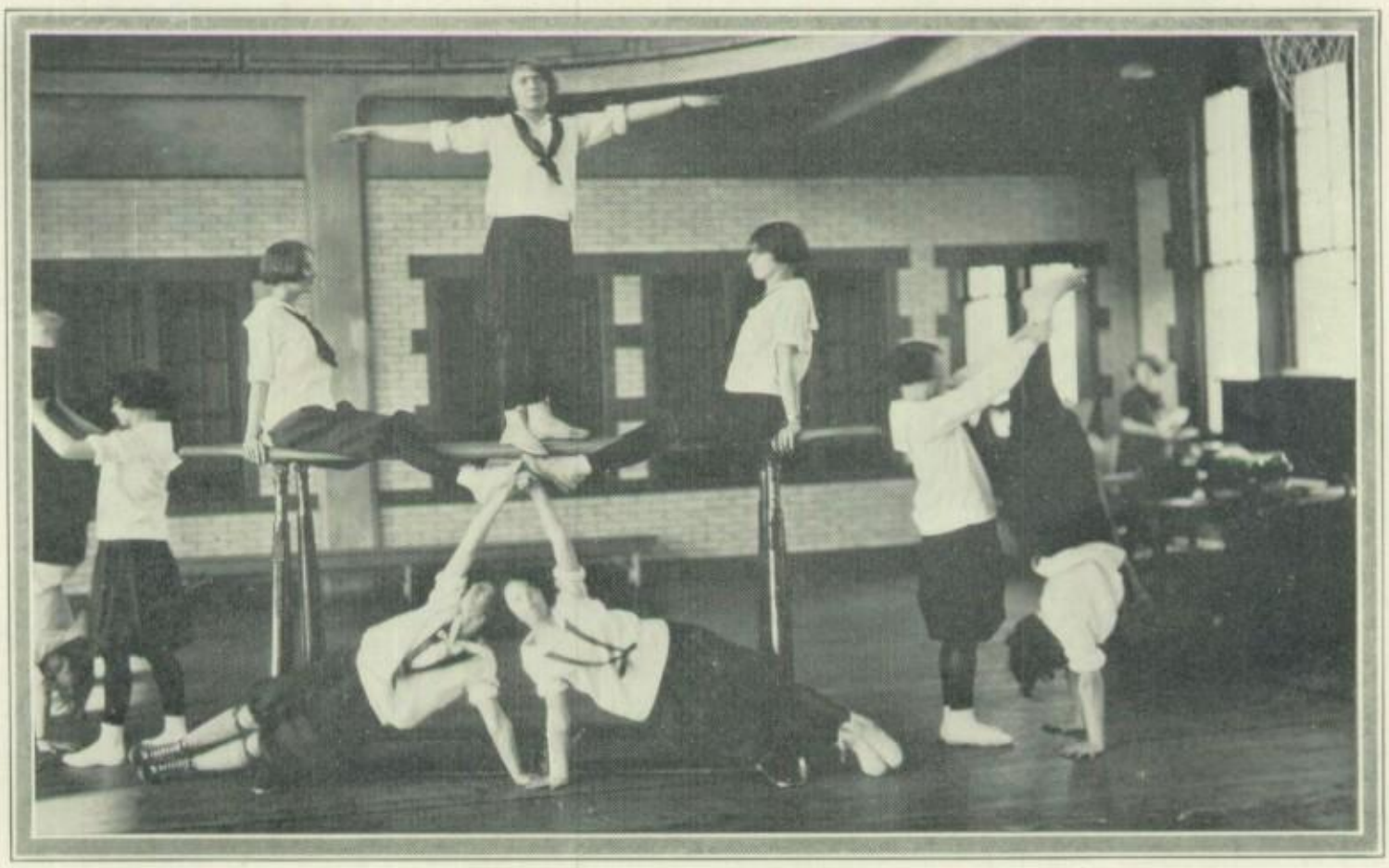
The senior squad was made up of Coral Dannenberger, Mary Breese, Edith Strayley, Laura Dean, Mary Barnes, Irene Dickenson and Marjorie Barnswell.

Margaret Hornyak, Irma Cupp, Bessie DeWitt, Elizabeth Rudolph, Eleanor Majeska Emma Deak and Edith Hataling composed the junior team.

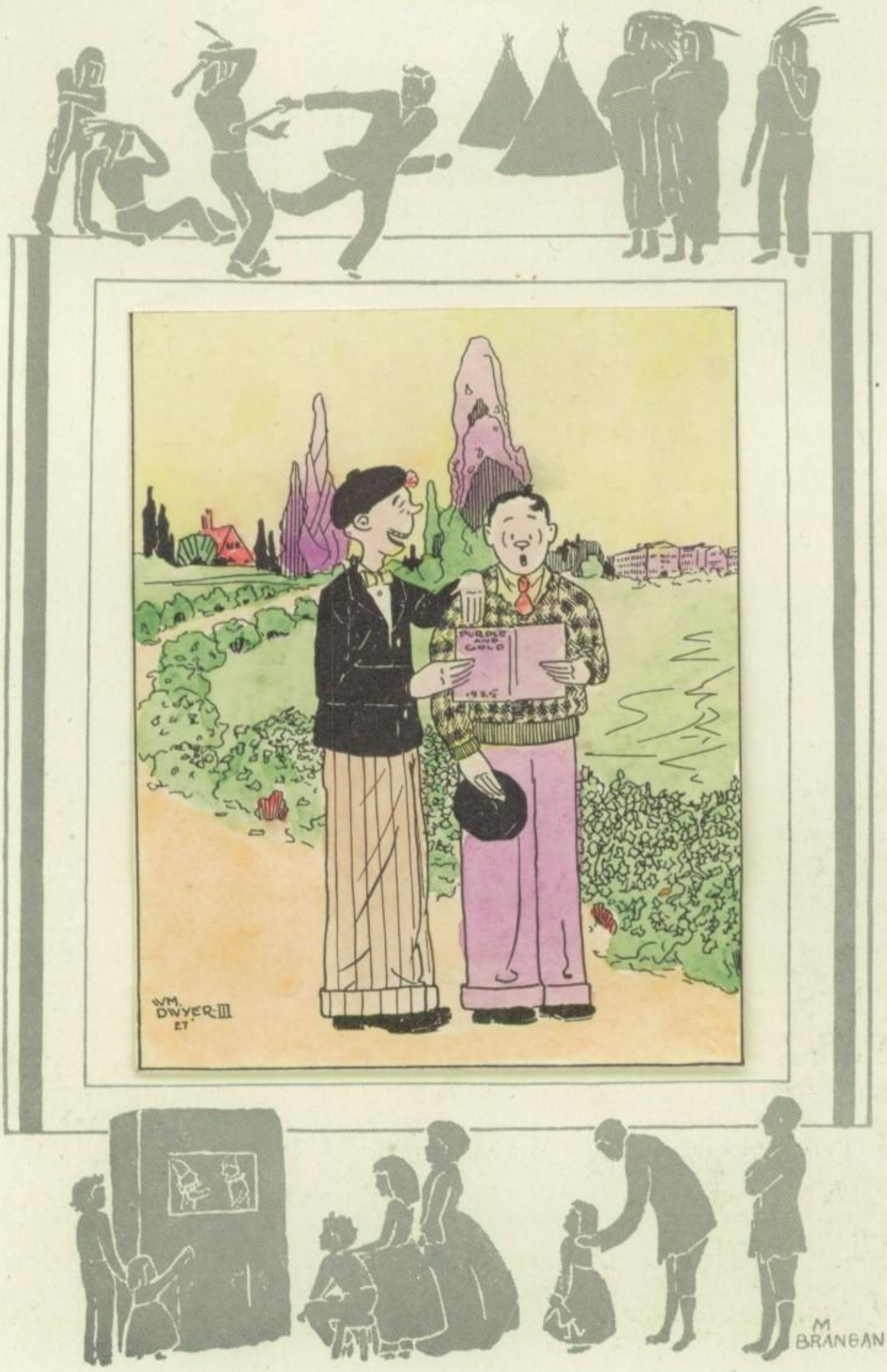
Ruth McGinnis, Marian Rahmstock, Mary Gonis, Mary Knierim, Lois Baymiller, Lois Berry, Muriel Waldvogel, Martha Ricard, Margaret McClure, and Marcella Kipp were given places on the sophomore group.

Baseball is another sport that has gained much popularity among the girls. It was played both in the diamond and in the gymnasium this spring. A few loyal supporters practiced on the track. The rest of the time was spent hiking, or on athletic tests for points.

Every season there is the hope that we will have a tennis team. Indoor practice was held this spring, which should prove very valuable on the courts.



A Pyramid on the Bars.



Humor

UNPREPARED AS I AM THIS EVENING

Editor's Note:—The "Purple and Gold" is glad to offer the following speech by our famous Willie Waite on the occasion of a banquet tendered by the faculty in honor of our Uncle Willie Waite and Homer the Hall Hound.

My admiring friends: My excuse for appearing before you is the same as that of the New Yorker who was asked by a visitor about the location of the Hyppodrome. The New Yorker paid not the slightest attention to the question. Finally the visitor grasped the impolite dweller of the biggest city in America and said, "I have asked you a question, and I expect an answer.'

"Well," replied the New Yorker, "I — don't — see — wh — why, in — a — a — a — ci — ci — ty — of — seven — million, you — sh — sh — should pick — on me." Having been "picked on," I shall choose for my subject: The Faculty.

Ladies and er — gentlemen, Let me begin with Mr. John Ehrle. It has recently come to light that, while he was a student at Denison University, he went up to his girl's house late one afternoon. The young lady appeared at the door and said, "Why, John, it's only five o'clock. I told you to come after supper."

"Well," replied John, hopefully, "That's what I did come after."

Mr. Price, before he came to Waite, worked in a bank one vacation. When he received his first check, he found upon it these words: "Don't tell other people your salary; it is a personal matter."

Mr. Price endorsed the check, and wrote underneath: "You needn't worry about my telling how much I get; I'm as much ashamed of it as you are."

And while we are talking of the men of the faculty, you may not be aware that Mr. Klag is absent minded. This sad fact is true. The other evening when he reached home, he carefully put his umbrella in bed, and slept in the sink.

Miss Kimble realizes the necessity of careful driving. One day when she was without her machine, she hired a taxi to take her to town. She was greatly annoyed and distressed, on the way, because the driver kept putting out his hand all the time. Finally, in desperation, she spoke: "Please attend to your driving," she said. "I'll tell you if it begins to rain."

Mrs. Allen and Miss Newbirt were discussing Mr. Charles Collins, as they leaned up against a locker in the hall. "Just look here," said Mrs. Allen, "Charley Collins left this book in my room. He'd lose his head if it weren't fastened on."

"I guess you are right," replied Miss Newbirt. "I heard him say only the other day that he was going to Colorado for his lungs."

This high spot in history was enacted in Findlay some years ago. Mr. Coontz was escorting his bride-to-be home from church, one rainy Sunday evening. Finally he spoke. "Would you marry a one-eyed man?" he asked.

"No," replied his intended lady, "I wouldn't."

"Then let me carry your umbrella," he suggested.

Last fall Joe Collins was asked by an elderly lady, "Don't the football boys even wash their suits?"

"Sure!" replied Joe, "What do you think the scrub team is for?"

Do you know that Mr. Sterling's hobby is raising chickens? Mr. Pollock, recognizing Mr. Sterling's knowledge of things pertaining to the feathered tribe, asked him, "Is it correct to say a hen 'sits' or 'sets'?"

"I don't care whether she 'sets' or 'sits'," replied Mr. Sterling. "What I want to know is this: when she cackles, does she 'lay' or 'lie'?"

Speaking of heroes in history, reminds me of a story about our own Mr. Leach, a lieutenant in the world war. He was wearily drilling some raw recruits. Finally he piped up: "When I was a little boy I had set of wooden soldiers. One day I lost those soldiers, and I cried for a long while, but my mother said: 'Never mind Roscoe, some day you will get your wooden soldiers back.' And believe me, you bunch of wooden headed dumbells, that day has come."

One day last spring Miss Nelson went down to the parking court, to go home. She found a dog tied to her machine and its master standing close by.

"What do you mean, young man, by tying your dog to my machine?" asked Miss Nelson.

"Aw!" replied the youngster, "some one tied it on my dog's tail."

Here is the finis of a lively conversation. Mr. Canfield had talked a prospect into signing a life insurance policy. After asking many questions he asked the prospect this one, "And what was the cause of your father's death?"

After a pause the prospect replied, "I cannot remember now; but I know it was nothing serious."

May I close my talk with the words suggested to a minister by a little boy who was not fond of hearing sermons? The minister rose one Sunday morning: "I haven't chosen a text this morning," he began. "I will leave that to you. Any one may suggest what I shall say." Immediately the boy popped up; "Thay 'amen,' and thit down!"

Fond Uncle: "Well, Jimmy, you are a pretty sharp lad, my boy."

James McGuire: "I sure ought to be. Dad used to use his razor strap on me two or three times a week."

Johnny White was gazing at the things marked at sale prices in a haberdasher's window.

Lynn Johnston, who was passing by, stopped to inquire if he was thinking of purchasing anything.

"No," replied John. "The only thing that fits me ready-made is a handkerchief."

Miss Kimble: "What happened to Pompeii?"

Joe Szmetko: "The saliva came down and covered the town."

Tom Beck: "Parting your hair? You'd better shift a couple to the left side."
Bob Turner: "'Sall right. This is only a trial balance."

Bob Tewksbury: "I always get drama and melodrama mixed up."
Bill Bannister: "Well, you see, in drama the heroine throws the villian over, and in melodrama she throws him over a cliff."

Ken Arnold: "Speaking of electricity, that makes me think—"
Warren Burwell: "Isn't it wonderful what electricity will do?"

Miss Hirth: "Make a sentence with the word 'malign' in it."
Soph Flapper: "I learned last night that malign aint what it used to be."

Ben Minder: "Pa sent me for a piece of rope like this."
Storekeeper: "How much does he want?"
Ben: "Just enough to reach from the calf to the fence."

Magistrate: "Can't this case be settled outside of court?"
Mulligan: "Sure,sure,that's what we were trying to do when the police interfered with us."—Ex.

"Yo say dat little twin baby am a gal?"
"Yessah."
"An de otha one am dat of de contrary sex?"
"Yessah, she am a gal, too."—Ex.

Never had I seen one so bony. From where I sat I could count every rib. Not a rag of clothes hid his awful frame from my eyes. His head hung down, his drooping jaws resting on the barrel-shaped chest. The man who stood beside him, grinned malevolently and ran his thumb nail up and down the staring ribs, counting them with fiendish deliberation. We had about enough. Suddenly the nervous tension relaxed; the bell rang, and we left Mr. Nauts standing beside the dangling skeleton.

Mr. Brown to Coralyn Blackford: "You have tenacity in your makeup."
Coralyn: "My goodness! Is it as bad as that?"

Oliver Rideout in chemistry: "Speaking of high temperatures, I had a fever once, myself.'

Lynn Johnston: "I don't see how a watch can keep accurate time?"
John White: "Why not?"
Lynn: "Well, time flies, but a watch only runs."

"Doc" Heinen was having his picture taken with his father.
Photographer: "Perhaps it would be well, my boy, to stand with your hand on your father's shoulder."
"Doc's" dad: "The picture would be more natural if he stood with his hand in my pocket!"

"Do you know Joe?" he asks.
"What Joe?" I hazards.
"Banjo," he ha-ha's back.
"That's why he ain't here for drill, Sergeant."

—*Froth.*

Sammy joyfully chopped off the chicken's head. Thus was the second landing on Plymouth Rock completed.

"Business is all write with me," remarked the author.

The drill corps was marching.
Lieutenant: "Pick up the cadence."
Rookie: "Pick it up yourself—I didn't drop it."—Ex.

"I hear you've been traveling abroad; did you visit the Dardanelles?"
(Newly-rich American): "Yes, we took dinner with them."—Radio.

The old gentleman was a trifle bewildered at the elaborate wedding.
"Are you the groom?" he asked a melancholy-looking man.
"No, sir," the young man replied. "I was eliminated in the preliminary try-outs."—Quebec Daily Telegraph.

"Are you the fellow with the falsetto voice?"
"No, with the false set of teeth."—Chaparral.

"How many leaves has a clover?"
"Four, if it's lucky."—Moonshine.

Ed Loudenslager: "I heard of a man who fell out of a twenty-story building and wasn't even bruised."
Art Force: "How come?"
Ed: "He fell out of the first story."

"Has any one commented on the way you drive your car?"
Mr. Klag: "Yes, one man made a brief remark: 'Twenty dollars and costs'."

Mr. Nauts: "How many have studied the lesson about cells today?"
No one raises his hand.
Mr. Nauts: "Who has any idea what a cell is?"
Bright freshman: "I have; my father's been in one."

Miss Spayd: (Discussing the poem "Ulysses"). "Who was Ulysses?"

Selina Neely: "He was the greatest Union General in the Civil War and President of the U. S."

"This is my car," exclaimed Mr. Jaeger to the garage man, "and what I say about it goes."

Just then a dirty-faced machinist crawled out from under the dead machine and said pleadingly: "Say, 'engine' mister."

Helen Brown: "I had such a lovely nut sundae."
Vivienne: "I have one calling tonight."

Lowell Northrup: "Dad, do muskets cry?"

Mr. Northrup: "Why, of course not. What makes you ask?"

Lowell: "Well, it says here something about musketeers."

"HE LOVES ME NOT"

The professor of mathematics and his fiancee were out roaming in the fields when she plucked a daisy and, looking roguishly at him, began to pull off the petals, "he loves me, he loves me not—"

"You are giving yourself a lot of unnecessary trouble," said the professor. "You should count up the petals, and if the total is an even number the answer will be in the negative; if an uneven number, in the affirmative."—Iowa Frivol.

Co-ed: "You know, I didn't accept Claude the first time he proposed."

Friend: "I guess you didn't. You weren't there."—Whirlwind.

An old sailor, being asked to write his impressions of a cannibal people he had visited, wrote the following: "Manners—None. Customs—Nasty."

The following advertisement was seen recently in a magazine:

Baily, Banks, and Biddle Company
Watches for Women
of
Superior Design
and
Perfection of Movement.

—Jack o' Lantern.

"Going to bed?"
"No. I'm just undressing to see how I look in my B. V. D's."—Ex.

"Do you think mother will be unstrung?"
"No. I wired her last night."—Ex.

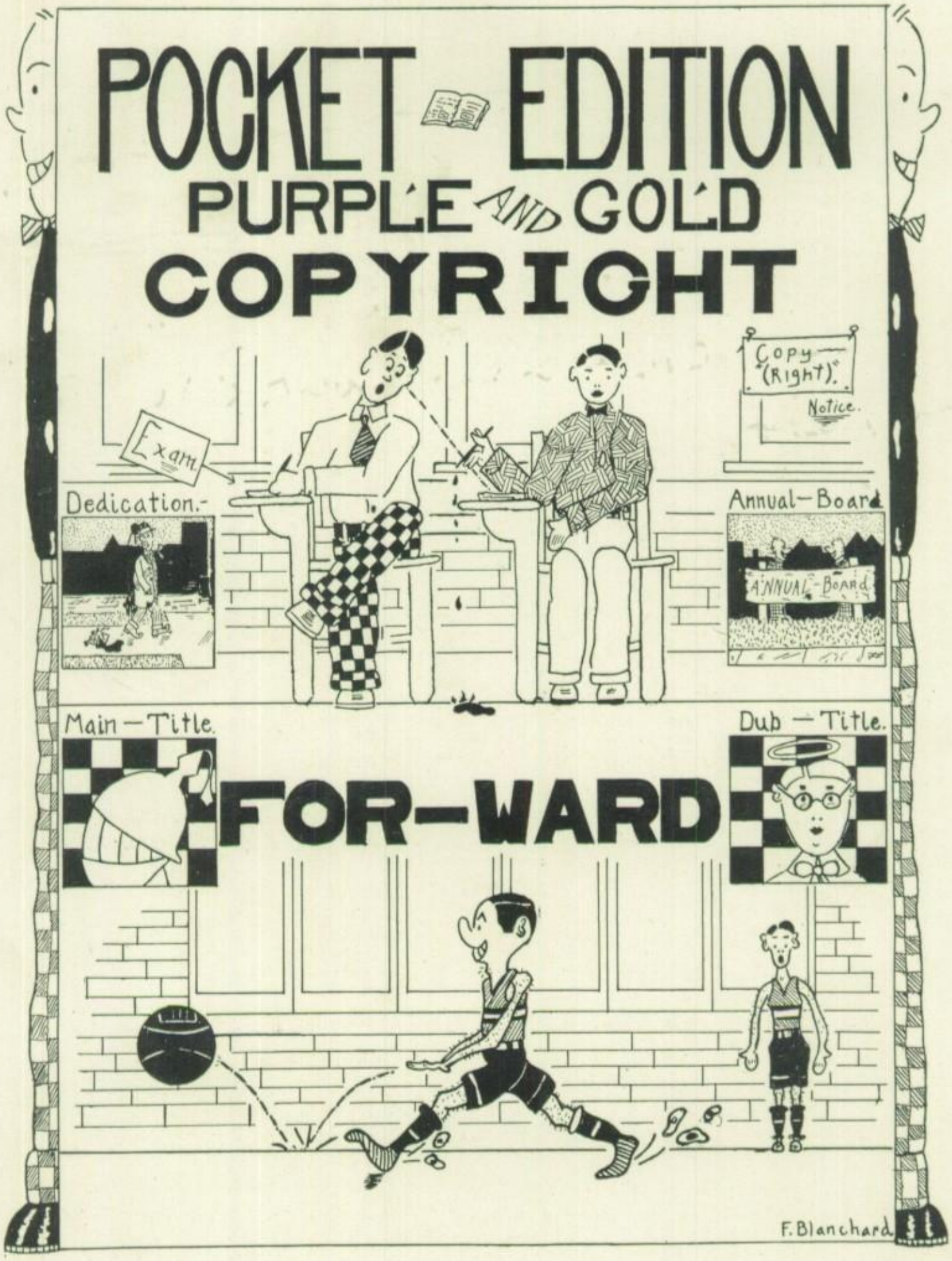
Polly: "I had a nightmare last night."
Wog: "Yes, I saw you with her."—Ex.

Customer: "I want to buy a diamond ring for my girl."
Floorwalker: "Glassware in aisle 13."

Small boy: "Look, ma! There's a circus in town. Look at the clown."
Ma: "Hush, dear, that's just a high school boy."

A sign before a shoe shine parlor:
"Your pedal teguments artistically illuminated for the infinitesimal remuneration of 5c."

She: "Isn't that Moon beautiful?"
He: "If you don't like this Buick you can get out and walk."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"Hey, Bill."

"What is it?"

"Your doctor is out here with a flat tire."

"Diagnose the case as flatulency of the perimeter, and charge him accordingly," ordered the garage man. "That is the way he does."—Ex.

"So that's where my clothes line went," said the lady, as she spied her husband hanging in the barn.

"Stop, Look, Listen."

The reflective man stopped to read the railway warning.

"Those three words illustrate the whole scheme of life," said he.

"You see a pretty girl; you stop; you look; and after you marry her, you listen."

Professor: "What is the difference between capital and labor?"

Buck: "Capital is what you loan and labor is what it takes to get it back."

—*B. J.*

"When two people like the same thing their married life is bound to be happy," sighed the engaged girl.

"Well, you and Tom ought to be happy, then," remarked the girl who wanted Tom but didn't get him. "I know you love him, and I notice he is fond of himself."

—*J. C. K.*

Old Lady: "I see that tips are forbidden here."

Attendant: "Lor', mum, so was apples in the Garden of Eden."

—*Pitt Panther.*

One Sunday night a preacher sternly roared: "When those young men in the rear get through flirting with the girls, I hope they will give me a chance." And he wondered why the congregation laughed softly.—*Auroran.*

Papa Alligator: "My, what a bright lad! What are you going to be when you grow up?"

Willie Alligator: "A traveling bag."—Ex.

Miss Burns: "What did you like best about Lloyd's composition?"

R. Bruot: "The End."

Hope Greene: "My new spring suit is going to be trimmed in Coolidge gray."

Ethel Shatto: "That's nothing; mine's going to be trimmed in Bowling Green."

William and Wilson Wertz were out fishing.

Wilson: "Got a bite yet, Bill?"

William: "Naw, I don't believe my worm's half trying."

Clara Jump: "Our dining-room is being decorated in spatter work."

Venita Johnson: "Spatterwork?"

Clara: "Yes; we have grapefruit for breakfast every morning."

Mrs. Coontz: "It was just by luck that I was able to get this steak."

Mr. Coontz: "It was surely tough luck."

Miss Spayd: "You may buy your book by Wooley."

Leroy Bloomer (writing it down): "Lamb's Tales by Wooley, with sheepskin binding."

Mrs. Allen to Art Force: "Art, your work has been falling down, and if you're going to pick it up, you'll have to step on it."

Don McClure: "What do you say to a tramp in the woods?"

Phyllis: "I never speak to them."

Our Lady-like Flapper

Behold a girl, both sweet and fair,
Her hands demurely folded;
Her glance is innocent—but s-sh!
A scheme is being molded.

She needs some new diversion now,
And plans to chase the boys;
They all refuse except our shiek;
Vain world! Where are thy joys?

And then, 'tis said, she took to smoke,
You see her in the act;
And yet you don't—it's all a fake—
A silhouette, in fact!

The smart Alec asked this question:

"If a man should marry a widow named Elizabeth with three little children, what would he gain?"

Receiving no answer, he supplied his own: "A second-hand Lizzie and three little runabouts.''

—*Ex.*

Neighbors: "I heard of your son's breakdown. Is the condition serious?"

Mrs. Trotter: "Yes, it's the rear axle."

FAMOUS KEYS

Francis Scott-----.
Jack ----fe.
Mon----.
----n Kutter
Playing hoo----.
---- note.
Tur----.
Upright ----l
Roo----.
---- ring.
Kanka-----.

"See that man over there? He's a sculptor."

"But he has only one arm!"

"Sure—he holds the chisel in his mouth and hits himself on the back of the head."

—*West Virginia Moonshine.*

It's a wonderful thing for women—
The popular permanent wave—
Now it's up to some struggling inventor
To get out a permanent shave.

—*Micrometer.*

There was a young woman named Myrtle,
Who carried a plate of mock turtle;
But sad to relate,
She slipped with the plate,
And all the mock turtle turned turtle.—*Ex.*

Ben Pencheff was having his picture taken for the Annual.

"Side face?" asked the photographer.

"No, halfback," replied Ben.

Mr. Canfield: "Where were you last summer:"?

Hazel Blair: "In a doll factory."

Mr. Canfield: "And what were your duties there?"

Hazel: "Making eyes."

Mr. Canfield: "Well, don't demonstrate your capabilities in class."

Mrs. Baymiller: "Johnny, did you get that loaf of bread I sent you for?"

John: "No, the store was closed."

Mrs. B.: "It couldn't be, this time of day. Did you try the door?"

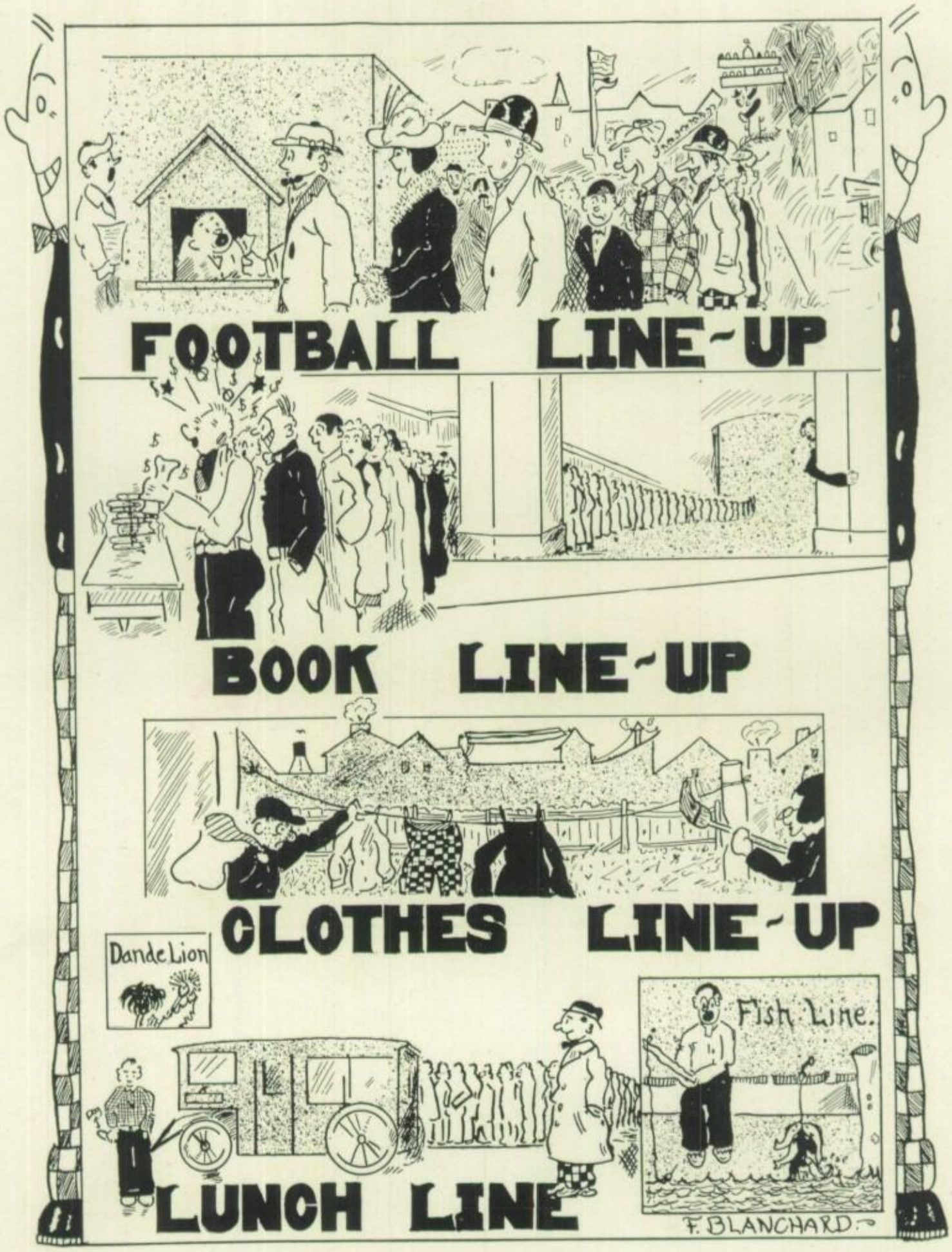
John: "No. I saw a sign in the window: 'Home Cooking'."

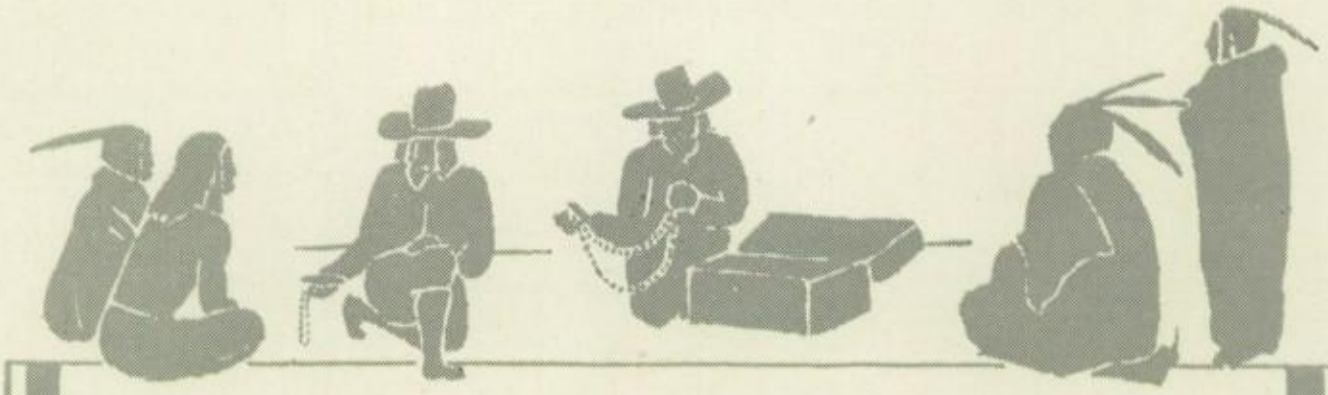
Barber: "You say you've been here before? I don't remember your face."

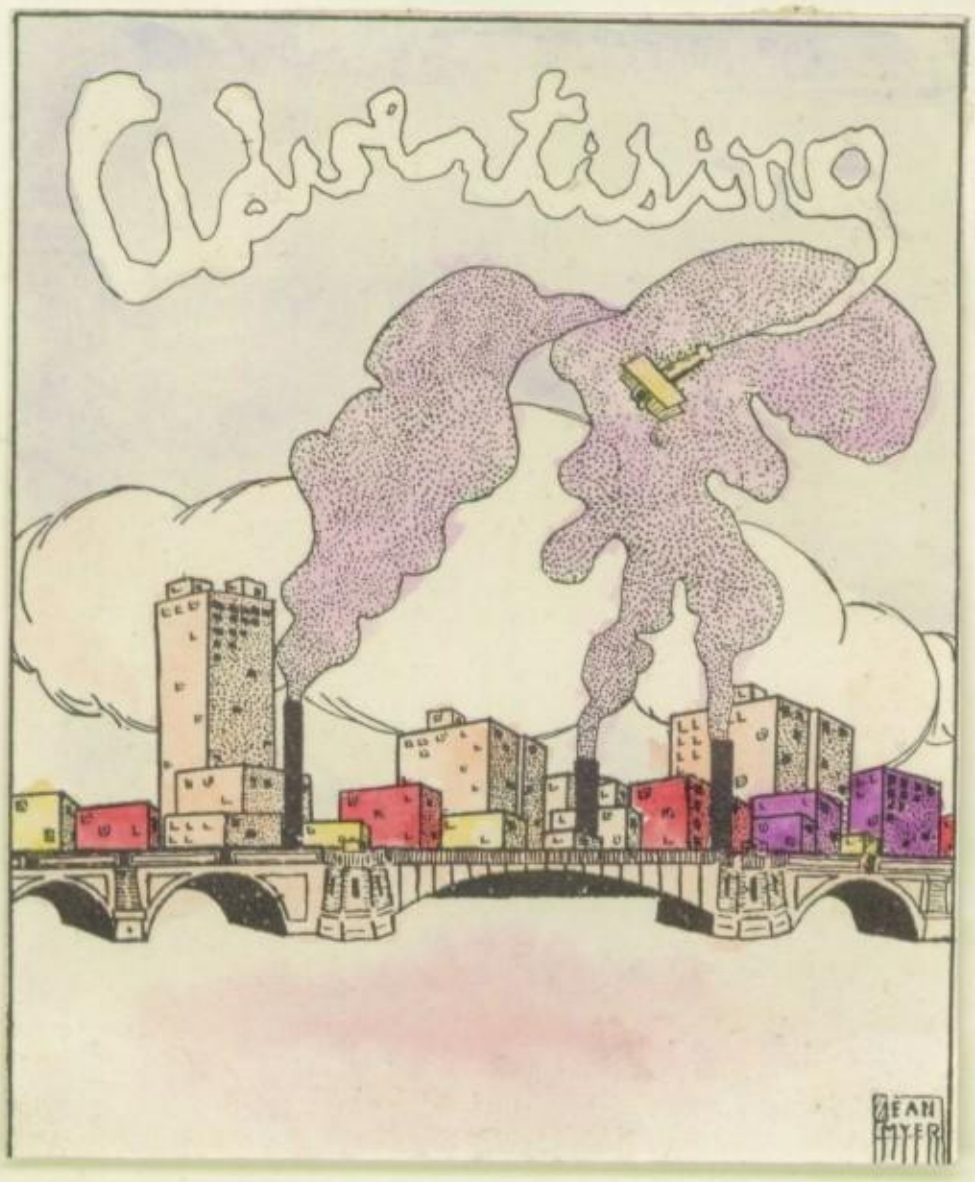
Ken Arnold: "Oh, it's all healed up again."

Marjorie: "The waiter is hanging around as if he expected something."

DeWitt: "Oh yes, he's a tipical waiter."


FOOTBALL LINE-UP
BOOK LINE-UP
CLOTHES LINE-UP
Dande Lion
Fish Line.
LUNCH LINE
F. BLANCHARD





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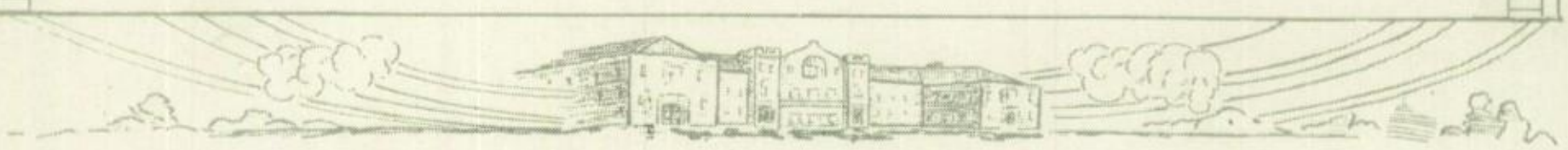

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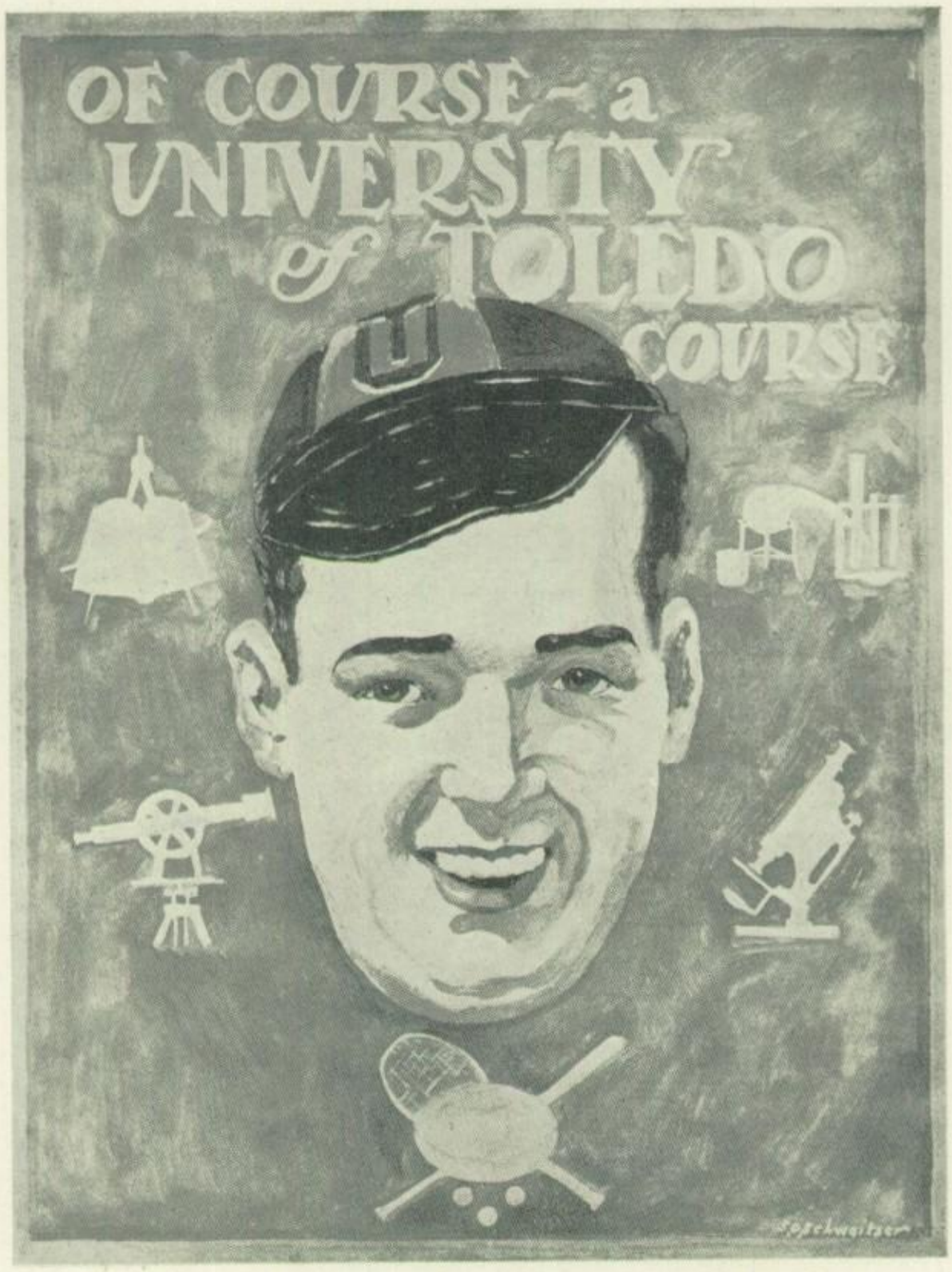
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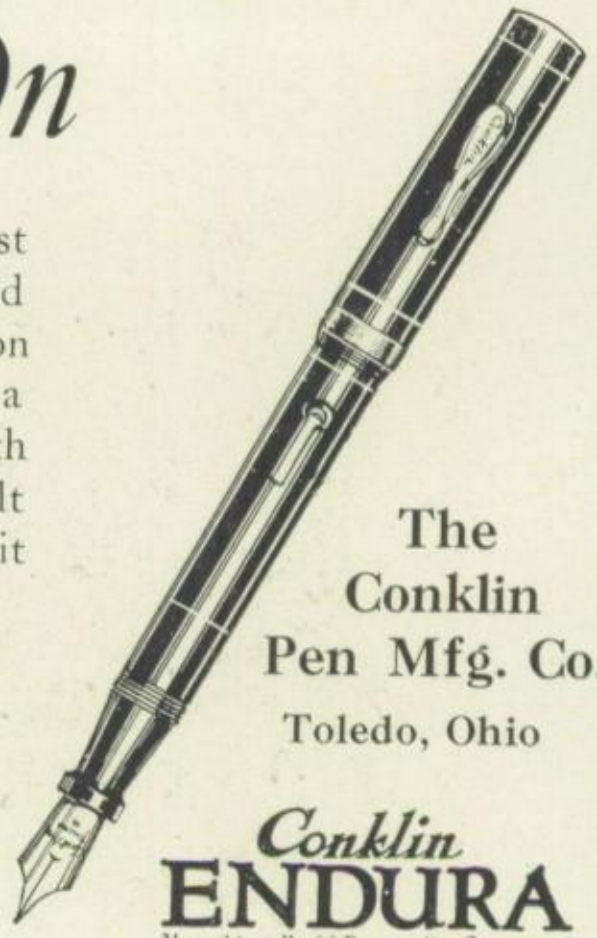

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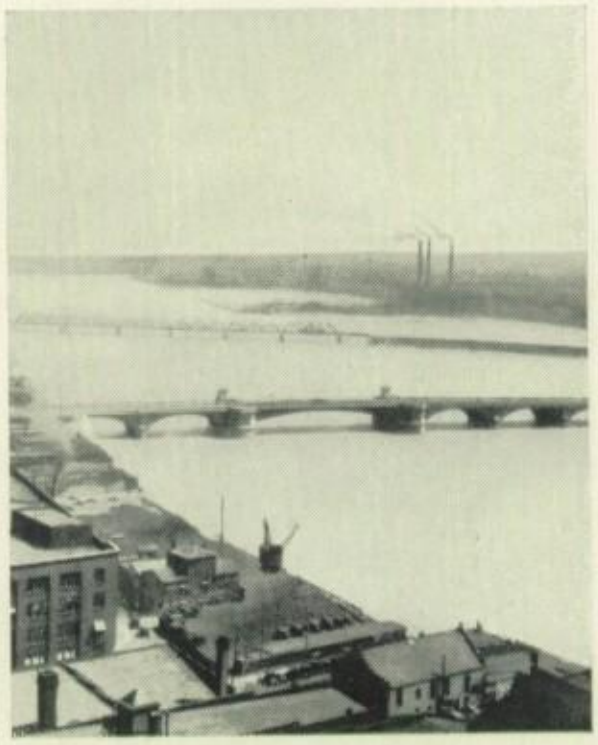

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We congratulate Waite upon being part of a high school system of which all Toledoans are justly proud.

It is gratifying to know that so many of our future citizens are being properly fitted for the responsibilities and privileges of real citizenship.

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Where young people gather and know one another.

Where only the best in dancing is permitted.

Where we are up to date but not extremists.

Where the latest steps are taught in beginner's and advanced classes.

Where ladies attend unaccompanied and are made to feel comfortable.

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Don't put it off any longer. Get into a home of your own this year. 1925 will see a record amount of homes built. As soon as the Spring rush starts prices will advance. Plan your home now and be able to live in it early in Summer.

Bring your plans to us. We will give you an estimate on the very best grades and quality of lumber, lath and shingles. Our millwork is manufactured by skilled workmen, in our own mill.

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TOLEDO LUMBER & MILLWORK CO.

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The Blade has the largest circulation in Toledo because it gives the most attention, the most space and the most care to the things in this community which are really important and really worth while.

Not only does the Blade, every day, carry the most news and the most ACCURATE news, but it carries the most features which are informative and entertaining to young people.

THE TOLEDO BLADE

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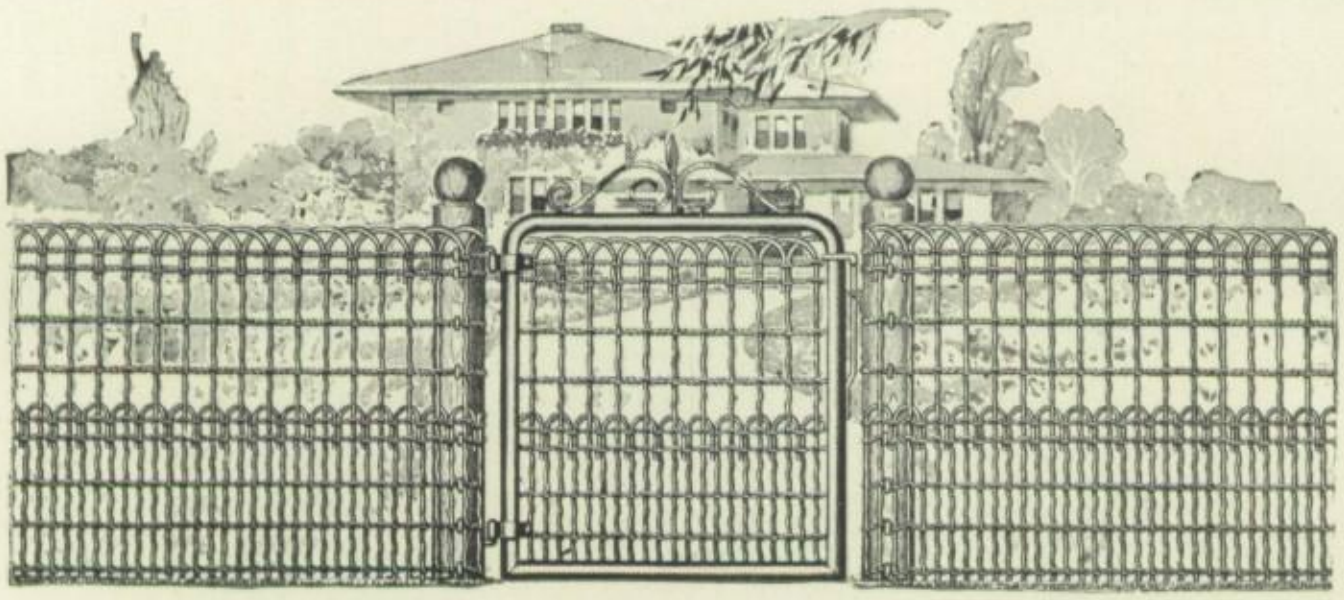

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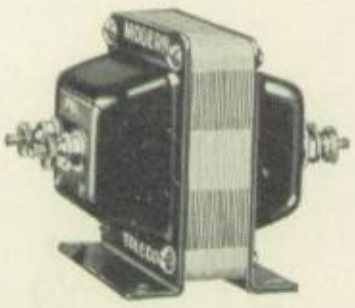

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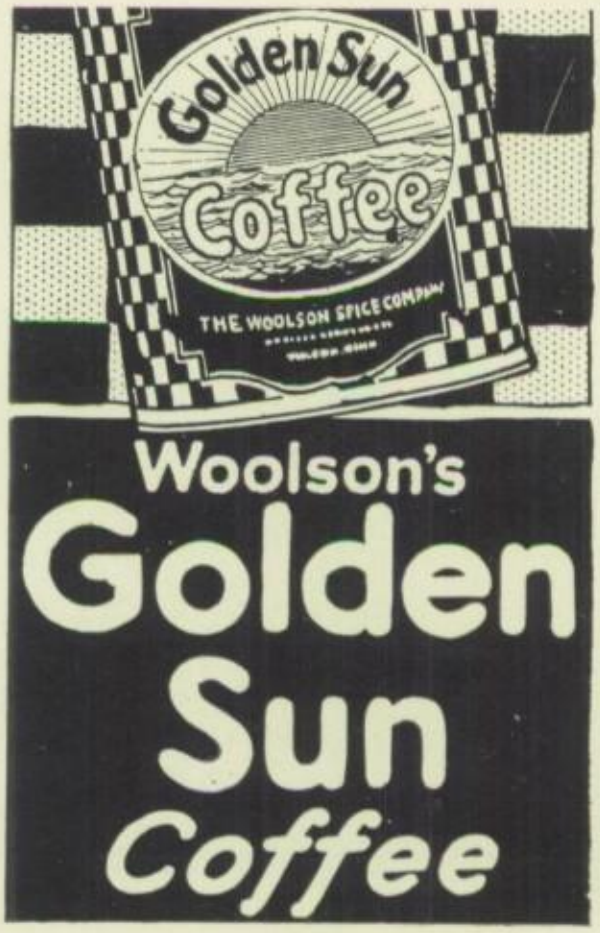

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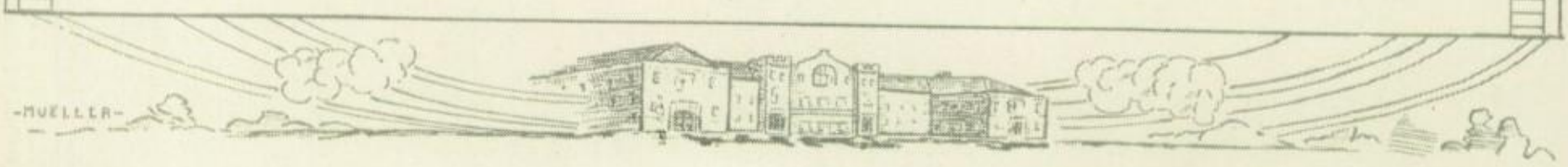

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Marion Hart
Laura M. Safenbach

Autographs

Robert Falor
Helen Nichols
Myrtle Julius
Irene Kester (28)
Ruth Tohfink
("Sugar")
Mary Lakatos
Edith Liljequist
Ruth Mann
Norman Faoz
Dorothy Hygor
Carmen Lyons
Alma Frymap
Violet Jaquillard
Leny Ever
Roland Lamb. "28"
Thelma Draytow "Zet" 28
Howard Harold Evers
Dwain Whinnery
Marian Seguin '28 AA
Sarah Montrie. "28"
Elizabeth Martha "Cheese"
Emma Miller
Grace Miller
Julia Hornazi
Hulda Hagedorn
Aloysius Mauter "28"
Gertrude Lau
Glennis Flinghuis (28)
"Gim Partner"
Evelyne Keefer 28 ???

Irene Swartz '26

Bernard Halloran

Autographs

Ella Daubner

Wilma Bruggeman

Melba Lang '28

Mabel Helman '28

Carmen Crnch '28

Pauline Leidner

Cathryne M. Hesse "P" '28

Ivy Parmer

Sylvester De Passe

Helen B. Kitson '28

Verleah Tabbert

Alma Epstein

Lisle Milne '28

Helen Lau '28

Donna L. Jacobs '28 (Dolby) (me all over)

Mary Fogel

Beatrice Rippey '28

Clarice Ferris '28

Geraldine Frantz

Dorothy Dunsmore '28

Marjorie Gearhart '28

Rosalie Elsperman '28

Carrie Henning

Ben Willoh 28?

William Wine (28)

Eloise McGlinchey '28

Wilma Miller '28

Autographs

Helen Tomasky

Margaret Egley

Phoebe Booth '27

Helen Michael '27

Gertrude Brozzo '28

Kenneth Snyder

Arnold Reau

Paul Leo Crawford

Katy Taylor

Emmett Irvin

"With love"

Robert Hennessy

"Bob"

William Knoblauch '28

Alvin Pankratz '28

"Al"

Dorothy Masell '28

Helen Sloan '28

Margaret Jackson '28

Beatrice Braatz '28

Anna Lloyd

Katherine Holtkamp

Willford Fietz

Laura McEvoy

Pea soup

Clair Ringer

Dorothy Davis "Zit" '28

Margaret Kohut '28

Helen Fay Smith

Nora McGuire '28

Virginia Cole '28

Nora McGuire

Autographs

Loretta Goulet '28

Alice Osthimer

Beulah Vitto

Dorothy Loomis '28 (DOT)

Opel Helms '28

Elinor Hennan '28?

Genevieve Higgins '28?

Mary Hemphill '28

May "Nichols Sally" Hirzel '28?

Henrietta

Lillian Weber '28?

Elfreda Heltefrak '28

Genevieve

Elsie S. Grob '28

Anna Grob

Elizabeth Bartlett '28

1 = 4

In your house of memories
Count me as a sheep
Helene Hayden '27

Helen Pickett '28

Helen Hahn '28

Ellener Hearhart '28

Dorothy Gearhart '28

Regina Rossbe '28

Lillian Hesselbart '28

Maxine Ogle '28

"Max"

(Bonne Chance)

Christina Ward

Thelma Phelps '27

"AM"

Charlotte Hanson

Teresa S. Vera

Louie "TT" "AM"

Autographs

Ruth Hallis

Helen Nichols '27
(Lou)
In your steps of friendship
Count me as a step

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Paul Busdicker '28

Anthony Balogh

Wade Lipthorpe "87"

Iona Topper '28

Laura Dean '26

Vivian La Fleur '28

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Wesley Vance '28

Anna Sauat '25

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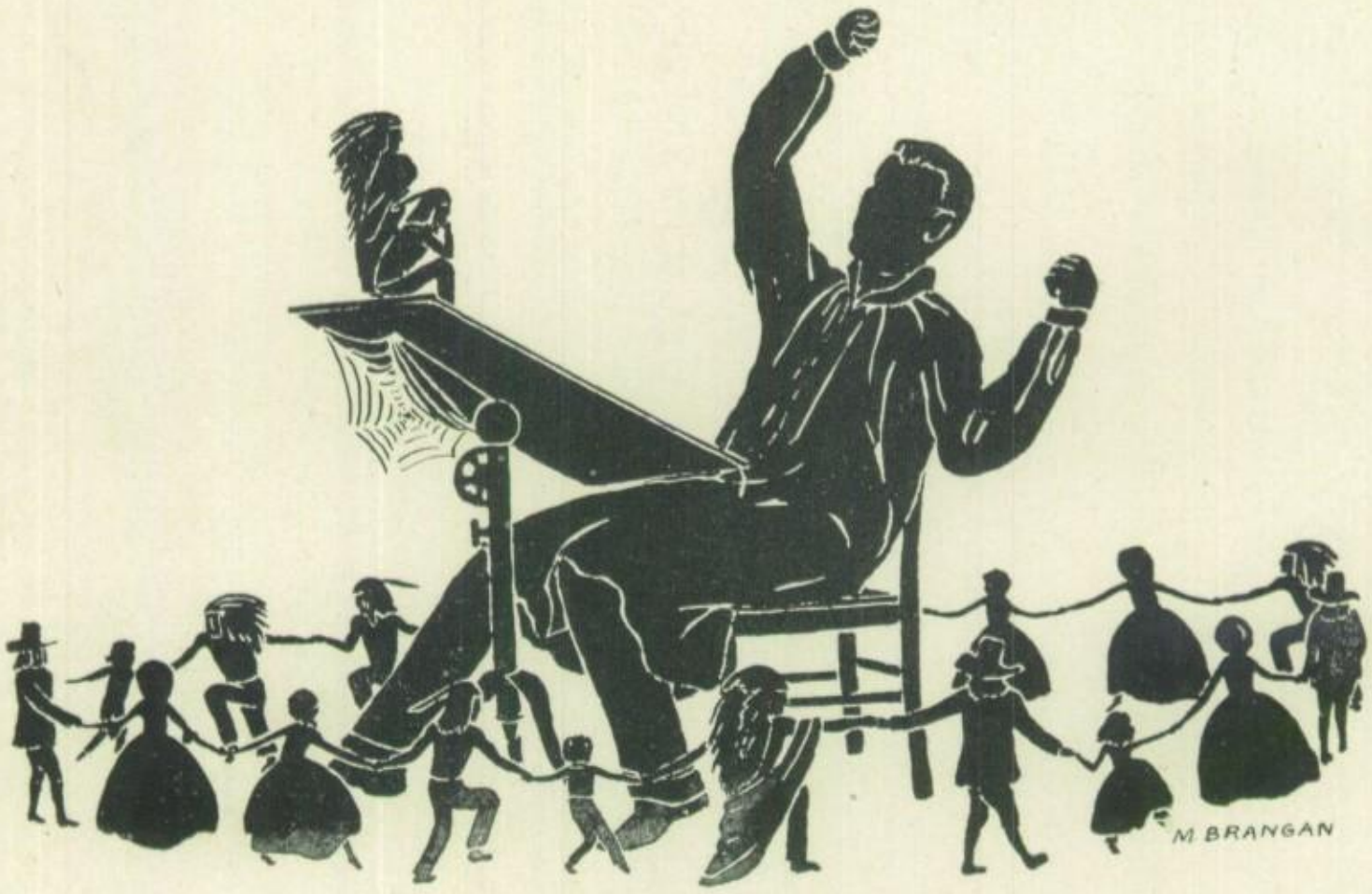
Mary Collins '28.

Mary Mahaffey
(Shrimp)

Rosemary Bird '28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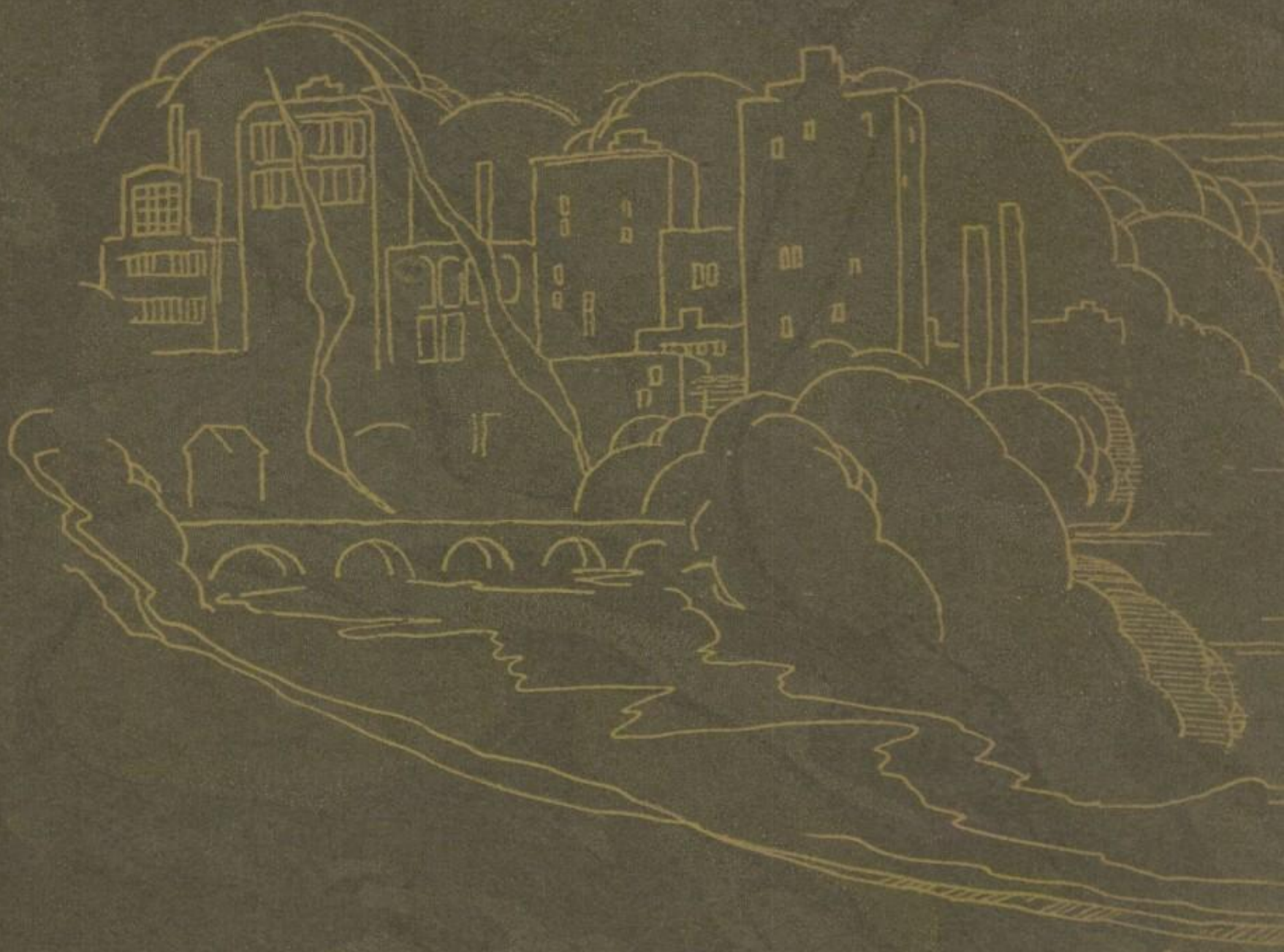

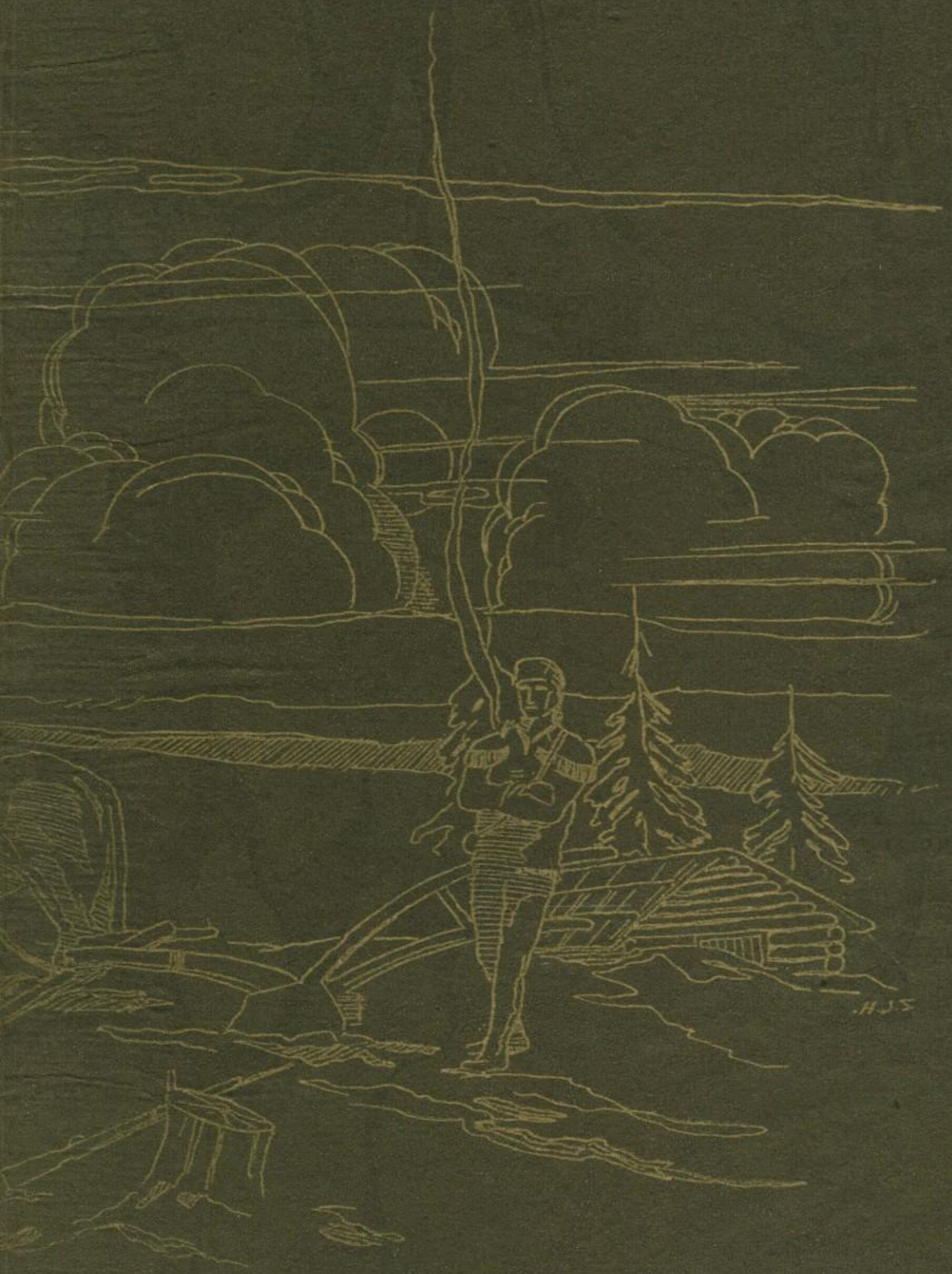
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